

Something 2 Ride 2 (feat. Phonte)

Royce da 5'9

Something 2 Ride 2"
(feat. Phonte)This is a little something to ride to
Kick back and just catch a vibe to
I pop me a pill, I drink me another drink, if I was youI got the flyest arsenal
Clip filled to capacity, you can call me the fire marshal
I'm ape with shit, I'm on my gorilla thing, thing
Me and Preme, you can call us the guillotine team
We chop off heads, pop off lead
If it pops off, we spendin that rock star bread
We doin numbers like the box office
Nigga you ain't tryin to box, then stop talkin
I got niggaz from Watts to Boston
From New York to the Chi to Austin
So even if my eyes is off ya, other eyes is on ya
That belongs to them killers that's gon' ride up on ya, bong (bong)
It's gasoline in my tongue, Patron in my kidneys, weed in my lungs
Trigger on my index finger, handle in my palm is ringin my animal alarm
My mind is on Hannibal Lec', demand the respect
I'm takin your life unless you hand me a check
I've been around, seen some things, sexed a lot of girls
I did my time but in my mind, I'm still thinkin it's my world (woo-ooo)
(I got my finger on the pulse of this music shit, I'm the truest
(woo-ooo)
Now tell me who this sick and you can swallow everything that's comin
through this dick)Reignin King of the boom bap
Bomb strapped to my chest askin "where ya goons at?"
I'm old school like a StarTek
On a voyage like Star Trek
Me unemployed is far fetched
I'm hot, I got corduroy flow
You can picture but can't shake it, the Polaroid show
I book niggaz for shows and put niggaz in comas
So I hope that you niggaz is roamers
'Cause my niggaz is Ryders like Winona
But we just tryin to have a "Good Time" like Willona
I'm a zoner, all I do is zone out like a stoner
As far away as Estonia
I'm a sucker for a good suckin
So tell ya bitch that's it's best if she investin with this good luckin
Mami would you rather fly over niggaz heads or keep your ass in the
hood duckin?
Pardon my French, talk English

Steal your job, the discount is the five fingers
That's why Preme is the head not King
My drive's on my toes, I got my Bedrock swing
"Street Hop" is a culture
I rock with the vultures to make bread with the opposite toaster
I'm Py-reckless, I'm kitchen, equip sickenin
And my neckless is glistenin, it's expensive
So don't mention your ice whenever you mention my rhymes (why?)
'Cause my pencil is priceless
So what you runnin for?
Nigga I'm comin for you, if I'm the hyphen, then you the underscore
True and I'm lawless packin
I ain't no designer but I got a flawless jacket, whoa
After (Boom), this afternoon
It's night, night, when me and Preme come back for more

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>