

# Ride Wit Me (feat. Bun B & Pimp C)

## Big K.R.I.T.

Say, R.I.P. to Pimp C, he was the King of The South  
If you hating on that, you need to shut your fucking mouth  
I'm down with Lil J til' the muthafuckin' grave  
Disrespect, they gon' put your picture on the front page  
I'm center stage shining in a foreign you ain't seen yet  
Chrome look like water, and my caddy paint is lean wet  
Don't forget the rims, them mothafuckas a clean set  
You can't tell me that this ain't cost ya boy a mean check  
Looking like a G in here, been here and I'm gon be in here  
When it's over, I'ma be the only one you see in here  
Repping P.A.T. in here, realer than these other guys  
I'm triple OG bitch, don't let them tell you otherwise Young nigga out here on the rise  
Young bitch, you really need to ride wit me  
Smoke something, hold up, hold up  
Young nigga out here on the grind  
Young bitch you need to get live wit me  
Smoke something, hold up bitch  
Put Multi on the mountaintop  
Drop the label just to raise the stock  
You ain't seen a trunk with tinted pop  
Full of 15s that'll make it knock  
With them neon lights that say  
Get in line or get down hoe  
If it wasn't about the player money to be made  
What the fuck you come around for?  
This is big business, talking skyscrapers  
Screens rise like smoke vapors  
Candy paint's when it's Now and Laters  
Bitch, I'm on the up like an elevator if you didn't know  
Shine the grill just to let it show  
On them emotional mothafuckas in the game  
Tucking they nuts while I'm letting mine hang  
Chromed out the rim, letting em' swang  
Went from have-not to having some dames  
Diamonds out the window, gripping the grain  
One finger'll put the sun to the rain  
Uhh, ya'll niggas thought I wasn't gon' be a king like I'm sposed'  
But I learned from UGK, Multi, "4eva N a Day" on these hoes  
Young nigga out here on the rise  
Young bitch, you really need to ride wit me  
Smoke something, hold up, hold up  
Young nigga out here on the grind

Young bitch you need to get live wit me  
Smoke something, hold up bitch This for all the underground, we on the surface  
South and holding, remote controlling  
Got the game and it ain't for purchase  
Ain't no hurting when you win, up the cut like in it  
Touchin' down on it, clown on it, cheerlead if you wit it hoe  
Old school on his tippy toes, chop the base and shake the doors  
Fade the top, then let it show, how it taste? I got to know  
Ice the grill, cold enough to freeze the snow  
Bruce Lee, boy, sho' nuff that bumping dragon, I got the glow  
Got the cake, smash it in your face, I got more to make  
I'm on the chase for a bread truck to put off in my safe  
And let it bake, stingy with the flakes, all the crumbs get ate  
Off the plate, sop it up with the lobster, shrimp and steak  
Krizzle Young nigga out here on the rise  
Young bitch, you really need to ride wit me  
Smoke something, hold up, hold up  
Young nigga out here on the grind  
Young bitch you need to get live wit me  
Smoke something, hold up bitch

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