

Rider, Pt. 2 (feat. Young Buck)

G-Unit

I done told ya boy, Im'a soldier boy
I got no choice but to be a rider
I approach ya boy, with the toaster boy
Get to point blank range & firrreee
I aint tryna hear shit Im supposed to be rich
Mother fucker get in way of my bread
Then Im gone load my shit, then cock my shit
Nigga Trip i'll come for your head I'll have ya nigga in the ambulance tellin' ya 'Hold on'
The choir at your funeral singin' for so long
The top shotter that rock product, the block gotta
That pop hollows & pop bottles the whole spots
The more paper the more strength we gone get it
The four fifth come with a Inf we ain't missin'
Im back on my bullshit a verse is a full clip
Catch you with ya bitch throw a song in ya new whip
Nigga its G-Unit
Fuck ya clique, like syphilis bitch, you stuck with this
Im a loyal nigga, die behind mine
Even If 50 dropped me, I still wouldn't sign
Either lost 'yo mind, or pumped 'yo head
Tryna stop my shine, but I got bread
And I ain't got time, to hear what they said
When I catch them cowards, Im'a bust they head I done told ya boy, Im'a soldier boy
I got no choice but to be a rider
I approach ya boy, with the toaster boy
Get to point blank range & firrreee
I aint tryna hear shit Im supposed to be rich
Mother fucker get in way of my bread
Then Im gone load my shit, then cock my shit
Nigga trip i'll come for your head
Im comin' outta Southside, you know Im raw
Big ass check, they show I score
Pull the dough out and roll out the cream Azure
Fo' fo' out I know 'bout the Keys of war
Im hot, five hundred degrees or more
My door'll block an M16 or more
Im in the store coppin' shit you ain't seen before
Black card swiping, green galore Yeah yeah.
I said these niggas stop talkin' then start worryin'
The feds keep comin', the money we buryin'
Im in a loft, Im in a green Porsche
I let that thing off, I turn T-Wolf

I drive a spaceship nigga 2008 shit
Her made kicks on, I stay in Ape shit
Niggas on some hate shit, they all get hit
Russian AK, Haitian flag on the clip I done told ya boy, Im'a soldier boy
I got no choice but to be a rider
I approach ya boy, with the toaster boy
Get to point blank range & firrreee
I aint tryna hear shit Im supposed to be rich
Mother fucker get in way of my bread
Then Im gone load my shit, then cock my shit
Nigga Trip i'll come for your head

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