

Get Yo Ride On (feat. Eazy E & M.C. Eiht)

Mack 10

F/ eazy-e, mc eiht

Mack 10: do some shit with my niggas from the cpt, ha ha
you ready eiht? Mc eiht: yeah, c'mon

Verse 1: mack 10I was born to ride, bangin, pack heat
Got turned out early by them scandliss freaks
Addicted to crime so I stay in the mix
With a love for hoochie chicks and pullin jewelry licks
Moms said, 'mack, baby watch for danger'
I said, 'momma don't you know I'm a real gangbanger? '
I can't switch over night and be good
And I'll be damned if a nigga turned his back on the hood
So I walked out the door, hopped in the regal
Twistin tripple gold with the all black eagle
Got a deuce fired at scoob's, I need a gat
So I stopped and got the tech from my g homie wreck
He said, 'mack, don't slip dog, u gotta stay heated
And here's the extra clip incase you might need it'
Get the eighty eight skate, ang get your slide on
Throw the hoo-bang plack in the back and your ride on

Chorus:

Ride for me, i'ma ride for you
You hoo-bang, I hoo-bang, so we all a crew
Get yo ride on, get yo slide on, who the best
Nobody rides like these killas from the west
Ride for me, i'ma ride for you
You hoo-bang, I hoo-bang, so we all a crew
Get yo slide on, get yo ride on, who the best
Nobody rides like these killas from the west

Verse 2: eazy e

1, 2, 3, and to the 4

Eazy muthafuckin e with a chrome to your dome

Cruisin, in my 6-4 rag top

I got a lot of juice, a lot of fuckin block

Now when I hit that switch I'm bouncin

More bounce to the ounce and I'm clownin

Keep the gat in my lap 'cause I'm fully strapped

For the car jackers, but no haps 'cause I pack a

Tech 9, plus a a-k 47

Send a one way ticket to my hell or maybe heaven

Peep, nigga I don't sleep

Bury muthafuckas in the concrete

You try to creep kinda slow in a astro

But I'm peepin niggas out in my left window

So I blast, and I blast, so I blast no more

Yo, they call me motherfuckin john doe
Chorus
Verse 3: mc eiht
Real thugs roll 'cause the

westside's sick
Which enemy depicts to catch the 9 clip
Slick, but not like rick, the gang story
G's kill and ain't shit funny like joe corry
Don't make me laugh 'cause I'm on the wrong the path
Catch the blood bath, it's the aftermath
Slang strike to make money, now ain't that simple?
That silly nigga's wearin vest's but we aim for the temple
Watch my nigga's back, who sacked the yayo
Keep the calico with extra ammo
So and so gets blasted, to the casket
Never seen these westside g's face, we masked it
Ya'll best be defeat and be discreet
Catch the hot heat from across the street
Take me in the dump schools that, wanna push me
Retaliation, straight better than hitten pussy
Chorus Ugh, mc eih in the muthafuckin house
(yeah, hoo-bang one time)
Yeah, ha
(hoo-bang two times)
Rest in peace eazy e
(the hiphop thugsta)
(yeah)
Fa sho
(mack dime)
Come on, ugh
(all day baby, all day baby)
Westsideriders! ugh

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