

Ride Out (feat. Vince Staples)

ScHoolboy Q

Ride out, big smoke
Re-up, big dope
Gs up, hoes blow
Freeze up, eyes closed
Ride out, big smoke
Re-up, big dope
Gs up, hoes blow
Freeze up, eyes closed Young nigga and I'm proper like
Couple hundred thousand on me, nigga, yeah I'm baller like
Bitch I think I'm Dolomite, bitch I'm goin' poltergeist
You said this is overnight, album four is really like
Crippin' on my minibike
Either hoop or sellin' white
Brillo pad, the smoker's pipe
My pistol cocked, you tryna fight?
Say he wanna be a cuz, put his brains to the right
Bruh, this ain't the eighties, mane
Niggas shootin' everything, everything
You know the gang we represent
Specialize in pistol grips
Shootin' out my momma's whip
Always got an empty clip
Top Dawg in this bitch
Nigga's puttin' dicks inside your baby momma's momma's lips
Shootin' all the witnesses, it ain't no fuckin' murder scene
Crips don't fuck with Crips oh now it's jeans and black the rival team
Wrong hat and shoes, put your ass on the forever dream
Heatin' up the summer 'til the winter fall, spring clean
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Couple hundred thousand on me, nigga, yeah I'm baller like
Bitch I think I'm Dolomite, bitch I'm goin' poltergeist
You said this was overnight, me and Vince, we crackin' like
Crippin' in our afterlife
Yeah, cause at Ramona Park we beef with everybody
Light or dark I'll spark, don't fuck with narcs

So don't be talkin' 'bout me
 My big homie made me get 'em, kill 'em
 Cause if I got 'em I'ma kill 'em, I ain't playin' with 'em
 I'm from the bottom, that's the top of the town
 We on the [?] so they clip us up for knockin' 'em down
 My burner tucked, I learned from Chuck so I ain't turnin' it down
 Get to bussin', know you bluffed it, nigga
 If that bitch can't make me rich then ain't no need in fuckin' with her
 Turn around and fuck her sister
 Murked that bitch, got EBT
 Long Beach, say some shit like me
 Since Tracy D and DPG I went and got a burner
 On the day they murdered Baby D
 That ain't murder baby, heat
 I'm in that Benz with Lil Boy
 So lil boy don't play with me I'm ridin' cys through Hoover Street, my knuckles full of teeth
 Try to creep on me, you're dyin' in your homie's seat
 Keep to my gun and reach
 Filet the beef, clip reach from Fig side to Norfolk Beach
 In a stolen Expedition, in your hood cause you the mission
 Been a mathematician, load nine, subtracted eight
 I'm keepin' one for just in case, don't cover face but I ain't trippin'
 Blunt was laced, niggas know I'm 'round the way
 So ain't no liquor stores today Ride out, big smoke
 Re-up, big dope
 Gs up, hoes blow
 Freeze up, eyes closed
 Ride out, big smoke
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 Gs up, hoes blow
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 Ride, ride, ride, big dope
 Gs, gs, gs, gs, gs
 Eyes closed
 Ride, ride, ride, ride
 Ride, ride, ride, ride
 Ride, ride, ride, ride
 Ride, ride, ride, ride
 Ride, ride, ride, ride

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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