

Ride

Nappy Roots

[Intro]

Yeah, sometimes you just gotta ride[Verse 1]
I'm headed to Savannah, the sun rise there
And somethin tellin me that I should be somewhere near
I met somebody daughter, played in her water
The lake was too salty and I'm not Kyle Korver
I was born hard in the paint where the stars hang out
Just to find out that what they buy ain't pot
And then I found me, startin to go the same route
I do this for the love, you can throw the fame out
A tear still a tear, even when I change house
And I am hip-hop, even when I claim south
What'chu think we all look the same, game is bad
Cause now we all fightin for the same damn spot
Go'on, do da "Stanky Leg"
It's better than talkin bout shootin people in the head
I'm headed out to Oakland, the sun lies there
And somethin tellin me that I should be somewhere near
Where we goin?

[Hook]

We got five on gas, gettin nowhere fast
Deep down in the sticks of Georgia (Where do you go)
Big trucks roll through, might blow they horns
They glad cause they goin to Florida (Where do you go)
My neighbors o-c's, and they fightin like hell
I can smell it from across the water (From across the water)
(I waaalk, and where the world do you go)[Verse 2 - Skinny DeVille]

Ha

Just like you thought it wasn't gon bop
Yup, it's how I know it wasn't gon flop
Sometimes you got to give it all you got
Even though a few folk keep wishin that you stop
But after that, another classic we gon' drop
And I ain't talkin bout no fancy mansion or no yacht
Just a quarter pound of pot on my fourty acre lot
Wit my Caddy coupe and drop, and a Range Rover SPOT
I mean SPORT, sometimes I lose my train of thought
But I'm back again and promise that every track is hot
We gon' hit some traffic headed to the top
So we gon' take another route and simply creep right past the cops
And the haters man, they comin for my spot
But we don't have to talk, come on get it while it's hot

Fresh out the skillet, never feel it or you're not
We gon' verti-cal grille it, watch me sell it on the block[Hook]
We got five on gas, gettin nowhere fast
Deep down in the sticks of Georgia (Where do you go)
Big trucks roll through, might blow they horns
They glad cause they goin to Florida (Where do you go)
My neighbors o-c's, and they fightin like hell
I can smell it from across the water (From across the water)
(I waaalk, and where the world do you go)[Verse 3]
The sun don't move, the earth don't stop
The stars do drop, and they house forclose
Cars repoed, business get towed
Probably be a friend and sell the story out the bowl
Then they can't see theyself back in the hood
Can't let they friends know they not doin good
See you lay low, and focus on ya kids
Hope somebody remember somethin that'cha did[Skinny DeVille]
Yah

And if they did, then you gon' trip
Grind for seven days a week, and then you watch it flip
Legit is wicked clean, thats how it seems that the chips
Gotta dig a little deep, you wanna see about the grit
The grass gets mighty green by the fence
Which side is the question? I'm headed that direction
Knowledge is the weapon, and I use it for protection
If you think I'm really slippin, then run up and learn ya lesson[Hook]
We got five on gas, gettin nowhere fast
Deep down in the sticks of Georgia (Where do you go)
Big trucks roll through, might blow they horns
They glad cause they goin to Florida (Where do you go)
My neighbors o-c's, and they fightin like hell
I can smell it from across the water (From across the water)
(I waaalk, and where the world do you go)

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

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>