

Ride On, Ride Out (feat. Dmc)

Colt Ford

Ride On, Ride On
Ride out, Ride OutLet me tell you
What we all about, all aboutIt's Ride on, Ride on
It's Ride out, Ride outIt's got me walkin
In the dirty south, dirty southI said I need a beater
want to rock the band
So I went and got the king of raisin hell
Put on the deep thinner 250 with the big black truck
With the ten inch lift
Hopped out in New York, big city of dreams
With my cowboy boots gunna do my thing
It's a country boy with the king of rock
And y'all can't stop this real hip-hop
It's Colt and DMC and it's all good
He's rippin house Queens I'm straight up the wood
I'm just camouflage wear-in Rayban Stair-in
In my cowboy hat and it's like that
I'm gunna fight the power
Kill in the flower
Any MC dat wanna try me and D
Y'all better recognize the real Ride On, Ride Out
Tell me how you feel
Ride On, Ride On
Ride out, Ride OutLet me tell you
What we all about, all aboutIt's Ride on, Ride on
It's Ride out, Ride outFrom New York City
to the dirty south, dirty southI can down from Hermans from over Elle
That's where my name is known so well
I'm in a black pick-up with a mini coat
Y'all all know I ain't no joke
He came from Georgia
Crossin the boarder
Heard some of y'all were getting out-of-order
Tell the reporters gunna be a slaughter
Put away the wife and hide your daughters
On points like this it's unstoppable
Toppin these two minutes impossible
King DMC is remarkable
How he gunna stop it?
With his gun.
When he pull his gun out
There's no where to run

Like the Gatling gun works from the tongue
And every battle we been in we always won Ride On, Ride On
Ride out, Ride Out Let me tell you
What we all about, all about It's Ride on, Ride on
It's Ride out, Ride out From the heart of Queens
to the dirty south, dirty south
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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