

# Ride With Me (feat. RJ & Nipsey Hussle)

YG

Now fuck the silencer, I'm shootin' through the pillows  
And if the door's locked, I'm jumpin' through the window  
I might be wrong but I ain't tryna work a 9 to 5  
So if I gotta sell these pills, I'ma sell 'em high  
Go get your business straight on renovated condos  
Ratchet bitches whippin' chicken like a Roscoe  
Niggas face tatted like Baby, Bomb and Bosco  
And my city, niggas judgin' for what you got on  
I'm well known from Atlanta past Fig homie  
Me, TeeCee 400, Mustard gettin' rich though  
No Limit gettin' money like what they hittin' for?  
Follow code, gotta value morals and principle  
Niggas actin' like they're pimps but they paid the bitch  
Some of us ain't in the position that we say we're in  
In one year I done moved in 3 different residences  
I fell asleep and woke up in a new Mercedes Benz  
Niggas wanna shine with me  
But they won't do the time with me  
Snitches throw their time to me  
That's why I always ride lowkey  
I just want a dime on me  
Snitchin' throw their time to me  
That's why I always ride lowkey  
I gotta keep the fire on me I'm ridin' dirty on the L-O  
Cause the judge givin' niggas body parts, elbows  
So I paid 15 hundred for my stash spot  
This janky dude, if you fuck with it, it'll pop out  
Ooh I got a strike and a felony  
But the homie ridin' with me say his record clean  
So you would take this case is what you tellin' me  
Oooh, you better not tell on me  
You went to jail for a nickel, came home too quick  
And you wonder why your homeboys never wanna tell you shit  
But you wasn't too sure so the homies still let him lurk  
'Til niggas saw that paperwork  
Told the DA, he was just drivin', he plotted, he did it  
He even threatened to fuck me up if I wasn't with it  
Now it's all bad in the hood and he can't come around  
Conversation's like, "somethin', somethin', somethin', gun that nigga down"  
I made it through my situation and I stayed down  
For niggas [?] it's nothing much you can say now  
I'm so accustomed to sucka' niggas that hate now

I pokerface and then touch 'em, my niggas play foul  
It ain't no rules cause these niggas threw the rules away  
If I could pick a place and time I would choose today  
See I'm the type of nigga die for his jewelry  
Gang related homicide is what the news'll say  
Playing with my reputation ain't amusing me  
Playing with a nigga patience who are you to say  
Short temper, fuck it, I'ma blow a fuse today  
And when I lose my mind I'ma shoot a face  
I seen 'em get away with murder cause he knew the way  
Killed a nigga, went to trial, then he beat the case  
So what type of example do it set, nigga  
Play with mine, you can fuckin' get wet nigga  
Yes, nigga

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