

# 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 pussyChorusUgh, mc eiht 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

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

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