

# 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 10  
I 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 pussy  
Chorus Ugh, 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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