Ridin (feat. Landon Cube & YBN Nahmir)

Yung Bans

[Intro: Yung Bans]
(Yeah, ayy, huh, ayy)[Chorus: Yung Bans]
Ridin' with the .40, ridin' with the .40 with a beam, huh, yeah
Dollar signs all I see
If it ain't 'bout the money, I ain't worried 'bout it, yeah
If it ain't 'bout the money, huh, ayy
Ridin' with the .40, ridin' with the .40 with a beam, huh, yeah
Dollar signs all I see
If it ain't 'bout the money, I ain't worried 'bout it, yeah
If it ain't 'bout the money
[Verse 1: Yung Bans]
Hmm, I'm on the beach with my feet up, ayy
Everybody say I'm switchin', I don't speak up, no, hmm, ayy
I just turn my speakers up, hmm, ayy
I just turn my speakers up, huh
I'm movin' on just like my lease was up, ayy
And I'm still poppin' these percs, lil' bitch, I'm geekin' up, huh
I might fuck that lil' hoe if she freakin' though, ayy
Then I have a new bitch 'fore the week was up, ayy[Chorus: Yung Bans & Landon Cube]
Ridin' with the .40, ridin' with the .40 with a beam, huh, yeah
Dollar signs all I see
If it ain't 'bout the money, I ain't worried 'bout it, yeah
If it ain't 'bout the money, huh, ayy
Ridin' with the .40, ridin' with the .40 with a beam, huh, yeah
Dollar signs all I see
If it ain't 'bout the money, I ain't worried 'bout it, yeah (yeah, ayy)
If it ain't 'bout the money (yeah, ayy, ayy)
[Verse 2: Landon Cube]
Now I come for that money, I got that green, yeah
I'm coming for that cheese, yeah, that cheese, yeah
I run out with ya honey, she out of me, yeah
She wanna stay the week, I make her leave now, ayy
Get high, yeah, on the west side, yeah
On my life, yeah, think that I'ma die here
I put some money off to the side, yeah
Take a ride wi-ith me, yeah[Chorus: Yung Bans & YBN Nahmir]
Ridin' with the .40, ridin' with the .40 with a beam, huh, yeah
Dollar signs all I see
If it ain't 'bout the money, I ain't worried 'bout it, yeah
If it ain't 'bout the money, huh, ayy
Ridin' with the .40, ridin' with the .40 with a beam, huh, yeah
Dollar signs all I see

If it ain't 'bout the money, I ain't worried 'bout it, yeah (ayy)
If it ain't 'bout the money (ayy, gang)[Verse 3: YBN Nahmir]
(Grra!)
One day they caught me loafin' after droppin' off my bitch (droppin' off my bitch)
They sent a couple shots but I'm just glad that nigga missed (on the gang, nigga)
Ducked down and started clapping, tried to flip that hoe, whip (grra, pow, pow, pow)
But I would rather take a life before my my mama see me stiff (ayy, that's on my mama)
So I'm clutchin' on that .44 when I'm trippin' (ayy, grra, pow, pow, pow)
Trey paralyzed but I'm just glad that nigga livin' (ayy, I'm just glad that nigga livin')
Please don't come to me when that nigga granny end up missin' (when that nigga end up missin')
I was coolin' out in Cali, workin', bitch, I was gettin' it (ayy, workin', bitch, I was gettin' it, huh)[Chorus: Yung Bans]
Ridin' with the .40, ridin' with the .40 with a beam, huh, yeah
Dollar signs all I see
If it ain't 'bout the money, I ain't worried 'bout it, yeah
If it ain't 'bout the money, huh, ayy
Ridin' with the .40, ridin' with the .40 with a beam, huh, yeah
Dollar signs all I see
If it ain't 'bout the money, I ain't worried 'bout it, yeah
If it ain't 'bout the money

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