

Richie Rich, Lets Ride

Something about the West Coast...
Shhh... Don't tell nobody

(Something about the West Coast
It makes me wanna ride
Something about the West Coast
Shake it westside
throw ya hands up let's riide
to the city of the scene
put it on the one get ya body on the dance floor
Something about the West Coast It makes me wanna ride)
(Repeats until Verse 1)

No disrespect it's all love and a muthafucka just feel real good
be like what's poppin' on this side of the muthafuckin' planet
understand me? It's still one love, smokin'. It's just a whole lot
more money involved.

Verse 1

Leanin' out my zone
I roams like mobile phones (right)
rag top 'Vettes Yukons & hundred chromes
Silly bitches lie in wait until the day I come home
while the phone machine kicks
"Biitch Rich ain't at home" (Ha)
six million ways to mob choose one
I chose to dispose of those who call theyself foes
foes like bitches tuck they toes like hoes
these amateur niggas done turned pro
Can't ride with the hi pro glow
the boss with the sauce
got receipts to show how much it cost
I dedicate this to the ridahs
who like to slip sideways
Beware devil's shuttin' down the highway

Chorus

Something about the West Coast
Shake it westside
throw ya hands up let's riide
to the city of the scene
put it on the one get ya body on the dance floor
Something about the West Coast It makes me wanna ride
(Repeat)

Verse 2

How many MC's must get ditched
before somebody say don't fuck with Rich
It's evidential the Presedential's up on the wrist
who that new nigga from Oakland
with that brand new twist
Don't even worry 'bout it
watch yo' neck & chest
they don't wanna get
Elliott like Mr. Nest
Known for flippin' scripts sick duets & mic' rips
but now I'm off the hook don't trip
Hookers throw yo' skirt up
Cruddies throw yo' turf up
hustlers trust her & some of them put that work up
'Cause if they ridin' they gone ride tonight
when they hit it we to the next light. Believe it.

Chorus

Verse 3

Thou commands me
to skyball hands free
Sam see I'm havin' some spam hezask me
3-0 TV had fiv on it with the Luniz
I got five on it.
You wanna ride with me
that's when you call yo' N-I-G
I'd rather be
puttin' the twomp on somethin' thick
big SSL with Nicki Scarf' in the licks
still hittin' licks in the villo with cigarillos
big head C-notes and them light green pillows
tinted windows V dozen on my Benzo
the rumble and humble
outdo' versus the indo'
That's how it be'z when I smoke for sho'
West Coast representin' all O. Believe it.

Chorus 'til end with ad libs

X4X4X4X4X4X4X4X4 4 LIFE BITCH!!!!