

Ride Wit Me (feat. Bun B & Pimp C)

Big K.R.I.T.

Say, R.I.P. to Pimp C, he was the King of The South
If you hating on that, you need to shut your fucking mouth
I'm down with Lil J til' the muthafuckin' grave
Disrespect, they gon' put your picture on the front page
I'm center stage shining in a foreign you ain't seen yet
Chrome look like water, and my caddy paint is lean wet
Don't forget the rims, them mothafuckas a clean set
You can't tell me that this ain't cost ya boy a mean check
Looking like a G in here, been here and I'm gon be in here
When it's over, I'ma be the only one you see in here
Repping P.A.T. in here, realer than these other guys
I'm triple OG bitch, don't let them tell you otherwise Young nigga out here on the rise
Young bitch, you really need to ride wit me
Smoke something, hold up, hold up
Young nigga out here on the grind
Young bitch you need to get live wit me
Smoke something, hold up bitch
Put Multi on the mountaintop
Drop the label just to raise the stock
You ain't seen a trunk with tinted pop
Full of 15s that'll make it knock
With them neon lights that say
Get in line or get down hoe
If it wasn't about the player money to be made
What the fuck you come around for?
This is big business, talking skyscrapers
Screens rise like smoke vapors
Candy paint's when it's Now and Laters
Bitch, I'm on the up like an elevator if you didn't know
Shine the grill just to let it show
On them emotional mothafuckas in the game
Tucking they nuts while I'm letting mine hang
Chromed out the rim, letting em' swang
Went from have-not to having some dames
Diamonds out the window, gripping the grain
One finger'll put the sun to the rain
Uhh, ya'll niggas thought I wasn't gon' be a king like I'm sposed'
But I learned from UGK, Multi, "4eva N a Day" on these hoes
Young nigga out here on the rise
Young bitch, you really need to ride wit me
Smoke something, hold up, hold up
Young nigga out here on the grind

Young bitch you need to get live wit me
Smoke something, hold up bitch This for all the underground, we on the surface
South and holding, remote controlling
Got the game and it ain't for purchase
Ain't no hurting when you win, up the cut like in it
Touchin' down on it, clown on it, cheerlead if you wit it hoe
Old school on his tippy toes, chop the base and shake the doors
Fade the top, then let it show, how it taste? I got to know
Ice the grill, cold enough to freeze the snow
Bruce Lee, boy, sho' nuff that bumping dragon, I got the glow
Got the cake, smash it in your face, I got more to make
I'm on the chase for a bread truck to put off in my safe
And let it bake, stingy with the flakes, all the crumbs get ate
Off the plate, sop it up with the lobster, shrimp and steak
Krizzle Young nigga out here on the rise
Young bitch, you really need to ride wit me
Smoke something, hold up, hold up
Young nigga out here on the grind
Young bitch you need to get live wit me
Smoke something, hold up bitch

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