

# Rider, Pt. 2 (feat. Young Buck)

## G-Unit

I done told ya boy, Im'a soldier boy  
I got no choice but to be a rider  
I approach ya boy, with the toaster boy  
Get to point blank range & firrreee  
I aint tryna hear shit Im supposed to be rich  
Mother fucker get in way of my bread  
Then Im gone load my shit, then cock my shit  
Nigga Trip i'll come for your head I'll have ya nigga in the ambulance tellin' ya 'Hold on'  
The choir at your funeral singin' for so long  
The top shotter that rock product, the block gotta  
That pop hollows & pop bottles the whole spots  
The more paper the more strength we gone get it  
The four fifth come with a Inf we ain't missin'  
Im back on my bullshit a verse is a full clip  
Catch you with ya bitch throw a song in ya new whip  
Nigga its G-Unit  
Fuck ya clique, like syphilis bitch, you stuck with this  
Im a loyal nigga, die behind mine  
Even If 50 dropped me, I still wouldn't sign  
Either lost 'yo mind, or pumped 'yo head  
Tryna stop my shine, but I got bread  
And I ain't got time, to hear what they said  
When I catch them cowards, Im'a bust they head I done told ya boy, Im'a soldier boy  
I got no choice but to be a rider  
I approach ya boy, with the toaster boy  
Get to point blank range & firrreee  
I aint tryna hear shit Im supposed to be rich  
Mother fucker get in way of my bread  
Then Im gone load my shit, then cock my shit  
Nigga trip i'll come for your head  
Im comin' outta Southside, you know Im raw  
Big ass check, they show I score  
Pull the dough out and roll out the cream Azure  
Fo' fo' out I know 'bout the Keys of war  
Im hot, five hundred degrees or more  
My door'll block an M16 or more  
Im in the store coppin' shit you ain't seen before  
Black card swiping, green galore Yeah yeah.  
I said these niggas stop talkin' then start worryin'  
The feds keep comin', the money we buryin'  
Im in a loft, Im in a green Porsche  
I let that thing off, I turn T-Wolf

I drive a spaceship nigga 2008 shit  
Her made kicks on, I stay in Ape shit  
Niggas on some hate shit, they all get hit  
Russian AK, Haitian flag on the clip I done told ya boy, Im'a soldier boy  
I got no choice but to be a rider  
I approach ya boy, with the toaster boy  
Get to point blank range & firrreee  
I aint tryna hear shit Im supposed to be rich  
Mother fucker get in way of my bread  
Then Im gone load my shit, then cock my shit  
Nigga Trip i'll come for your head

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>