

Ryder Music

50 Cent

Yeah
Yeah, we can ride to this
Just lay back, crew Here's a taste of my life, it's bitter and sweet
I put my heart out to the sounds of the drums and the beat
I put my life on the line when I'm out on the street
Put my Teflon on and roll with my heat I keep my circle nice and small, I don't **** with these
clown *****s
In a race for the cheese, I run laps around *****s
Soon as I step on stage, the crowd applauds
Soon as my sneaker wear in stores, Reebok start sore I ain't gotta say I'm a boss, *****s can tell
The east coast crib, the size of a small hotel
The **** journalist write about me, get me confused
Have me feelin' like the heavy weight champ when he lose
I read somewhere, I'm homophobic ****
Go through the hood, there's mad *****s on my ****
Now we can get hostile or we can do this smooth
T&T around, I can still make blow move This is what you call Ryder music
All the gangstas are ridin' to it, come on, let's roll
I can show ya how we do it
When we ride to that Ryder music, let's go, let's go This is what you call Ryder music
All the gangstas are ridin' to it, come on, let's roll
I can show ya how we do it
When we ride to that Ryder music, let's go, let's go Last year, I woke up, a good look, damn it
feels good
On the low, I done ***** half of Hollywood
Had your favorite actress from your favorite shows
In my favorite *****, you know how it goes
In my Bentley bumpin' Prince *****, "This is when Thugs cry"
This is what it sounds like when ***** *** ***** fly
Homie, this is somethin' you can ride and smoke to
Stay on point, 'cause *****s will ride and smoke you Jealousy's for women, but some *****s is
***** made
They make you wanna run across they're head with a switch *****
They point their finger at me, sayin' I'm bug
My flows ***** you listen, your ***** brains on ***** Look, ice drippin' on my neck, hands
grippin' on the ***
Fool trippin' through the set, you can get ya *** whipped
Cards missin' out my deck, screws loose show respect
You try to come at me kid, your *** better come correct This is what you call Ryder music
All the gangstas are ridin' to it, come on, let's roll
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All the gangstas are ridin' to it, come on, let's roll
 I can show ya how we do it
 When we ride to that Ryder music, let's go, let's go My mama gave birth to a winner, I gotta win
 Pray to Lord, forgive me for my sins
 Still thuggin', cruisin', rims gleamin' like the stones on my wrist
 Zonin', guess this is how it feels to be rich Homie, you hustlin' backwards if you chasin' a *****
 Stupid, chase the paper, they come with the *****
 I'm fallin', in love with success
 Entrepreneure, kinda sewer, I maneuver the best Rowin', ruger on my lap, rubber grip on the
 handle
 Stunt I'll have ya homies burn a rest in peace candle
 As wise men speak, I listen and learn
 A man dies, a baby's born, my *****s the world turns Rappers, I make 'em sick when I say I'm
 the *****
 They mistake my confidence for arrogance, they hate on the kid
 In '99, I had a vision and made a decision
 Bein' broke is against my religion, now picked up This is what you call Ryder music
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 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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