

Let Me Ride

Dr. Dre

Creepin' down the back street on D's
I got my glock clocked 'cause niggas want these
Now soon as I said it, seems I got sweated
By some nigga with a tech 9 tryin' to take mine
You wanna make noise, make noise
I make a phone call my niggas comin' like the Gotti boys
Bodies bein' found on Greenleaf
With their fuckin' heads cut off, muthafucker I'm Dre
So listen to the play-by-play, day-by-day
Rollin' in my 4 with 16 switches
& got sounds for the bitches, clockin' all the riches
Got the hollow points for the snitches
So would you just walk on by 'cause I'm too hard to lift
And no this ain't Aerosmith
It's the muthafuckin' D R E from the C P T
On a rhymin' spree, a straight G
Hop back as I pop my top your trip
I let the hollow points commence to pop pop pop
Yeah 'cause if it don't stop
I have to put my shit in reverse, go back & take another stop
'Cause I'm rollin' in my 6 4
With all the niggas sayin'...
Swing down sweet chariot stop & Let Me Ride.
Hell Yeah.
Swing down sweet chariot stop & Let Me Ride.
With all the niggas sayin'...
Swing down sweet chariot stop & Let Me Ride.
Hell yeah.Swing down sweet chariot stop & Let Me Ride.Just another muthafuckin' day for Dre
so I begin like this
No medallions, dreadlocks, or black fists it's just
That gangsta glare, with gangsta raps
That gangsta shit, that makes the gang of snaps, uhh
Word to the muthafuckin' streets
& word to these hyped ass lyrics & dope beats that I
Hit ya with that I get ya with
As I groove in my 4 on D's hittin' the switches
Bitches relax while I get my proper swerve on
Bumpin' like a muh'fucker ready to get my swerve on
But before I hit the dope spot
I gotta get The Chronic, the Remi Martin & my soda pop
Now I'm smellin' like indo-nesia
Bus stop full of fly bitches & skeezers

On my dick 'cause my 4 on hit
Pancake front & back, side to side & all that shit
So when I crawl I comes correct
Now, if your bitch in my shit, it's your bitch you check nigga
Now let the Chevrolet slide As I dip a nigga trip to the south side, yeah.
Rollin' in my 6 4. With all the bitches sayin'...
Swing down sweet chariot stop & Let Me Ride.
Hell Yeah.
Swing down sweet chariot stop & Let Me Ride.
With all the muthafuckin' bitches sayin'...
Swing down sweet chariot stop & Let Me Ride.
You know what I'm sayin'?
Swing down sweet chariot stop & Let Me Ride.
Check this out
The sun went down when I hit Slausson
On my way to the strip, now I'm just flossin'
Checkin' my rearview 'cause niggas they will do
Jack moves, black fools cause I smack fools
Try to set me up for a 2 11
Fuck around & get caught up in a 1 8 7
But I don't represent no gangbang
Some niggas like lynchin' but I just watch them hang
So on & so on. Why don't you let me roll on?
I remember back in the days when I used to have to get my stroll on
Didn't nobody wanna speak, now everybody
Peepin' out they windows when they hear me beatin' up the streets.
"Is it Dre? Is it Dre?"
That's what they say, every single muthafuckin' day, yo
But I ain't trippin' I'm just kickin' it
While my D's keep spinnin' & these hoes keep grinnin' I'll be...
Rollin in my 6 4.
With everybody sayin'...
Swing down sweet chariot stop & Let Me Ride.
Hell Yeah.
Swing down sweet chariot stop & Let Me Ride.
With everybody sayin'...
Swing down sweet chariot stop & Let Me Ride.
Hell yeah.
Swing down sweet chariot stop & Let Me Ride.
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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