

# Ride On, Ride Out (feat. Dmc)

## Colt Ford

Ride On, Ride On  
Ride out, Ride Out Let me tell you  
What we all about, all about It's Ride on, Ride on  
It's Ride out, Ride out It's got me walkin  
In the dirty south, dirty south I said I need a beater  
want to rock the band  
So I went and got the king of raisin hell  
Put on the deep thinner 250 with the big black truck  
With the ten inch lift  
Hopped out in New York, big city of dreams  
With my cowboy boots gunna do my thing  
It's a country boy with the king of rock  
And y'all can't stop this real hip-hop  
It's Colt and DMC and it's all good  
He's rippin house Queens I'm straight up the wood  
I'm just camouflage wear-in Rayban Stair-in  
In my cowboy hat and it's like that  
I'm gunna fight the power  
Kill in the flower  
Any MC dat wanna try me and D  
Y'all better recognize the real Ride On, Ride Out  
Tell me how you feel  
Ride On, Ride On  
Ride out, Ride Out Let me tell you  
What we all about, all about It's Ride on, Ride on  
It's Ride out, Ride out From New York City  
to the dirty south, dirty south I can down from Hermans from over Elle  
That's where my name is known so well  
I'm in a black pick-up with a mini coat  
Y'all all know I ain't no joke  
He came from Georgia  
Crossin the boarder  
Heard some of y'all were getting out-of-order  
Tell the reporters gunna be a slaughter  
Put away the wife and hide your daughters  
On points like this it's unstoppable  
Toppin these two minutes impossible  
King DMC is remarkable  
How he gunna stop it?  
With his gun.  
When he pull his gun out  
There's no where to run

Like the Gatling gun works from the tongue  
And every battle we been in we always won Ride On, Ride On  
Ride out, Ride Out Let me tell you  
What we all about, all about It's Ride on, Ride on  
It's Ride out, Ride out From the heart of Queens  
to the dirty south, dirty south  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>