Ride wit Me

Where they at (8x)

If you wanna go and take a ride wit me We three-wheelin in the fo' with the gold D's Oh why do I live this way? (Hey, must be the money!)

If you wanna go and get high wit me Smoke a L in the back of the Benz-y Oh why must I feel this way? (Hey, must be the money!)

In the club on the late night, feelin right Lookin tryin to spot somethin real nice Lookin for a little shorty hot and horny so that I can take home (I can take home) She can be 18 (18) wit an attitude or 19 kinda snotty actin real rude Boo, as long as you a thicky thicky thick girl you know that it's on (Know that it's on) I peep something comin towards me up the dance floor Sexy and real slow (hey) Sayin she was peepin and I dig the last video So when Nelly, can we go; how could I tell her no? Her measurements were 36-25-34 Yellin I like the way you brush your hair And I like those stylish clothes you wear I like the way the light hit the ice and glare And I can see you boo from way over there

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Face and body front and back, don't know how to act Without no vouchers or boozers she's bringin nuttin back You should feel the impact, shop on plastic when the sky's the limit and them haters can't get past that Watch me as I gas that, 4.6 Range Watch the candy paint change, everytime I switch lanes It feel strange now Makin a livin off my brain, instead of 'caine now I got the title from my momma put the whip in my own name now Damn shit done changed now Runnin credit checks with no shame now I feel the fame now (come on), I can't complain now (no more) Shit I'm the mayne now, in and out my own town I'm gettin pages out of New Jersey, from Courtney B. Tellin me about a party up in NYC Can I make it? Damn right, I be on the next flight Payin cash; first class - sittin next to Vanna White

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Check, check -- yo, I know somethin you don't know And I got somethin to tell ya You won't believe how many people, straight doubted the flow

Nelly

Most said that I was a failure But now the same motherfuckers askin me fo' dough And I'm yellin, "I can't help ya" "But Nelly can we get tickets to the next show?" Hell no (what's witchu?!) you for real?!

Hey yo, now that I'm a fly guy, and I fly high Niggaz wanna know why, why I fly by But yo it's all good, Range Rover all wood Do me like you should - fuck me good, suck me good We be no stud niggaz, wishin you was niggaz Poppin like we drug dealers, sippin Crissy, bubb' mackin Honey in the club, me in the Benz Icy grip, tellin me to leave wit you and your friends So if shorty wanna... knock, we knockin to this And if shorty wanna... rock, we rockin to this And if shorty wanna... pop, we poppin the Crist' Shorty wanna see the ice, then I ice the wrist City talk, Nelly listen; Nelly talk, city listen When I fuck fly bitches; when I walk pay attention See the ice and the glist'; niggaz starin or they diss Honies lookin all they wish - come on boo, gimme kiss

If you wanna go and take a ride wit me We three-wheelin in the fo' with the gold D's Oh why do I live this way? (Hey, must be the money!)

Hey, must be the money! (4x)

If you wanna go and take a ride wit me We three-wheelin in the fo' with the gold D's Oh why do I live this way? (Hey, must be the money!)