

Let It Ride

Robert Gasper

I never been a gambler
I stay on the safe side
You know
So, I know I'm alright
But all of that's forgotten when
I'm looking into your eyes

I'm happily out on a limb
You pull me out from inside
Love
You show me what it feels like

No guarantee of anything
So, all my love is on the line
But I let it ride

I let it ride
I let it ride
I let it ride

It's easier than ever now
To walk away with no sight
I know
You'll make sure I'm alright
My heart is always winning if
I have you in my mind

I'd happily do anything
If I know I'm by your side
You
You show me what it feels like

No guarantee of anything
So, all my love is on the line
But I let it ride

I let it ride
I let it ride
I let it ride

But only for you
Just you

I let it ride

I let it ride

I let it ride
Let it ride
I let it ride

I let it ride

(I let it ride)
(Let it...)

(I let it ride)

Robert Glasper!
Hey man, it's your boy, Wayne Brady!
Hey, I'm still trying to get on the record, brother!
Hey, so, I'm thinking, either I'll sing something
You know like, I'll sing something like Erykah Badu did on the last one
Be like...
Key change!...
Ok, no?
Or I gave you some gangsta shit, check it, it's freestylin':
Folks don't know about Wayne Brady
Born and raised right on Crenshaw
Big six-foot-tall chocolate dude
Runnin' around in nothing but his draws breakin' the law
Over there making them bass notes like Lou Rawls
Just too tight, what's that sound?
That's the sound of my two click-clacking balls
As they bounce off the walls and it echoes down the halls
Look at me running over there buying everything up in the malls
And I just bought three ponies and put 'em right in the stalls
After that was finished, I went to the Taj Mahal
Ring, ring, that's my cell phone, I think I just got a call
Oh, oh, you know, I'm gonna stop
Cuz that boy's too hot, that boy's too hot
Who else can do that for you?
Who else is gonna give you that real gangsta shit, Robert?
Call me back