

# Ryde Or Die, Bitch

The Lox

[Jadakiss]  
I'm feelin this hook right here  
Good lookin out Timbaland, y'know?  
[Timbaland]  
Uh-huh  
What?  
Uh-huh  
What?

[Timbaland (Eve)]  
I need a ryde or die bitch  
(I like to rock Prada suits and my ass is fat)  
I need a ryde or die bitch  
(I push a Cadillac truck with my friends in the back)  
I need a ryde or die bitch  
(Smoke 'dro, drink liquor, like to fuck 'til I cum)  
I need a ryde or die bitch  
(I rock a icy ass chain with a earring in my tongue)

[Jadakiss]  
Ha  
Yo, yo, yo  
Yeah, what's up ma, what's going on, I know you know 'Kiss  
The nigga with the hot flow and a cold wrist  
Can flow always, sit on 4 K's  
Then wait for a drought and flood 'em with all 'dres  
Ryde or die chick, hand do a B.I.  
Give a nigga up north some ass on a V.I.  
And she blackout when she in the mall  
Got the brand new spring Prada shit in the fall  
Don't matter what size panties, fitting her small  
And she don't got no problem hittin' us all  
And she said she got a man, but he in the fed  
And she miss him so much that she pee in the bed  
So you know I had to lighten her raw, fighting the dog  
Pushing the seat back gettin' right in the fall  
Make her use a fake credit card twice in a store  
Might make you do it tomorrow you triflin' whore

[Styles Paniro]  
I need a chick that ryde or die, pullin' the 5  
Gettin' high with the Gucci frames over her eyes  
Sweet to the tail, still won't fuck in the Benz  
cause she bought me a Polo coat and a couple of Timbs'  
Doobie was rap, both in the movie with gats  
Gave me head cause the movie was wack, word  
Toasted her crib, blow in the fridge, she needed to work  
I died and that bitch gon' put weed in my hearse  
Gamed her to death, tattooed my name on her neck  
You don't wanna see me bangin' the left, hittin' the gas  
That bitch out the window poppin' heat in yo' ass  
You could catch Holiday in a Holiday Inn  
With a bad bitch swallowin' gin, word  
And if it got to do with money count Holiday in  
With my ryde or die bitch that'll body your man  
You don't like me as a artist, she gon' body your fam'

[Sheek Luchion]

Uh, uh, yo

Yo, when you see Sheek, don't look at me as Sheek from The L.O.X.

Look at me as that cat that know how to box

Know about glocks, know about slingin' them rocks

Know about runnin' from cops and switchin' up spots

How to get rich, know about thuggin' a bitch

Fuck 'em in the park, fuck a sweet as the Ritz

They like that shit, and I ain't gotta spend no checks

Fuck diamonds, all they really want is rough ass sex

And they name, shout it out when I'm up at Flex

I get drunk with bitches that don't get drunk

Don't get high, have 'em doing drive-by's

Shit they never did, forgetting about they kids

Moms babysitting, ain't seen her in a week

I'm a bad influence to parents that hate Sheek

I need a ryde or die bitch that'll take this coke

Out of town, and come back and breakdown when I'm broke, what