

Ride Wit Me (feat. City Spud)

Nelly

Where they at (Where they at)Where they at (Where they at)
Where they at (Where they at)
Where they at (Where they at)If you wanna go and take a ride wit me
We three wheelin in the four with the gold cv's
Oh why do I look this way?(Hey, must be the money)
If you wanna go and get high wit me
Smoke an L in the back with the benzen-e
Oh why do I feel this way?
(Hey, must be the money)
In the club on the late night, feel ya right
Lookin, tryin ta spot some real nice
Lookin for a little shorty I noticed so that I can take home (I can take home)
She can be 18 (18) wit a attitude or 19 kinda snotty actin real rude
But as long as you a diggy-diggy then girl you know its on (you know its on)
I peep summin comin towards me on the dance floor
Sexy and real slow (hey) and sayin she was beepin and I dig the last video
Somewhere that we could go
How could I tell her no?
Her measurements were 36-25-34
I like the way you brush it
And I like those stylish clothes you wear
I like the way the light hit the ice and glare
And I can see you movin way over there
If you wanna go and take a ride wit meWe three wheelin in the four with the gold cv's
Oh why do I look this way?
(Hey, must be the money)If you wanna go and get high wit me
Smoke an L in the back with the benzen-e
Oh why do I feel this way?
(Hey, must be the money)
Face a body front that, don't know how to act
Without my vouchers all the hoochies bringing nothin back
You should feel the impact, shop over plas when the skies the limit
And them haters can't get past that
Watch me as I gas that, four guy sig pley
Was there any paint change, every time I switch lane
It feel strange now
Makin a livin off my brain, instead of 'caine now
I got the title from my momma put the pimpin on name now
Damn shit to change now
Running credit checks with no shame now
I feel a thang now (come on)
I can't complain (no more)

Shit I'm the man, now
In and out my own town (I'm gettin)
Niggas out in New Jersey, from Twenty-B
Tellin me about a party up in NYC
And can I make it? Damn Right
I be on the next flight
Man can, first class sittin next to Vanna White
If you wanna go and take a ride wit me
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(Hey, must be the money)
If you wanna go and get high wit me
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Oh why do I feel this way?(Hey, must be the money)
Herhaal Refrein
(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 down at the floor
'fore said that I was a failure
Is now the same motherfuckers that's be needin dough
And I'm yellin I can't help ya
But Nelly can we get tickets to the next show?
Hell no, (whatchu care?) you for real?
Hey yo, now that I'm a fly guy
And I fly high
Niggas wanna know why, why I fly by
Hey yo, its all good
Range Rover all would
Do me like you should
Fuck me good, suck me good
We be them stuck niggas
Wishin you was niggas
Poppin like we drug dealers
Simply cause she bug mackin
Honey in the club, me in the benz
I see cute 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 chris
Shorty wanna see the ice, then I ice the wrist
See me talk, Nelly listen
Nelly talk, see me listen
Wanna fuck fly bitches
When I walk pay attention
See the ice and the glist
Niggas starin on the glist
Honeys lookin on they wish
Come on boo, gimme kiss
If you wanna go and take a ride wit me
We three wheelin in the four with the gold cv's
Oh why do I look this way?
(Hey, must be the money)
If you wanna go and get high wit me

Smoke an L in the back with the benzen-e
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(Hey, must be the money)

Herhaal Refrein

Hey, must be the money
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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