

# Wanna Ride (feat. Isaiah Rashad)

## Jay Rock

I be that nigga they call Jay Rock, I'm a rapper  
But if you see me movin' baggies out the trap, don't get it backwards  
A nigga out here tryin' to stack that cabbage  
Cause if that money's on the menu, gotta hustle like you famished  
You know I gotta eat to feed the family  
Okay, let a nigga try us, bustin' like them transits  
Set your ass on fire, no violence not the answer  
But come try to play us, you know we goin' hammer  
I'm twisting up fingers, squeezin' on heaters  
Hangin' out the drop, 2Pac out the speakers  
They wanna vibe, they wanna go  
They down to ride, just step aside, the world of mine  
They wanna roll, you down to smoke  
You down to drive, the world is mine  
The world is mine, ahh  
They say get your money first and foremost  
I rhyme like I got pollos in that Volvo  
Shit, I switch up, whippers can't get caught, that's a no-no  
So watch out, the paparazzi takin photos  
Got this world around my neck, keep my thoughts above my head  
Down to ride for my respect, I'm a savage for that bread  
Shake ass, baby you know I'm worth it, nobody perfect  
Just look beneath your surface and I'll bet you'll find that purpose  
Yeah this hustle is poetry, money don't grow on trees  
So much to oversee, in this world that belong to me  
Big butts and ashtrays, lookin', smellin' like potpourri  
Smokin' this weed, gimme what you got for a quarter ki  
They wanna vibe, they wanna flow  
They down to ride, just step aside, the world is mine  
They wanna roll, you down to smoke  
You down to drive, the world is mine  
The world is mine, ahh  
They wanna vibe, they wanna go  
They down to ride, just step aside, the world of mine  
They wanna roll, you down to smoke  
You down to drive, the world is mine  
The world is mine, ahh  
Got to play a fool to catch a fool though  
Never let yo left know what your right doin', that's numero uno  
Back to life, I'm standin' on my tomb door  
Why you actin' puto, she call me papi chulo  
Politickin' at a all time high but I'm just gettin' high

A lot of people like to wear disguises, I just improvise  
Step up in this muthafucka lookin' like a stick of dope  
Niggas steady shootin' all they shots but they be brickin' hoe (Yeah hoe!)  
They missing hoe, listen hoe, got this shit on lock (Yeah hoe!)  
Like the bigger folk, sippin' in that El Camino, sittin' low (Yeah hoe!)  
Posted on the gram off a gram, take a picture hoe (Yeah hoe!)  
Rubber bands, I'm the man, get just what you missin', hoe (Yeah hoe!)  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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