We Ride

Z-ro

Uh, huh, I remember when I back in the days
When I ain't got shit
Now that I got shit, niggas wanna keep up shit
But it's all good
Watch me do this shit
Yo yo yo yo ay yo from my town to Chitown
R Kelly got some thugs to make you lock down
Voice cry hot sounds tied down cop twisters
Shop lifters with Benini schemes
Smoke greenie green candyman up in cabrini green
Some cats I know like to splurge on they wrists
But my man karate man cut the nerves out his fist
But yo put your hands up y'all it's love in here
It ain't shit but a thug affair
I'm at the bar spendin' thug money
Hustle much huh
They say I love money carats like Bugs Bunny
So let's slide you got the right thong
You don't know? I'm all night long
The DJ playin' all the right songs
To the BM, REM's are Muy Bien
It's R. Kelly killer camp, baby girl can you dig now
Next time you see him yo he lay Mr. Big style
To all my players and my thugs, to all my honeys in the club
To all the hoods that show me love, we ride, we ride
To all my ballers rockin' ice, gettin' a room for the night
Takin' first class flights, we ride, we ride
I used to be in Chitown and collect panties
When I'm in cabrini green, you know I hit Sammy's
Thugged out ,yo my people givin' eye jammies
Now them shorties say I'm cute when they can't stand me
R. Kelly yo I'm right from the belly, you know the soul
Everything that we spit on is platinum gold
But now it's on the love, all the players and the thugs
Yo it's a party goin' on, meet me right at the club
We got some chickens in the living room gettin' it on
And they ain't leavin' 'til six in the mornin'
Thugged out, my people gettin' head while we on and
And tear the club up every time we performin'

Gun up in your waist, please don't shoot up the place
Because this shorty right here lookin' good in my face
Ay yo it's so deep, I told Shorty just last week
Uh huh, it's like you remind me of my jeep
To all my players and my thugs, to all my honeys in the club
To all the hoods that show me love, we ride, we ride
To all my ballers rockin' ice, gettin' a room for the night
Takin' first class flights, we ride, we ride
Only ballers be allowed up in here
Moneymakers got my thug niggas
Watchin' my rear for player haters
18 and I'm livin' the dream, go figure
How a nigga, that's younger than you ice bigger
Don't sweat that, stick the rap, nigga try that
Call my nigga R Kell if you need a hit black
And when you get it, make it known baby who did it
It'll make your fans hit the stores and go get it
Now here come a bitter sweet note for the fellas
Left out the club with her friend, now she jealous
Mad 'cause she can't ride in the L S
Yeah, she kinda mad but a baller could care less
While you sleep, sleep, sleep
I'm in da Benz goin' beep, beep, beep
Got your girl sayin', "Yo, who he?"
So let's ride to Rockland's party
Check, ghetto pro, Federal Jay-Z, shake the dice
Let 'em go etter load, I tear down every show
Better know, cheddar prone like the chrome big Rolls
Say it y'all Jay you're, all I need is four bars
I'm hotter than a lotta men, switch up cars like Rodman's hair color
And hit your broad, I'm borderline, too much for the mortal mind
Every time you order me wine, find it's mortifyin'
Now pop that cork then pour the wine
Represent New York to Chitown
Like what floss mine, like of course mine what
Never cross my family can we all get along?
Hell no! now I'm tryin' to tell y'all
Who daddy is, dad rule that biz
Got your baby daddy but Jay-Z true that is
Better school that kid on whose shoes that is
Or who I be nigga, V I P jigga
To all my players and my thugs, to all my honeys in the club
To all the hoods that show me love, we ride, we ride
To all my ballers rockin' ice, gettin' a room for the night
Takin' first class flights, we ride, we ride

Let's get together and make this, make this loot
Make this loot, make this loot
Come on players, come on players

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