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

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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