

# Ride Wit Me

Obie Trice

Where they at? Where they at?  
Where they at? Where they at?  
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Where they at? Where they at?

C'mon now

If you wanna go and take a ride wit me  
We three-wheelin' in the fo' with the gold D's

Oh why do I live this way?

(Hey, must be the money!)

If you wanna go and get high wit me  
Smoke a L in the back of the Benz-y

Oh why must I feel this way?

(Hey, must be the money!)

In the club on the late night, feelin' right  
Lookin' tryin' to spot somethin' 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 an attitude

Or 19 kinda snotty actin' real rude

But as long as you a thicky thicky thick girl

You know that it's on, know that it's on

I peep something comin' towards me on the dance floor

Sexy and real slow, hey

Sayin' she was peepin' and I dig the last video

So when Nelly, can we go, how could I tell her no?

Her measurements were 36-25-34

I like the way you brush your hair

And I like those stylish clothes you wear

I like the way the light hit the ice and glare

And I can see you boo from way over there

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Face and body front and back, don't know how to act

Without no vouchers on her boots she's bringin' nuttin back  
You should feel the impact, shop on plastic  
When the sky's the limit and them haters can't get past that  
Watch me as I gas that, fo' dot six Range  
Watch the candy paint change, everytime I switch lanes  
It feel strange now  
Makin' a livin' off my brain, instead of 'caine now  
I got the title from my momma put the whip in my own name now  
Damn shit done changed now  
Runnin' credit checks with no shame now  
I feel the fame now, come on, I can't complain now, no more  
Shit I'm the mayne now, in and out my own town  
I'm gettin' pages out of New Jersey from Courtney B  
Tellin' me about a party up in NYC  
And can I make it? Damn right, I be on the next flight  
Payin' cash, first class, sittin' next to Vanna White  
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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 doubted the flow  
Most said that I was a failure  
But now the same motherfuckers askin' me fo' dough  
And I'm yellin', "I can't help ya  
"But Nelly can we get tickets to the next show?"  
Hell no, what's witchu?! You for real?!  
Hey yo, now that I'm a fly guy and I fly high  
Niggaz wanna know why? Why I fly by?  
But yo it's all good, Range Rover all wood  
Do me like you should, fuck me good, suck me good

We be them stud niggaz, wishin' you was niggaz  
Poppin' like we drug dealers, sippin' Cris-sy, bubb' mackin'  
Honey in the club, me in the Benz  
Icy grip, 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 Crist'  
Shorty wanna see the ice then I ice the wrist  
City talk, Nelly listen, Nelly talk, city listen  
When I fuck fly bitches, when I walk pay attention  
See the ice and the glist', niggaz starin' or they diss  
Honies lookin' all they wish, come on boo, gimme kiss

Come on

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