Ride Wit Me

Juvenille

Where they at? Where they at?
Where they at? Where they at?
Where they at? Where they at?
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
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!)
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
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!)

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!)
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
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!)
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!)
Hey, must be the money!
Hey, must be the money!
Hey, must be the money!
Must be the money!
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!)

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/