

# Ride Wit Me (Featuring City Spud)

Nelly

Where they at? If you want to go and take a ride with me  
We 3-wheeling in the fo' with the gold D's  
Oh why do I live this way? (Hey, must be the money!) If you want to go and get high with me  
Smoke a L in the back of the Benz-E  
Oh why must I feel this way? (Hey, must be the money!) In the club on the late night, feeling right  
Looking, trying to spot something real nice  
Looking for a little shorty I noticed so that I can take home  
(I can take home)  
She can be 18 (18) with an attitude  
Or 19, kinda snotty, acting 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 coming towards me on the dance floor  
Sexy and real slow  
Saying she was peeping 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 want to go and take a ride with me  
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Smoke a L in the back of the Benz-E  
Oh why must I feel this way? (Hey, must be the money!) Face and body Frontenac, don't know how to act  
Without no vouchers on her boots she's bringing nothing 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 4 dot 6 Range  
Watch the candy paint change, every time I switch lanes  
It feel strange now  
Making a living 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  
Running 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 getting pages out of New Jersey from Courtney B  
Telling me about a party up in NYC

And can I make it? Damn right, I be on the next flight  
 Paying cash; first class - sitting next to Vanna White If you want to go and take a ride with me  
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 Smoke a L in the back of the Benz-E  
 Oh why must I feel this way? (Hey, must be the money!) Check, check, yo, I know something you don't know  
 And I've got something 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 asking me for dough  
 And I'm yelling: "I can't help ya"  
 "But Nelly can we get tickets to the next show?"  
 Hell no (what's witch you?!) you for real?! Hey yo, now that I'm a fly guy, and I fly high  
 Niggas want to 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 niggas, 'wishing you was' niggas  
 Popping like we drug dealers, sipping Crissy, bubb' macking  
 Honey in the club, me in the Benz  
 Icy grip, telling me to leave with you and your friends  
 So if shorty want to knock, we knocking to this  
 And if shorty want to rock, we rocking to this  
 And if shorty want to pop, we popping 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'; niggas staring or they diss  
 Honies looking all "they wish" - come on boo, gimme kiss If you want to go and take a ride with me  
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 Oh why must I feel this way? (Hey, must be the money!) Hey, must be the money!

Songwriters

ETTERLENE JORDAN, ELDRA DEBARGE, WILLIAM DEBARGE, JASON EPPERSON, CORNELL

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