

Ride It (feat. Christina Milian)

Eric Bellinger

Ride it, ride it, oh. Bottles of Patron, take em to the head.

Got you all alone, naked in my bed.

Kissin on your neck, got your body sayin, "Yes."

Feenin for you, girl, already know you're soakin wet.

We was on the phone, niggas talkin shit,

had them like they're waiting til your tears see my head (no).

Lickin on your juice box, I'ma get me some.

Girl this ain't for everybody, you're my number one.

Think, sign. I'ma top you off with a bottle of that ready whip.

Got your legs up, hands handcuffed to your headboard.

I'ma make you beg for it now.

Ride it, ride it.

Oo, baby you know that I love it right there.

Ride it, ride it.

Ride it til the wheels fall off.

Ride it, ride it.

You know what you doin to me.

Ride it, ride it.

Ride it til the wheels fall off. Put me on the beat, baby I'm a beast.

Three hours later and I still got stamina.

You was talkin shit, sayin that I couldn't handle ya.

Now you quit, boy don't turn into no amateur.

I'ma take you down for a minute, take you down, Chris Brown for a minute.

Got your body rockin to the beat, toes curlin on the beat.

Try your best to keep up, I'm about to switch up. I'ma top you off with a bottle of that ready whip.

Got your legs up, hands handcuffed to your headboard.

I'ma make you beg for it now.

Ride it, ride it.

Oo, baby you know that I love it right there.

Ride it, ride it.

Ride it til the wheels fall off.

Ride it, ride it.

You know what you doin to me.

Ride it, ride it.

Ride it til the wheels fall off. Girl, come and ride it.

Girl, come and ride it.

Let me inside it, so you can ride it. Ride it, ride it.

Oo, baby you know that I love it right there.

Ride it, ride it.

Ride it til the wheels fall off.

Ride it, ride it.

You know what you doin to me.

Ride it, ride it.

Ride it til the wheels fall off.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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