

# Ride Wit Me (feat. City Spud)

Nelly

Where they at (Where they at)Where they at (Where they at)  
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Where they at (Where they at)If you wanna go and take a ride wit me  
We three wheelin in the four with the gold cv's  
Oh why do I look this way?(Hey, must be the money)  
If you wanna go and get high wit me  
Smoke an L in the back with the benzen-e  
Oh why do I feel this way?  
(Hey, must be the money)  
In the club on the late night, feel ya right  
Lookin, tryin ta spot some 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 a attitude or 19 kinda snotty actin real rude  
But as long as you a diggy-diggy then girl you know its on (you know its on)  
I peep summin comin towards me on the dance floor  
Sexy and real slow (hey) and sayin she was beepin and I dig the last video  
Somewhere that we could go  
How could I tell her no?  
Her measurements were 36-25-34  
I like the way you brush it  
And I like those stylish clothes you wear  
I like the way the light hit the ice and glare  
And I can see you movin way over there  
If you wanna go and take a ride wit meWe three wheelin in the four with the gold cv's  
Oh why do I look this way?  
(Hey, must be the money)If you wanna go and get high wit me  
Smoke an L in the back with the benzen-e  
Oh why do I feel this way?  
(Hey, must be the money)  
Face a body front that, don't know how to act  
Without my vouchers all the hoochies bringing nothin back  
You should feel the impact, shop over plas when the skies the limit  
And them haters can't get past that  
Watch me as I gas that, four guy sig pley  
Was there any paint change, every time I switch lane  
It feel strange now  
Makin a livin off my brain, instead of 'caine now  
I got the title from my momma put the pimpin on name now  
Damn shit to change now  
Running credit checks with no shame now  
I feel a thang now (come on)  
I can't complain (no more)

Shit I'm the man, now  
In and out my own town (I'm gettin)  
Niggas out in New Jersey, from Twenty-B  
Tellin me about a party up in NYC  
And can I make it? Damn Right  
I be on the next flight  
Man can, first class sittin next to Vanna White  
If you wanna go and take a ride wit me  
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Oh why do I look this way?  
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If you wanna go and get high wit me  
Smoke an L in the back with the benzen-e  
Oh why do I feel this way? (Hey, must be the money)  
Herhaal Refrein  
(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 down at the floor  
'fore said that I was a failure  
Is now the same motherfuckers that's be needin dough  
And I'm yellin I can't help ya  
But Nelly can we get tickets to the next show?  
Hell no, (whatchu care?) you for real?  
Hey yo, now that I'm a fly guy  
And I fly high  
Niggas wanna know why, why I fly by  
Hey yo, its all good  
Range Rover all would  
Do me like you should  
Fuck me good, suck me good  
We be them stuck niggas  
Wishin you was niggas  
Poppin like we drug dealers  
Simply cause she bug mackin  
Honey in the club, me in the benz  
I see cute 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 chris  
Shorty wanna see the ice, then I ice the wrist  
See me talk, Nelly listen  
Nelly talk, see me listen  
Wanna fuck fly bitches  
When I walk pay attention  
See the ice and the glist  
Niggas starin on the glist  
Honeys lookin on they wish  
Come on boo, gimme kiss  
If you wanna go and take a ride wit me  
We three wheelin in the four with the gold cv's  
Oh why do I look this way?  
(Hey, must be the money)  
If you wanna go and get high wit me

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