

# Do U Wanna Ride (feat. John Legend)

JAY-Z

This is the operator with a collect call from Emory Jones  
To accept the charges, press '1' now Emory, what up? Told you I ain't too good  
With writin' letters and all  
I don't even write rhymes, but what I will do  
I'ma send you this opus scribed through the airwaves  
Vibe with me I know, I know  
Some places we can go, some places we can go  
I know, I know  
Some places we can go, some places we can go  
Do u wanna ride with me?  
Do u wanna ride with me?  
You know why they call 'The Projects' a project  
Because it's a project  
An experiment, where in it, only it's objects  
And the object for us, to explore our prospects  
Sidestep cops on the way to the top, yes As kids we would daydream, sittin' on our steps  
Pointin' at cars like, "Yeah, that's our sex"  
Hustlers, prophets made our eyes stretch  
Swanson got the spot, shit, we started our trek Some of us made it, most of us digressed  
In the name of those who ain't made it my progress  
Show success, please live through me  
See, I'm the eyes for Emory, keep him alive This is a collect call, so every time I press '5'  
All he wanna hear is his boy talk fly  
Up in the fence and still holdin' his head  
So when he hits the streets, he gon' eat through this bread  
Now let's ride  
I know, I know  
Some places we can go, some places we can go  
I know, I know  
Some places we can go, some places we can go  
Do u wanna ride with me?  
Do u wanna ride with me? International Hov, I told you so  
Forty 40's out in Tokyo  
Singapore, all this from singin' songs  
Comin' up though, we thought slingin' raw Was the end all be all of bein' rich, didn't we?  
Little did I know my mo' potent delivery  
Would deliver me, kingpin of the inkpen  
Monster of the double entendre, Coke is still my sponsor Heh, the Cola, yeah  
Hova still gettin' it in with soda  
Diet, no sir, I ain't lose no weight  
Started from the crates, now I'm sittin' on a whole case Since they got you sittin' on that old case  
Our dreams is on hold like Tivo

So I can't wait 'til you get your date  
I got some tin plates outside of the gate  
We gon' ride I know, I know  
Some places we can go, some places we can go  
I know, I know  
Some places we can go, some places we can go  
Do u wanna ride with me?  
Do u wanna ride with me? Now me and my lil' mama, Kita and Tata  
Juan and Dez out in San Tropez  
Jay round in Gabana, sneakin' marijuana  
You know that Mary J. give you 'No More Drama' Lost a couple friends this whole shit got  
weird  
When you get home, you know your spot's reserved, ya heard?  
I put my niggaz on, my niggaz put they niggaz on  
Now we all somewhere fun, chillin' in the sun  
I ain't forget you, cousin, hehe Yeah, nigga, y'all can wear sneakers  
On the beach if you want to  
Y'all niggaz come and c'mon, playin' money marathon  
My young'n is LeBron I know, I know  
Some places we can go, some places we can go  
Do u wanna ride with me?  
Do u wanna ride with me? Let me get mellow on this shit right here  
White paper though, nigga  
Can't even fuck with those blunts  
White paper, baby, old school nigga, gimme a joint  
Smooth it out, Young H.O., Henry Jones  
Word to my momma, we livin'

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>