

Rule Ja

"Smokin And Ridin"

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feat. 0-1, Jodie Mack)

[Ja Rule]

Gangsta.. you know

Huh, gangsta, c'mon, hehe

Uhh.. got my nigga Vin Diesel in the house, y'know

Number one movie in the country and all that

Haha! Yo..

[Chorus: Ja Rule]

Nuttin but some gangsters, smokin and ridin (YO!)

Come on get high with us (NIGGA!)

Come on and ride with us (BITCHES!)

Cause, we're.. nuttin but some gangsters (YO!) smokin
and ridin (YO!)

Come on get high with us (C'MON NIGGAZ!)

Come on and ride with us (YO!)

[Ja Rule]

Hey baby; c'mon and hop in my fo'-three-oh, S-E

And let's see, how quick you fall victim to this G

I'm a gangsta BITCH, a mack like Goldie

But I never let the strength of this money control money

Niggaz is somethin like pimps, the Rule is an O.G.

I make three G's a day, thirty-three a week

And my hoes hardly speak - they smoke while they ride

Just, blowin the driver, when I'm one car behind ya

(Nuttin but some gangsters) on Daytons and lowriders

And three-wheel motion, bumpin Tha Eastsidaz

I love Cali-for-ni-ay, on a hot day

Where the green is wetter, and the head is even better

(So get high tonight.. and if you rollin like I'm rollin

you ridin right.. and if she fuckin with them gangstas

ain't nuttin nice.. and if you knowin what I'm knowin

then live your life.. cause, we're..)

[Chorus]

(Cause, we're..)

[0-1]

(Nuttin but some gangsters..) Ridin by in them big
trucks

Chrome wheels spinnin and killin niggaz with big bucks

See baby I came up, from bein a thug

From a nigga sellin them drugs on the corner throwin
up slugs

(Show me love!) All of y'all bitches wanna ride with us

(Mask and gloves!) Up when it's time to fuck bitches

(Wanna be loved!) All you get is hard dick off the drugs

(Pass the bud!) Yo bitch I ain't seen none of that dub

But give me that Remi, a half a bottle already in me

I cop a ounce, from one stizzy, and smoke 'til I'm dizzy

Who ridin with me? Both of y'all bitches slide right in

Just me, you, and your friend - I'll be fuckin y'all 'til the mornin

C'mon, I love bitches with thongs on, that love to get it on

with gangsters, leavin they pussies warm

'til like four in the mornin, baby girl, I'm gone

Hop in the 6, devour your lawn BITCH, cause we're

[Chorus]

(Cause, we're..)

[Jodie Mack]

(Nuttin but some gangsters..) Holla!

And if you, bout the dollars then pop your collars

Cause we ain't nuttin but some gangsters, nigga smokin and ridin

Who put it down for real, got this dough multiplyin

Straight, livin it up and fuckin with thugs

that push trucks that's sittin on dubs, not givin a fuck

Y'all niggaz know me, Chris Black slash the O.G.

So please believe I'm gangsta I control these streets

[Ja Rule]

Yo, nobody leaves nobody breathes until I enter the party

And ease up in a 550 Medina Ferrari

Pull in handicapped parkin, hop out with the lock in

and wink at the hoes while I walk in

Who's ridin and smokin tonight with players

And I ain't talkin bout them niggaz with them Marvin gators

I'm talkin bout them niggaz all up in fronts and gauges

and runnin up in spots and blazin, we call them
gangsters, yo!

[Chorus]

[Outro: Ja Rule]

Cause, we're.. nuttin but some gangsters, smokin and
ridin

Come on get high with us

Come on and ride with us

Cause, we're.. nuttin but some gangsters.. smokin and
ridin

Come on get high with us

Come on and ride with us

Cause, we're.. nuttin but some gangsters

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