

## Carly Simon F/ Lucy Simon

### "Ride For This"

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(Talking [Ja Rule] {Fabolous})  
{We trin' to kill these niggas}

[Yo]  
{Yea, Uh Huh, Yea}  
[We in the door now]  
{Yea}  
[Holla, Rule nigga, With the F-A-B-O haha, Yea]  
{Yea}  
[Cluemanatti]  
{My nigga}  
[Holla back nigga]  
{Yea, Uh, Yea}  
[Irv Gotti]  
{Yea}  
[Murder Inc.]  
{Uh, Yea, Uh}  
{Run'em down nigga}

[Fabolous]  
Load the 4-4 up  
I'm the reason the price of raw go up  
Jump outta of the Lambo, And the doors go up  
Hit you and your ho up, from the torso up  
Leave y'all there 'til the coroner or the law show up  
Im that nigga they say preforming so the whores show  
up  
Why cop? I rob you, ice your Rol' up  
I pop bottles, ain't no need for no cup  
Roll the pure 'dro up, stroll the floor to' up  
The difference between Fab and y'all, after I pick an  
auto up  
Every month I ain't gotta give more doe up  
Fuckin' with this you'll buy a washer when the shore  
slow up  
I have it when ya kids see-saw go up, a C4 will blow up  
Check these diamonds, no flaws show up  
My niggas clap up parties, shoot tour shows up  
What ya'll know bout head til a chicks jaw swoll up  
Goin' gold minutes after the gates on stores go up  
You know who done it now, Few hundred miles

And with shoes on it now  
It's like a few hundred thou  
When we run up this guns 2 stomach style  
Got to flaunt it now  
Nigga who want it blawgh

(Chorus)

[Ja Rule]

Ride for this  
Where my niggas at get high to this  
Where ya'll at  
Die for this  
Throw guns up to the sky for this  
Where ya'll at  
Ride for this  
Where my niggas at get high to this  
Where ya'll at  
Die for this  
Throw guns up to the sky for this  
Where ya'll at

[Fabolous]

Yo, You must wanna die  
From the nigga you testify against  
Fabolous make bail before they identify the prints  
Swing by a vince, In a buggy eye with tents  
Sittin on nineteen's, Gun stash by the vents  
Niggas is lookin at the chain cause they eyes squint  
I pull up, Pull out, Pull back  
Them guys will sprint  
Last nigga that talked slick and been replyin' since  
Got a deal, No sellin', Been supplyin since  
Leave niggas on the ground like tire prints  
We done make ya eyes look bent, Just by the sense  
These niggas dont believe, Then they gone die  
convinced  
Once I present the four fifth why comment  
Im the type you tell ya dame bout  
Push a fellow brain out  
Leave'em in front of the spot that they sell cocaine out  
One single, Had to tint the yellow Range out  
Everybody runnin' up tryin' to spell the name out (F-A-B-  
O-L-O-U-S)

(Chorus)

[Ja Rule]

Ride for this  
Where my niggas at get high to this  
Where ya'll at  
Die for this  
Throw guns up to the sky for this

Where ya'll at  
Ride for this  
Where my niggas at get high to this  
Where ya'll at

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