

## Ja Rule

### "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  
Im 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 ya'll there til the ?? or the law show up  
Im that nigga they say preforming so the whores show  
up  
Why cop?, I rob you, Ice your Roll up  
I pop bottles, Ain't no need for no cup  
Roll the pure Dro up, Stroll the floor tore up  
The difference between Fab and ya'll, 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  
I see four 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 gun

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