

Jay

"Ride or Die"

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I'm rollin with Roc-a-Fella man

Cause they got money man, heh heh

[Jay-Z]

Uh-huh, uh-huh uh UH, uh-huh, 'Hovah

Yeah, Stevie J nigga

Y'all ready? Yo, yo

How many y'all wanna ride tonight (ride tonight)

How many y'all down to die tonight (die tonight)

How many y'all wanna ride tonight

Nigga ride or die or ride or die

(repeat 3X)

Verse One: Jay-Z

Aiyyo fuck y'all, niggaz I crush y'all, rush y'all

with the four drawn and I touch y'all, plus y'all

little motherfuckers ain't ready for war

I seen your team in a Chrysler before, but I forgot?

The same rules apply, don't try to switch up your style

Y'all niggaz is pumpkin pie, and that's plain as I

much better than you cat, shocked when I got the news
that

this nigga ready for war, well where that fool at?

I bruise wack rap niggaz severely punish them

Especially those that get fucked for they publishing,
heh

Always gotta be the weakest nigga out the crew

I probably make more money off yo' album, than you

You see the respect I get everytime I come through

Check your own videos, you'll always be number two

Niggaz talkin real greasy on them R&B records

but I'm platinum a million times nigga, check the
credits

S. Carter, ghost writer, and for the right price

I can even make YO' shit tighter

I roast niggaz like ya, smoke niggaz like ya

Take your little jewels and put the toast to niggaz like
ya

You know what the fuck we do and why we done it

How I bring it to niggaz who, probably want it

Keep playin, you gon' find me in your lobby blunted

And I don't even smoke nigga, ain't no joke

Niggaz cat fightin with Jigga, kickin sneaky shit

Makin little tapes but keepin it secret

Cause I kick that deep shit that divide your peeps shit

Now I don't know if you fuckin with Jigga

spittin that weak shit y'all

How many y'all wanna ride tonight (ride tonight)

How many y'all down to die tonight (die tonight)

How many y'all wanna ride tonight

Nigga ride or die or ride or die

(repeat 2X)

Yeah, yeah

Niggaz don't want it with Jig, cause somethin got to give

I got homes where you hide, I hustle where you live

Jigga's the Don, bitches scream "Jigga dandy,

dick is the bomb, about as thick as a arm"

Mr. Exxon, gas 'em with the wit and the charm

Bitch I'm tryin to tell you like Nichalous Bond

I'm a big cat, listen mami, can you dig that?

Cars, jewelry, homes, I did that

Oh's, shootouts, keys, I live that

Actresses, models, chickenheads, hit that

I get stacks and still I kick back

and run up on niggaz with the midac, where the shit at?

How many y'all wanna ride tonight (ride tonight)

How many y'all down to die tonight (die tonight)

How many y'all wanna ride tonight

Nigga ride or die or ride or die

(repeat 2X)

Time to seperate

the platinum from the white gold, right from the door

The real from the fake, ready rock from the raw

The boss from the runners, cats who ride dick

from the cats with the numbers, the five from the six

I got cop n crash money, pop the dash money

Press the button, alluva sudden, glock in the stash
money

Beef with Jigga, watch yo' ass Money

It's El Presidente, top brass money

Now I don't flash the steel, I blast for real

My motto: you only good as the last nigga you kill

I'm here to snatch this meal, nigga that's for real

If you rollin with me grab the wheel, let's ride huh?

How many y'all wanna ride tonight (ride tonight)

How many y'all down to die tonight (die tonight)

How many y'all wanna ride tonight

Nigga ride or die or ride or die

(repeat 4X

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