

## Jay-Z

# "Do U Wanna Ride featuring John Legend"

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(feat. John Legend)

[Intro]

This is the operator with a collect call from "Emory Jones"

To accept the charges, press one now

[Jay-Z]

Uhh, woo!

Emory whattup?

Told you I ain't too good with writin letters and all

Shit I don't even write rhymes

But what I will do

I'ma send you this opus scribed through the airwaves

Vibe with me

[Chorus: John Legend]

I knowwww.. I knowwww

Some places we can go, some places we can go

I knowwww.. I knowwww!

Some places we can go, some places we can go

Do you wanna riiiiide... with me

Do you wanna RIIIIIDE... with me

[Jay-Z - over Chorus]

Uh-huh, uh-huh

Yeah nigga I bet we was kids and had dreams of bein here

I said "we" cause I'm here, you here!

Uhh

Yeah, ride with me, your spot is reserved family

Cigarette boats, yachts, ain't nowhere we can't go

We in South Beach and the Hamptons too baby!

[Jay-Z]

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

And 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 everytime I press five  
All he wanna hear is his boy talk fly  
Up in the fed, and still holdin his head  
So when he hits the streets he gon' eat through this  
bread  
Now let's ride

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z - over Chorus]

Uh-huh, geah  
I'm crushin 'em all for Jones  
MTV, BET, the Grammys, crushed linen, purple label  
All that fly shit we talked about  
Give him some nice pinky rings with the blue diamonds  
and e'rything  
Hehehe, that's what we talked about right?  
Uh-huh... tried to told you, ride with me

[Jay-Z]

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 temp plates outside of the gate  
We gon' ride

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z - over Chorus]

Uh-huh, uh-huh  
Geah

Don't even worry about it though, you ain't missed  
nuttin  
It only gets better, they got the Maybach Coupe now  
Look like the Batmobile, the Phantom the top just  
comes off that joint  
It only gets better  
They caught your body they can't trap your mind  
Keep your spirit alive read your books  
Matter of fact, let me take you somewhere  
Vibe with me, c'mon

[Jay-Z]

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  
But 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, you know what that makes me  
baby  
Big Homey! Hehe, Emory what's up?

[Chorus - starts over last few lines of above]

[Jay - over Chorus]

Wan' ride with us? You're more than welcome  
We ain't on no bullshit, uhh  
Put your feet up  
Big Tye I see you boy  
Guru, I don't usually do this but  
Roll me up son man  
Let me get mellow on this shit right here  
Uh-huh, yeah  
Uh-huh, 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!

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