

Jim Johnston

"Ride Wit' Me"

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(Juelz Santana)
Uh-huh , Dip Set bitch YEA
You know yea (yea) yea Ok

(Chorus)
Niggas come along would you ride wit me...(go come on)
Bitches come along would you ride wit me...(go come on)
People come along would you ride wit me...(go come on)
Ride me wit, ride wit me, ride wit me...(come on)
Niggas come along would you ride wit me...(go come on)
Bitches come along would you ride wit me...(go come on)
People come along would you ride wit me...(go come on)
Ride me wit, ride wit me, ride wit me...(come on)

I'm over dosin' again...
I'm over smokin' again...
That potent smoke I'm smokin'...
Is comatosin' my wind...
And I only know a few friends that's also loco to men...(come on)
They will see for the whole Volvo you in...
And ladies let me zoom zoom, all thru ya poom poom...
And this a beat Santana's boom boom, boom room...(yup)
I'm a new breed and what yall call true Gs...
Imma start to make you fleas start to salute me...(come on)
Swim fish I'm a shark in this blue sea...
Hungry I swam from Anarctica's blue sea...
Override the pressure, for coke I buy compressors...
Over size then stretch it, til it's over size then sell it...
Over the shellin', then over size the swellin'...
Over pop the lead and then over size his melon...(go-come on)
That's what you call over shot you get it...

I'm over hot you get it, like coke and pot you get it...

(Chorus)

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Ride me wit, ride wit me, ride wit me...(come on)

Niggas come along would you ride wit me...(go come on)

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People come along would you ride wit me...(go come on)

Ride me wit, ride wit me, ride wit me...(come on)

(Jim Jones)

You know a ride aint safe...(warning)

As I flyin up 8th...(warning)

Gettin' high like space (warning) 4-5 on waist...(Taft, on waist nigga)

We don't need to see no badge...

Cause we racin' up on this highway speedin' like we gon' crash...

Lets go sight seein' thru this cold night scene got my homie shot dead...

He was only nineteen... (nineteen R.I.P.)

They blew his brains off his shoulders...

That petty money over slangin' them boulders...

Pumpin' grams off the stoop...(uh huh)

Cold night sold white duckin' the fam full of spooks...(watch the squalies)

Hundred gram on them coupes...

Blow dice, roll dice hundred hand to the duece...(lifes a gamble)

I done spent some days in the mist of the jects gettin' bent some days...(twisted backwards)

Wit my triple O sent runnin up on you niggas cause that rent had to be paid...(that's right)

(Chorus)

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