

Josh Tobin

"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
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Where ya'll at
Ride for this
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Where ya'll at

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