

Kanye West

"Wouldn't You Like To Ride"

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You like to ride, uh
So why don't you and your friends get with me and my
friends
My friends, my friends, my friends, my friends?
Would you like to ride?
I don't know what happened, it's just like
So why don't you and your friends get with me and my
friends
My friends, my friends, my friends, my friends?

I had that little ass Nissan at your crib showin' up
Liquor store out of Arbor Mist, we Irish rosed it up
Then we rolled to the movies, you rocked your fake
Chloes
You had Gap and Gucci, that's still two Gs

But that's that last year purse like it's still too cheap
Ooh, you so boozy, boo, you could've fooled me
'Cuz five years ago, you was so Fugees
Now you don't want nothin' unless it cost a few Gs

You like the light-skinned Ania, the dark-skinned
Aaliyah
The black Jennifer Lopez, a ghetto senorita
You remind me of my Jeep but not no Kia
We can talk on your cell but not Nokia

It be goin' in and out, that's why I barely hear ya
It be goin' in and out like a robbery, ah
I'm tryin' to take this money like Robin Geeda
Then I'ma take you to the house like Trick and Trina

Would you like to ride shotgun in the Escalade?
So why don't you and your friends get with me and my
friends
My friends, my friends, my friends, my friends?
Like a cloud in our sky, grab your things, let's fly away
So why don't you and your friends get with me and my
friends
My friends, my friends, my friends, my friends?

Malik Yusef, bet your baby, momma know the name

The most critically acclaimed wordsmith in the game
I give you words, spit with flames
Stay to myself and let nerves mix with lames

Connoisseur of Kama Sutra, do somethin' absurd with
your dame
I used to love this girl who loved shoppin' and smokin'
herb
But my job was to hustle dro
Now an artist of the spoken word, I just hustle flow
Never a pretty boy, always a beautiful mind like Russell
Crowe
Now you in places no cabs'll take you, only the bus'll go

I would love for you and your friends to get with me
and my friends
But the problemo is your attitude be on the stank side
And I no longer like you, fuck it
Now you can't ride but ooh, wouldn't you like to?

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My friends, my friends, my friends, my friends?
Like a cloud in our sky, grab your things, let's fly away
So why don't you and your friends get with me and my
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My friends, my friends, my friends, my friends?

Deep as the ocean is the motion of life
Thought you would have been the sister I chose for my
wife
Not knowin' you was trife, stiflin' a nigga's growth
All you wanna do is shop at River Oaks

Watch soaps on the couch, take shit and smoke
I'm workin' hard like a fiend tryin' to get some dope
Thought my real nigga quotes would make you truer
You ain't gon' let me school ya, at least let me tutor

The sex is good but you ain't a shooter
There's a war goin' on inside, you ain't a trooper
I look through the mirror and see my reflection
It ain't in your direction, so I passed her like a reverend
Returned to my Bishop Juan ways
Goin' wild like West and Kanye

Wherever I lay my [unverified] is my home
Goddamnit, I'm grown
Broke broad, I'ma leave your ass alone
You still wanna ride though

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