

**Nas****"Come Take a Ride"**Visit "[Come Take a Ride](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Hook: Nas] \*\*2X\*\*

'Come Take a Ride' you can fit up in my two-seater  
Nas a thug you can catch me in my wife beater  
Blowin' my drugs you know how I like the cheeba-  
cheeba  
And if you hatin' and I prolly don't like it either

[Nas]

Fresh dressed like a million bucks  
Threw on my black jeans and Timberland Chucks  
I got some moneys in my pockets got some money to  
spend  
Got some hoochies I'ma hook up wit quarter to ten  
My daughter wit me and we came from the mall  
Don't need no baby mama drama  
Kissed her on the cheek and dropped her back off  
I hit the car wash at half past four  
Some kid was star struck  
I pulled off my grass and let 'em puff sour  
My deuce-deuce rims shinin' happy as they can be  
I went to the famous Project that they call QB  
I saw some brothers gamblin' on the curb  
A shorty pulled a pistol took they paper, nigga that's  
my word  
I turned the corner wit my burner and palm  
Niggaz know my name and game I'm a murderous Don  
Saw my peoples then extended my arm  
Pulled on the sidewalk, no time to talk  
If y'all comin' come on; come on!

[Hook: Nas] \*\*2X\*\*

[Nas]

Talk like a champion, walk like a champion  
Body like a God and I promise that Nas'll a hit you off  
Flow like a gangsta, brum bum bum bum bum  
Bustin' black dummies and dustin' all y'all niggaz off  
I've been around a couple of times, know how things go  
I dealt wit 'em all on different occasion  
The same things'll come in different stages  
So when them things rise up or pop up

I look right past as if its weightless  
Meanin' it won't intervene the thought process  
So I can levitate to more important topics  
Laughin' the Face of Death, flash back of car crashes  
20 L's Grey Goose vodka and tall glasses  
Dippin' in the twilight  
Wit gangsta smokin' weed in my ride light  
The same stuff is still a bitch livin' like I'm rich  
Bang broads call me Mr. International, ghetto stars  
come on

[Hook: Nas] \*\*2X\*\*

[Nas]  
Slow like I robbed Brinks truck, haters all fold  
Cuz my .9 is aimed up, I left four seasons  
My niggaz bleedin' cause of four reasons  
Jealousy, hate, laziness and envy even  
Up in the Benzie squeezin' a couple Henny wit my  
comrad  
Conversatin' on what we believe in  
Like honey in the way she's been cause he's spend  
G's a week in the make freak knees bend  
I told her to pimp hard, see the hoes we left in the room  
They nymphomaniacs prolly lick homegirls womb  
As respect just phone 'em and leave 'em & shit  
They not your wife keep your cash nigga don't even trip  
Pass the grass accordingly, you saw police  
But when I puffed and coughed  
Seconds later screamin' "Fuck the Lord"  
Got CD's, TV's, guns tucked in the floor  
Once again I hit the streets and y'all don't see no more  
So uh...

[Hook: Nas] \*\*5X\*\*

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