

Nelly

"Ride Wit Me featuring City Spud"

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Nelly)
mmmmmmmmmmmm
whooo oo oo

Where they at (Where they at)
Where they at (Where they at)
Where they at (Where they at)
Where they at (Where they at)

chorus:
[Nelly]
If you wanna go and take a ride wit me
We three women in the fo with the gold D's
Oh why do I live this way?
(Hey, it must be the money)

If you wanna go and get high wit me
Smoke a 'L' in the back of tha ben-z
Oh why must I feel this way?
(Hey, must be the money)

[Nelly]
In the club on the late night, feelin right
Lookin, tryna spot sumthin real nice
Lookin for a little shorty I noticed so that I can take
home (I can take home)
She can be 18 (18) wit a attitude or 19 kinda snotty
actin real rude
Boo as long as you a thicky thicky thick girl you know
that it's on (you know that its on)
I peep sumthin cummin towards me on the dance floor
Sexy and real slow (hey) and sayin she was peepin and
I dig the last video
So when Nelly can we go
How could I tell her no?
Her measurements were 36-25-34
I like the way you brush your hair
And I like those stylish clothes you wear
I like the way the light hit the ice and glare
And I can see you boo from way over there

Chorus

[Nelly]

Face a body front and back, don't know how to act
Without no vouchers on the boo she's bringing nothin
back
You should feel the impact, shoppin with plastic when
the skies the limit
And them haters can't get past that
Watch me as I gas that, fo dot six lanes
watch the candy paint change, every time I switch lanes
It feels strange now
Makin a livin off my brain, instead of 'caine now
I got the title from my momma put the wip in my own
name now
Damn shit to change now
Running credit checks with no shame now
I feel the fame now (come on)
I can't complain (no more)
Shit I'm the main man, now
In and out my own town (I'm gettin)
I'm gettin Pages out of New Jersey, from brittany b
Tellin me about a party up in NYC
And can I make it? (Damn Right)
I be on the (next flight)
payin cash, (first class) sittin next to Vanna White

Chorus (x2)

[Nelly]

(check, check)

Yo, I know somethin you don't know
But I got somethin to tell ya
You won't believe how many people, straight doubted
the flow
Most said that I was a failure
And now the same motherfuckers askin me for dough
And I'm yellin I can't help ya
Yo Nelly can we get tickets to the next show?
Hell no, (whatchu say?) you fo real?

City Spud

Hey yo, now that I'm a fly guy
And I fly high
Niggas wanna know why, why I fly by
Hey yo, its all good
Range Rover all wood
Do me like you should
Fuck me good, suck me good
We be them stud niggas
Wishin you was niggas
Poppin like we drug dealers

Simply cause she butt naked
Honey in the club, me in the benz
Icy grip tellin me to leave wit you and your friends
So if shorty wanna... knock, we knockin to this
And if shorty wanna... rock, we rockin to this
And if shorty wanna... pop, we poppin the cris
Shorty wanna see the ice, then I ice the wrist
city talk, Nelly listen
Nelly talk, city listen
Wanna fuck fly bitches
When I walk pay attention
See the ice and the glist
Niggas starin on the glist
Honeys lookin on they wish
Come on boo, gimme kiss

Chorus (x2)

Hey, must be the money

Hey, must be the money

Hey, must be the money

Hey, must be the money

Chorus

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