

Nelly Furtado "Ride Wit Me"

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Where they at, where they at
Where they at, where they at
Where they at, where they at
Where they at, come on now

If you wanna go and take a ride wit me
We three wheelin' in the fo' with the gold D's
Oh why do I live this way?
Hey, must be the money

Now if you wanna go and get high wit me
Smoke a L in the back of the Benz-y
Oh why must I feel this way?
Hey, must be the money

In the club on the late night, feelin' right
Lookin' tryin' to spot somethin' 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 an attitude
Or 19 kinda snotty actin' real rude
But as long as you a thicky thicky thick
Girl you know that it's on, you know that it's on

I peep something comin' towards me on the dance
floor
Sexy and real slow, hey
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, yellin'

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, come on

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Face and body, front and back, don't know how to act
Without no vouchers on her boots, she's bringin' nuttin'
back
You should feel the impact, shop on the plastic
When the sky's the limit and them haters can't get past
that

Watch me as I gas that, fo' dot six Range
Watch the candy paint change, every time I switch
lanes
It feel strange now, makin' a livin' off my brain, instead
of 'caine now
I got the title from my momma put the whip in my own
name now
Damn shit done changed now, runnin' credit checks
with no shame now

I feel the fame now, come on, I can't complain now, no
more
Shit I'm the mayne now, in and out my own town
I'm gettin' pages out of New Jersey from Courtney 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,
come on

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Check, check, yo, I know somethin' you don't know
And I got somethin' to tell ya
You won't believe how many people straight doubted
the flow
Most said that I was a failure

But now the same motherfuckers askin' me fo' dough
And I'm yellin', "I can't help ya"
Yo Nelly can we get tickets to the next show
Hell no, what's witchu? You for real?

Hey yo, now that I'm a fly guy and I fly high
Niggaz wanna know why, why I fly by
But yo it's all good, Range Rover all wood
Do me like you should, fuck me good, suck me good

We be them stud niggaz, wishin' you was niggaz
Poppin' like we drug dealers, sippin' Cris-sy, bubb'
mackin
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 Crist'
Shorty wanna see the ice, then I ice the wrist

City talk, Nelly listen, Nelly talk, city listen
When I fuck fly bitches, when I walk pay attention
See the ice and the glist', niggaz starin' or they diss
Honies lookin' all they wish, come on boo, gimme kiss,
come on

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