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R. Kelly "We Ride"

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(feat. Cam'Rom, Noreaga, Jay-Z, and Vegas Cats)

[R.]

Uh huh, hey, I remember when I back in the days When I ain't hot shit But now that I got shit Niggas wanna keep up shit But it's all good, watch me do this shit

[Cam'Rom]

Yo, yo, yo, ay yo, from my town to Chitown R. Kelly got some thugs to make you lock down Voice cry hot sounds tied down cop twisters Shop lifters with Benini schemes Smoke greenie green candyman up in cabrini green Some cats I know like to splurge on they wrists But my man karate man cut the nerves out his fist But yo, throw your hands up y'all it's just love in here It ain't shit but a thug affair I'm at the bar spendin' thug money Cop so much huh, they say I love money carats like bugs bunny So lets slide you got the right thong Dju don't know, I'm all night long The DJ playing all the right songs To the BM, REM's are Muy bien It's R. Kelly, killer Cam' Baby girl, can you dig now Next time we see him yo, we laying Mr. Biggs down

[1] - To all my players and my thugs To all my honeys in the club To all the hoods that show me love We ride, we ride (From Chitown to LA) To all my ballers lockin' ice, getting a room for the night Taking first class flights, we ride, we ride (From Chitown to LA)

[Noreaga]

Yo, I used to be in Chitown and collect panties When I make cabrini green you know I hit Sammy's Thugged out yo, all my people givin' eye jammies Now them shorties say I'm cute, when they can't stand me

R. Kelly yo, I'm right from the belly, you know the soul Everything that we spit on is platinum gold But now it's for the love, for all the players and the thugs

Yo, it's a party goin' on, meet me right at the club We got some chickens in the living room getting it on And they ain't leaving 'till six in the morning Thugged out, my people gettin' head while we on and Tear the club up every time we performin' Gun up in your waist, please don't shoot up the place

Because this shorty right here, lookin' good in my face Ay yo, it's so deep I told shorty just last week Uh huh, it's like, you remind me of my jeep

[Repeat 1]

[Vegas Cats]

Only ballers be allowed up in here Money makers got my thug niggas watchin' my rear for player haters

Eighteen and I'm livin' a dream, go figure
How a nigga that's younger than you, ice bigger
Don't sweat that, stick to rap nigga, try that
Call my nigga R. Kell if you need a hit, black
And when you get it, make it known baby, who did it
It'll make your fans hit the stores and go get it
Now, here come a bitter sweet note for the fellas
Left out the club with her friend, now she jealous
Mad cuz she can't ride in the LS
Yeah, she kinda mad but a baller could care less
While you sleep, sleep
I'm inna Benz going beep, beep
Got your girl sayin' "Yo, who he?"
So let's ride to Rockland's party, uh huh

[Jay-Z]

Check, Ghetto pro' federal
Jay-Z shake the dice, let 'em go
Bet a load I tear down every show
Better know cheddar crowed like the front babe row
Says R., Jay y'all, all I need is four bars
I'm hotter than a lotta men
Switch up cars like Rodman's hair color, then hit your broad

I'm borderline too much for the mortal mind

Every time you ought to rewind, find there's more to find

Now pop that cork, then pour the wine

Represent New York to Chitown, like what

Floss mine, like of course my, what

Never cross my family, can we all get along? Hell no I'm tryin' to tell y'all who dat is that rule that biz

Not your baby daddy but Jay-Z, true that is Better school that kid on who's shoes that is

Or who I be nigga, V.I.P Jigga

[Repeat 1]

[R.]

Let's get together and make this loot (Trackmasters, Rockland)

Make this loot

(Untertainment)

Come on players

(Thugged out)

Come on players

(And we out like that)

Rock-a-fella ya'll

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