

## Montell Jordan "Let's Ride"

Visit "[Let's Ride](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Uhhhhhh  
You like that, huh?  
Remember me?  
Let's get roudy  
Let's ride  
Yeah, yeah  
Yo, Montell when you walk  
They be goin' to the lobby ya'll  
Tell the bellman I need some more towels up here  
When you see shorty?  
The one that's sittin on them 20's?  
Tell him in 504 she's still 'bout me, you heard?  
Let's get roudy

You know Montell's 'bout it, 'bout it  
Master P's 'bout it, 'bout it

Stepped in the club  
After my show  
You know the spot  
Where everybody's on the low low  
That's when I saw her  
She saw me  
She told me she like Master P  
And Montell occasionally  
So I laid back  
Put a \$50 in my mouth  
Said I wanna see you shake it girl  
Cuz that's what that 'bout it, 'bout it's about  
All the nigga's in the club  
Was jealous of me  
Cuz I waited for it and I stayed for  
And I'm damn near 'bout to pay for it  
So

Let's ride  
All night  
I don't doubt it  
Your love is 'bout it, 'bout it  
And I'm so excited  
Girl, I wanna ride it

Let's Ride  
Tonight  
Can't do without it  
Your love is 'bout it, 'bout it  
And I won't deny, babe  
Girl I wanna ride it

Now baby what's more than incredible  
She did her thing  
5'5" 146, Swinging nothing but a g-string  
Her chocolate lips and  
Sexy thighs  
Sittin' properly up on top of me  
She's riding, ain't no stopping me now  
She bounced back  
Then rocked slow  
Like she's auditioning to kick it in my video  
There ain't no limit  
To what she'd do  
I'm listening, she's whispering  
Her girl wanna ride me too

Let's ride  
All night  
I don't doubt it  
Your love is 'bout it, 'bout it  
And I'm so excited  
Girl, I wanna ride it

She's moving up and down  
And round and round tonight  
Moving up and down  
And around and around  
She's moving up and down  
And round and round, let's ride  
Oh baby ain't nothing like the real thing

See us soldiers do it wild  
I could make you smile  
Make my nine go pow  
Put on your boots let's run some miles  
Camouflage on them sheets  
Make that head board squeak  
Up and down 'till you weak  
Cuz us thug like a feak  
Sixty eight will be my code  
If you 'bout it girl, let's roll  
I told you was no limit  
Cuz tonight anything goes

Anything goes, let's roll

Lemme help you take up off your clothes  
Give me a preview before  
And the rest after the show  
Thug love mixed with cream  
Hennessy, strawberries, and Moet  
Champagne, mo' in the bath havin' a hot tub  
Drop a foot off a Oriental Rug  
Can't get enough  
You on top of me  
Me on top of you  
Do what you want to this thug  
Girl ain't no stopping you

Let's ride  
All night  
I don't doubt it  
Your love is 'bout it, 'bout it  
And I'm so excited  
Girl, I wanna ride it

Coming to breakfast  
Go tomorrow  
Yeah, I'm coming wit you  
Me and Silkk, fool

Told ya'll there wasn't no limit  
UHHHH

Visit [Montell Jordan](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.