

Dat Boy Grace f/ Enjoli

"Come Ride Wit a Playa"

Visit "[Come Ride Wit a Playa](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(*singing*)

Oooh, come and ride with a playa
There for me

[Grace]

Cause of my candy exterior, wood and leather interior
Pull a broad stopper 20 inch chopper, new popper
reigning superior
Candy blue rain coats leather, got surround by sound
in my trunk
Screwed Up Click represent to the fullest, jamming
slowed down funk
Best in the money Doca Cabani, Versacci made by
Gianni
1999 version, of Mr. Clyde and Ms. Bonnie
No need for robbing and killing, we getting paid
thinking millions
Two deep top down with screens on, in luxury what a
feeling
Baby let your hair flow in wind, relax as corners we
bend
I got codeine for my soda, and a lil' old juice for your
gin
Now as we spin in the Benz, no destination just rolling
Blue lens Lorenz and Yokohama, girl it's Southside
holding

[Hook - 2x]

Baby come ride with a playa, all night long
Tops drop and screens lit as we, ride on chrome

[Enjoli]

First off can you let your top down, let the sun touch the
face
And this long hair, sugar brown watch my shrug hey
In case some gangsta shit go down, me and my man
one on one
Making the shit, go run
I be house shoes with slippers for my nigga, blast
quicker
I mean baddest lil' mama, queen of all classy figgas

A skin of Versacci wear, or Gucci superstar no groupie
Want coochie you got the loochie, then my man got the
houchies
Discriminate em off one time, let me know you really
want it
Caress you sex you down, this is your way it's on me
No phony or faking baby, it be the love making
That got my heart shaking and baking, in paradise
while I'm raking
Up and down like a pony, do you feel me I know you
want me
Moving fast or slow, and body rocking up on it
Whatever pleasing is you, whatever makes you happy
I'm down to roll with you, whether houpe Bentley or
Caddy baby

[Hook - 2x]

[Grace]

It's plain to see I be a G, I'm riding in luxury
Converted tops and empty chops, so baby come ride
with me
The elegant rider street glider, head turner hogging
those streets
Mo-mo blocks on foreign drops, and playa spokes on
my fleets
Wood grain on dash and do' panels, mini TV's cable
channels
Make a selection pick a direction, and we gon burn like
some candles
Riding high blowing drank, and relaxed on leather
trunk banging
Feeling good looking good, dripping candy paint and
we swanging
Acting bad, the haters mad at me cause we looking so
lovely
Optimoes full of sticky, po'ing up glasses of bubbly
Hustling you rub me to my ears, we ride off in the night
I'ma guide the grain and screens rain, baby girl just po'
up the Sprite

[Hook - 2x]

(*singing*)

Rode on chrome baby, drop the top
Yes I am spitting, feel alright
Let your hair blow, in the wind
All night, riding on chrome uh
Ride on chrome oh, yeah yeah

