

## Dat Boy Grace f/ Enjoli "Come Ride Wit a Playa"

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

