

**Mya f/ Trina****"Ridin'"**

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[Trina]

This is (This is)

The remix (The remix)

Mya (Mya)

Trina (Trina)

Let's ride (Let's ride)

Come on

[Mya]

(Verse 1)

It's been five hours since you left here, boy

Said you'd be 'round the block

Had to make a stop

So I kept your dinner hot

Hot

Hot

And I been waitin' for you ever since

It's three in the mornin', yeah

Hook: Mya

Cause three turns into four

And four turns into five

Then six was around, what you tryin' to do

Baby, make me cry

I don't what I did

But I know what I'm gonna do

I'm gonna find you

Chorus: Mya

I'm ridin', I'm ridin'

Past your mama's house

You got me ridin', I'm ridin'

Past your boy's house

You got me ridin', I'm ridin'

I'm ridin', tryin' to find you

Baby, you got me out here

Looking for you, right

I'm ridin', I'm ridin'

Past that bitches's house

You got me ridin', I'm ridin'

By all your ex's house

You got me ridin', I'm ridin'  
I'm ridin', tryin' to find you  
Baby, you got me out here  
Looking for you, right

(Verse 2)

When you stepped to me  
You had nothin'  
But the shoes on your feet, and no place to sleep  
So I let you lay your head on my pillow  
You didn't have a dime, so I held you, fight your cryin'  
It was just a waste of time  
Then I played the fool for you  
It's three in the mornin', yeah  
It's not a weekend  
Oh ho

Repeat Hook

Repeat Chorus

[Rap Verse: Trina]

Been ridin' all night, almost out of gas  
Music turned off, prayin' that I don't crash  
I was too damn good, you was tryin' to get dump  
Flew planes on your crib, that's s'cuse what I've done  
Sayin', "I'm sorry," cooked you hot plates  
You was thinkin' with ya feet, she caughted you out late  
Let you say "What," no, don't say shit  
Wanna bounce in here late, you can have that chick  
Have these pictures, have these clothes  
Bet, next time you see me, a whole new wardrobe  
Got a little style  
Got buckwild  
Stop feeling yourself  
Go ahead, take a bow  
With some white-tee thug, let you meet TNG  
You got our respect and famous, cause of me  
Boy, you a trip, now watch what I do  
From this point on, don't wanna see you (You bitch)

Bridge: Mya

I was sippin' on Red Bull, so there ain't be no sleep  
tonight  
Not gonna let you go  
Oh no  
Without a fight  
See, you're the type to make, a girl gon' think she know  
ain't right  
Five dollars of gas, and I'm drivin' fast  
Where you at, where you at, where you at

Repeat Chorus

[Mya]

It's three in the morning

It's four in the morning

It's five in the morning

Where you at, where you at, where you at

It's three in the morning

It's four in the morning

It's five in the morning

Where you at, where you at, where you at

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