

Do U Wanna Ride

Jay-Z

[Intro]

This is the operator with a collect call from "Emory Jones"
To accept the charges, press one now

[Jay-Z]

Uhh, woo!
Emory whattup?
Told you I ain't too good with writin letters and all
Shit I don't even write rhymes
But what I will do
I'ma send you this opus scribed through the airwaves
Vibe with me

[Chorus: John Legend]

I knowwwww.. I knowwwwww
Some places we can go, some places we can go
I knowwwww.. I knowwwwww!
Some places we can go, some places we can go
Do you wanna riiiiiiide... with me
Do you wanna RIIIIIIIDE... with me

[Jay-Z - over Chorus]

Uh-huh, uh-huh
Yeah nigga I bet we was kids and had dreams of bein here
I said "we" cause I'm here, you here!
Uhh
Yeah, ride with me, your spot is reserved family
Cigarette boats, yachts, ain't nowhere we can't go
We in South Beach and the Hamptons too baby!

[Jay-Z]

You know why they call The Projects a project, because it's a project!
An experiment, where in it, only it's objects
And the object for us to explore our prospects
And sidestep cops on the way to the top - yes!
As kids we would daydream, sittin on our steps
Pointin at cars like yeah that's our sex
Hustlers, prophets, made our eyes stretch
Swanson got the spot, shit we started our trek
Some of us made it, most of us digressed
In the name of those who ain't made it my progress
Show success please live through me
See I'm the eyes for Emory, keep him alive
(This is a collect call) So everytime I press five
All he wanna hear is his boy talk fly
Up in the fed, and still holdin his head
So when he hits the streets he gon' eat through this bread
Now let's ride

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z - over Chorus]

Uh-huh, geah
I'm crushin 'em all for Jones
MTV, BET, the Grammys, crushed linen, purple label
All that fly shit we talked about
Give him some nice pinky rings with the blue diamonds and e'rything

Hehehe, that's what we talked about right?
Uh-huh... tried to told you, ride with me

[Jay-Z]

International Hov', I told you so
Forty 40's out in Tokyo
Singapore, all this from singin songs
Comin up though we thought slingin raw
was the end all be all of bein rich didn't we
Little did I know my mo' potent delivery
would deliver me, kingpin of the inkpen
Monster of the double entendre, Coke is still my sponsor
Heh, the Cola, yeah
Hova still gettin it in with soda
Diet, no sir, I ain't lose no weight
Started from the crates now I'm sittin on a whole case
Since they got you sittin on that old case
Our dreams is on hold like Tivo
So I can't wait 'til you get your date
I got some temp plates outside of the gate
We gon' ride

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z - over Chorus]

Uh-huh, uh-huh
Geah
Don't even worry about it though, you ain't missed nuttin
It only gets better, they got the Maybach Coupe now
Look like the Batmobile, the Phantom the top just comes off that joint
It only gets better
They caught your body they can't trap your mind
Keep your spirit alive read your books
Matter of fact, let me take you somewhere
Vibe with me, c'mon

[Jay-Z]

Now me and my lil' mama, Kita and Tata
Juan and Dez out in San Tropez
Jay round in Gabana, sneakin marijuana
You know that Mary J. give you +No More Drama+
Lost a couple friends this whole shit got weird
But when you get home you know your spot's reserved, ya heard?
I put my niggaz on, my niggaz put they niggaz on
Now we all somewhere fun, chillin in the sun
I ain't forget you cousin, hehe
Yeah nigga y'all can wear sneakers on the beach if you want to
Y'all niggaz come and c'mon, playin money marathon
My young'n is LeBron, you know what that makes me baby
Big Homey! Hehe, Emory what's up?

[Chorus - starts over last few lines of above]

[Jay - over Chorus]

Wan' ride with us? You're more than welcome
We ain't on no bullshit, uhh
Put your feet up
Big Tye I see you boy
Guru, I don't usually do this but
Roll me up son man
Let me get mellow on this shit right here
Uh-huh, yeah
Uh-huh, white paper though nigga

Can't even fuck with those blunts
White paper baby, old school nigga gimme a joint
Smooth it out, Young H.O.
Henry Jones
Word to my momma we livin!