

# We Ride

R. Kelly

Uh huh, hey, I remember when I back in the days  
When I ain't hot shit  
But now that I got shit  
Niggas wanna keep up shit  
But it's all good, watch me do this shit

Yo, yo, yo, yo, ay yo, from my town to Chitown  
R. Kelly got some thugs to make you lock down  
Voice cry hot sounds tied down cop twisters  
Shop lifters with Benini schemes  
Smoke greenie green candyman up in cabrini green  
Some cats I know like to splurge on they wrists  
But my man karate man cut the nerves out his fist  
But yo, throw your hands up y'all it's just love in here  
It ain't shit but a thug affair  
I'm at the bar spendin' thug money  
Cop so much huh, they say I love money carats like bugs bunny  
So lets slide you got the right thong  
Dju don't know, I'm all night long  
The DJ playing all the right songs  
To the BM, REM's are Muy bien  
It's R. Kelly, killer Cam'  
Baby girl, can you dig now  
Next time we see him yo, we laying Mr. Biggs down

To all my players and my thugs  
To all my honeys in the club  
To all the hoods that show me love  
We ride, we ride  
(From Chitown to LA)  
To all my ballers lockin' ice, getting a room for the night  
Taking first class flights, we ride, we ride  
(From Chitown to LA)

Yo, I used to be in Chitown and collect panties  
When I make cabrini green you know I hit Sammy's  
Thugged out yo, all my people givin' eye jammies  
Now them shorties say I'm cute, when they can't stand me  
R. Kelly yo, I'm right from the belly, you know the soul  
Everything that we spit on is platinum gold  
But now it's for the love, for all the players and the thugs  
Yo, it's a party goin' on, meet me right at the club  
We got some chickens in the living room getting it on  
And they ain't leaving 'till six in the morning  
Thugged out, my people gettin' head while we on and  
Tear the club up every time we performin'  
Gun up in your waist, please don't shoot up the place  
Because this shorty right here, lookin' good in my face  
Ay yo, it's so deep I told shorty just last week  
Uh huh, it's like, you remind me of my jeep

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Only ballers be allowed up in here  
Money makers got my thug niggas watchin' my rear for player haters  
Eighteen and I'm livin' a dream, go figure  
How a nigga that's younger than you, ice bigger  
Don't sweat that, stick to rap nigga, try that  
Call my nigga R. Kell if you need a hit, black  
And when you get it, make it known baby, who did it  
It'll make your fans hit the stores and go get it  
Now, here come a bitter sweet note for the fellas  
Left out the club with her friend, now she jealous  
Mad cuz she can't ride in the LS  
Yeah, she kinda mad but a baller could care less  
While you sleep, sleep, sleep  
I'm inna Benz going beep, beep, beep  
Got your girl sayin' "Yo, who he?"  
So let's ride to Rockland's party, uh huh

Check, Ghetto pro' federal  
Jay-Z shake the dice, let 'em go  
Bet a load I tear down every show  
Better know cheddar crowed like the front babe row  
Says R., Jay y'all, all I need is four bars  
I'm hotter than a lotta men  
Switch up cars like Rodman's hair color, then hit your broad  
I'm borderline too much for the mortal mind  
Every time you ought to rewind, find there's more to find  
Now pop that cork, then pour the wine  
Represent New York to Chitown, like what  
Floss mine, like of course my, what  
Never cross my family, can we all get along? Hell no  
I'm tryin' to tell y'all who dat is that rule that biz  
Not your baby daddy but Jay-Z, true that is  
Better school that kid on who's shoes that is  
Or who I be nigga, V.I.P Jigga

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Let's get together and make this loot  
(Trackmasters, Rockland)  
Make this loot  
(Entertainment)  
Come on players  
(Thugged out)  
Come on players  
(And we out like that)  
Rock-a-fella ya'll