

Ja Rule, Smokin And Ridin

(feat. 0-1, Jodie Mack)

[Ja Rule]

Gangsta.. you know
Huh, gangsta, c'mon, hehe
Uhh.. got my nigga Vin Diesel in the house, y'know
Number one movie in the country and all that
Haha! Yo..

[Chorus: Ja Rule]

Nuttin but some gangsters, smokin and ridin (YO!)
Come on get high with us (NIGGA!)
Come on and ride with us (BITCHES!)
Cause, we're.. nuttin but some gangsters (YO!) smokin and ridin (YO!)
Come on get high with us (C'MON NIGGAZ!)
Come on and ride with us (YO!)

[Ja Rule]

Hey baby; c'mon and hop in my fo'-three-oh, S-E
And let's see, how quick you fall victim to this G
I'm a gangsta BITCH, a mack like Goldie
But I never let the strength of this money control money
Niggaz is somethin like pimps, the Rule is an O.G.
I make three G's a day, thirty-three a week
And my hoes hardly speak - they smoke while they ride
Just, blowin the driver, when I'm one car behind ya
(Nuttin but some gangsters) on Daytons and lowriders
And three-wheel motion, bumpin Tha Eastsidaz
I love Cali-for-ni-ay, on a hot day
Where the green is wetter, and the head is even better
(So get high tonight.. and if you rollin like I'm rollin
you ridin right.. and if she fuckin with them gangstas
ain't nuttin nice.. and if you knowin what I'm knowin
then live your life.. cause, we're..)

[Chorus]

(Cause, we're..)

[0-1]

(Nuttin but some gangsters..) Ridin by in them big trucks
Chrome wheels spinnin and killin niggaz with big bucks
See baby I came up, from bein a thug
From a nigga sellin them drugs on the corner throwin up slugs
(Show me love!) All of y'all bitches wanna ride with us
(Mask and gloves!) Up when it's time to fuck bitches
(Wanna be loved!) All you get is hard dick off the drugs
(Pass the bud!) Yo bitch I ain't seen none of that dub
But give me that Remi, a half a bottle already in me
I cop a ounce, from one stizzy, and smoke 'til I'm dizzy
Who ridin with me? Both of y'all bitches slide right in
Just me, you, and your friend - I'll be fuckin y'all 'til the mornin
C'mon, I love bitches with thongs on, that love to get it on
with gangsters, leavin they pussies warm
'til like four in the mornin, baby girl, I'm gone
Hop in the 6, devour your lawn BITCH, cause we're

[Chorus]

(Cause, we're..)

[Jodie Mack]

(Nuttin but some gangsters..) Holla!
And if you, bout the dollars then pop your collars

Cause we ain't nuttin but some gangsters, nigga smokin and ridin
Who put it down for real, got this dough multiplyin
Straight, livin it up and fuckin with thugs
that push trucks that's sittin on dubs, not givin a fuck
Y'all niggaz know me, Chris Black slash the O.G.
So please believe I'm gangsta I control these streets

[Ja Rule]

Yo, nobody leaves nobody breathes until I enter the party
And ease up in a 550 Medina Ferrari
Pull in handicapped parkin, hop out with the lock in
and wink at the hoes while I walk in
Who's ridin and smokin tonight with players
And I ain't talkin bout them niggaz with them Marvin gators
I'm talkin bout them niggaz all up in fronts and gauges
and runnin up in spots and blazin, we call them gangsters, yo!

[Chorus]

[Outro: Ja Rule]

Cause, we're.. nuttin but some gangsters, smokin and ridin
Come on get high with us
Come on and ride with us
Cause, we're.. nuttin but some gangsters.. smokin and ridin
Come on get high with us
Come on and ride with us
Cause, we're.. nuttin but some gangsters