

L.O.X., Ryde Or Die, Bitch

(feat. Eve, Timbaland)

[Jadakiss]

I'm feelin this hook right here
Good lookin out Timbaland, y'know?

[Timbaland]

Uh-huh

What?

Uh-huh

What?

[Timbaland (Eve)]

I need a ryde or die bitch
(I like to rock Prada suits and my ass is fat)
I need a ryde or die bitch
(I push a Cadillac truck with my friends in the back)
I need a ryde or die bitch
(Smoke 'dro, drink liquor, like to fuck 'til I cum)
I need a ryde or die bitch
(I rock a icy ass chain with a earring in my tongue)

[Jadakiss]

Ha

Yo, yo, yo

Yeah, what's up ma, what's going on, I know you know 'Kiss
The nigga with the hot flow and a cold wrist
Can flow always, sit on 4 K's
Then wait for a drought and flood 'em with all 'dres
Ryde or die chick, hand do a B.I.
Give a nigga up north some ass on a V.I.
And she blackout when she in the mall
Got the brand new spring Prada shit in the fall
Don't matter what size panties, fitting her small
And she don't got no problem hittin' us all
And she said she got a man, but he in the fed
And she miss him so much that she pee in the bed
So you know I had to lighten her raw, fighting the dog
Pushing the seat back gettin' right in the fall
Make her use a fake credit card twice in a store
Might make you do it tomorrow you triflin' whore

[Styles Paniro]

I need a chick that ryde or die, pullin' the 5
Gettin' high with the Gucci frames over her eyes
Sweet to the tail, still won't fuck in the Benz
cause she bought me a Polo coat and a couple of Timbs'
Doobie was rap, both in the movie with gats
Gave me head cause the movie was wack, word
Toasted her crib, blow in the fridge, she needed to work
I died and that bitch gon' put weed in my hearse
Gamed her to death, tattooed my name on her neck
You don't wanna see me bangin' the left, hittin' the gas
That bitch out the window poppin' heat in yo' ass
You could catch Holiday in a Holiday Inn
With a bad bitch swallowin' gin, word
And if it got to do with money count Holiday in
With my ryde or die bitch that'll body your man
You don't like me as a artist, she gon' body your fam'

[Sheek Luchion]

Uh, uh, yo

Yo, when you see Sheek, don't look at me as Sheek from The L.O.X.
Look at me as that cat that know how to box

Know about glocks, know about slingin' them rocks
Know about runnin' from cops and switchin' up spots
How to get rich, know about thuggin' a bitch
Fuck 'em in the park, fuck a sweet as the Ritz
They like that shit, and I ain't gotta spend no checks
Fuck diamonds, all they really want is rough ass sex
And they name, shout it out when I'm up at Flex
I get drunk with bitches that don't get drunk
Don't get high, have 'em doing drive-by's
Shit they never did, forgetting about they kids
Moms babysitting, ain't seen her in a week
I'm a bad influence to parents that hate Sheek
I need a ryde or die bitch that'll take this coke
Out of town, and come back and breakdown when I'm broke, what