

# Nelly feat. Tim McGraw, Ride Wit Me - City Spud

Where they at, Where they at  
Where they at, Where they at  
Where they at, Where they at  
Where they at, come on now

Chorus:

If you wanna go and take a ride wit me  
wit three women in the fo' with the gold D's  
Oh why do I live this way? (Hey, must be the money!)

If you wanna go and get high wit me  
Smoke a L in the back of the Benz-y  
Oh why must I feel this way? (Hey, must be the money!)

(Verse 1)

In the club on the late night, feelin right  
Lookin tryin to spot somethin real nice  
Lookin for a little shorty I noticed so that I can take home  
(I can take home)  
She can be 18 (18) wit an attitude  
or 19 kinda snotty actin real rude  
But as long as you a thicky thicky thick girl you know that it's on  
(Know that it's on)  
I peep something comin towards me on the dance floor  
Sexy and real slow (hey)  
Sayin she was peepin and I dig the last video  
So when Nelly, can we go; how could I tell her no?  
Her measurements were 36-25-34  
I like the way you brush your hair  
And I like those stylish clothes you wear  
I like the way the light hit the ice and glare  
And I can see you boo from way over there

Chorus

(Verse 2)

Face and body front and back, don't know how to act  
Without no vouchers on her boots she's bringin nuttin back  
You should feel the impact, shop on plastic  
when the sky's the limit and them haters can't get past that  
Watch me as I gas that, folk got sick paid  
Watch the candy paint change, everytime I switch lanes  
It feel strange now  
Makin a livin off my brain, instead of 'caine now  
I got the title from my momma put the whippin on end now  
Damn shit done changed now  
Running credit checks with no shame now  
I feel the fame now (come on), I can't complain now (no more)  
Shit I'm the mayne now, in and out my own town  
I'm gettin pages out of New Jersey, from Courtney B.  
Tellin me about a party up in NYC  
And can I make it? Damn right, I be on the next flight  
Payin cash; first class - sittin next to Vanna White

Chorus 2X

(Verse 3)

Check, check -- yo, I know somethin you don't know  
And I got somethin to tell ya  
You won't believe how many people, straight doubted the flow  
Folks said that I was a failure  
But now the same motherf\*\*kers askin me fo' dough  
And I'm yellin, "I can't help ya"  
&"But Nelly can we get tickets to the next show?"

Hell no (what's witchu?!) you for real?!

Hey yo, now that I'm a fly guy, and I fly high  
Niggaz wanna know why, why I fly by  
But yo it's all good, Range Rover all wood  
Do me like you should - f\*\*k me good, suck me good  
We be them stud niggaz, wishin you was niggaz  
Poppin like we drug dealers, simply cause she butt-naked  
Honey in the club, me in the Benz  
Icy grip, tellin me to leave wit you and your friends  
So if shorty wanna... knock, we knockin to this  
And if shorty wanna... rock, we rockin to this  
And if shorty wanna... pop, we poppin the Crist'  
Shorty wanna see the ice, then I ice the wrist  
City talk, Nelly listen; Nelly talk, city listen  
When I f\*\*k fly bitches; when I walk pay attention  
See the ice and the glist'; niggaz starin or they diss  
Honies lookin all they wish - come on boo, gimme kiss

Chorus 2X

Hey, must be the money! (4X)