R. Kelly, We Ride

(feat. Cam'Rom, Noreaga, Jay-Z, and Vegas Cats)

[R.]
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

[Cam'Rom]
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

[1] - 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)

[Noreaga]
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

[Repeat 1]

[Vegas Cats]
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

[Jay-Z]
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

[Repeat 1]

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