

Jay-Z, Ride Or Die

I'm rollin with Roc-a-Fella man
Cause they got money man, heh heh

[Jay-Z]
Uh-huh, uh-huh uh UH, uh-huh, 'Hovah
Yeah, Stevie J nigga
Y'all ready? Yo, yo

How many y'all wanna ride tonight (ride tonight)
How many y'all down to die tonight (die tonight)
How many y'all wanna ride tonight
Nigga ride or die or ride or die
[repeat 3X]

[Verse One: Jay-Z]

Aiyyo fuck y'all, niggaz I crush y'all, rush y'all
with the four drawn and I touch y'all, plus y'all
little motherfuckers ain't ready for war
I seen your team in a Chrysler before, but I forgot?
The same rules apply, don't try to switch up your style
Y'all niggaz is pumpkin pie, and that's plain as I
much better than you cat, shocked when I got the news that
this nigga ready for war, well where that fool at?
I bruise wack rap niggaz severely punish them
Especially those that get fucked for they publishing, heh
Always gotta be the weakest nigga out the crew
I probably make more money off yo' album, than you
You see the respect I get everytime I come through
Check your own videos, you'll always be number two
Niggaz talkin real greasy on them R&B records
but I'm platinum a million times nigga, check the credits
S. Carter, ghost writer, and for the right price
I can even make YO' shit tighter
I roast niggaz like ya, smoke niggaz like ya
Take your little jewels and put the toast to niggaz like ya
You know what the fuck we do and why we done it
How I bring it to niggaz who, probably want it
Keep playin, you gon' find me in your lobby blunted
And I don't even smoke nigga, ain't no joke
Niggaz cat fightin with Jigga, kickin sneaky shit
Makin little tapes but keepin it secret
Cause I kick that deep shit that divide your peeps shit
Now I don't know if you fuckin with Jigga
spittin that weak shit y'all

How many y'all wanna ride tonight (ride tonight)
How many y'all down to die tonight (die tonight)
How many y'all wanna ride tonight
Nigga ride or die or ride or die
[repeat 2X]

Yeah, yeah
Niggaz don't want it with Jig, cause somethin got to give
I got homes where you hide, I hustle where you live
Jigga's the Don, bitches scream "Jigga dandy,
dick is the bomb, about as thick as a arm"
Mr. Exxon, gas 'em with the wit and the charm
Bitch I'm tryin to tell you like Nichalous Bond
I'm a big cat, listen mami, can you dig that?
Cars, jewelry, homes, I did that
Oh's, shootouts, keys, I live that
Actresses, models, chickenheads, hit that
I get stacks and still I kick back

and run up on niggaz with the midac, where the shit at?

How many y'all wanna ride tonight (ride tonight)
How many y'all down to die tonight (die tonight)
How many y'all wanna ride tonight
Nigga ride or die or ride or die
[repeat 2X]

Time to seperate
the platinum from the white gold, right from the door
The real from the fake, ready rock from the raw
The boss from the runners, cats who ride dick
from the cats with the numbers, the five from the six
I got cop n crash money, pop the dash money
Press the button, alluva sudden, glock in the stash money
Beef with Jigga, watch yo' ass Money
It's El Presidente, top brass money
Now I don't flash the steel, I blast for real
My motto: you only good as the last nigga you kill
I'm here to snatch this meal, nigga that's for real
If you rollin with me grab the wheel, let's ride huh?

How many y'all wanna ride tonight (ride tonight)
How many y'all down to die tonight (die tonight)
How many y'all wanna ride tonight
Nigga ride or die or ride or die
[repeat 4X]