

Do U Wanna Ride (feat. John Legend)

JAY-Z

This is the operator with a collect call from Emory Jones
To accept the charges, press '1' now Emory, what up? Told you I ain't too good
With writin' letters and all
I don't even write rhymes, but what I will do
I'ma send you this opus scribed through the airwaves
Vibe with me I know, I know
Some places we can go, some places we can go
I know, I know
Some places we can go, some places we can go
Do u wanna ride with me?
Do u wanna ride with me?
You know why they call 'The Projects' a project
Because it's a project
An experiment, where in it, only it's objects
And the object for us, to explore our prospects
Sidestep cops on the way to the top, yes As kids we would daydream, sittin' on our steps
Pointin' at cars like, "Yeah, that's our sex"
Hustlers, prophets made our eyes stretch
Swanson got the spot, shit, we started our trek Some of us made it, most of us digressed
In the name of those who ain't made it my progress
Show success, please live through me
See, I'm the eyes for Emory, keep him alive This is a collect call, so every time I press '5'
All he wanna hear is his boy talk fly
Up in the fence and still holdin' his head
So when he hits the streets, he gon' eat through this bread
Now let's ride
I know, I know
Some places we can go, some places we can go
I know, I know
Some places we can go, some places we can go
Do u wanna ride with me?
Do u wanna ride with me? International Hov, I told you so
Forty 40's out in Tokyo
Singapore, all this from singin' songs
Comin' up though, we thought slingin' raw Was the end all be all of bein' rich, didn't we?
Little did I know my mo' potent delivery
Would deliver me, kingpin of the inkpen
Monster of the double entendre, Coke is still my sponsor Heh, the Cola, yeah
Hova still gettin' it in with soda
Diet, no sir, I ain't lose no weight
Started from the crates, now I'm sittin' on a whole case Since they got you sittin' on that old case
Our dreams is on hold like Tivo

So I can't wait 'til you get your date
I got some tin plates outside of the gate
We gon' ride I know, I know
Some places we can go, some places we can go
I know, I know
Some places we can go, some places we can go
Do u wanna ride with me?
Do u wanna ride with me? Now me and my lil' mama, Kita and Tata
Juan and Dez out in San Tropez
Jay round in Gabana, sneakin' marijuana
You know that Mary J. give you 'No More Drama' Lost a couple friends this whole shit got
weird
When you get home, you know your spot's reserved, ya heard?
I put my niggaz on, my niggaz put they niggaz on
Now we all somewhere fun, chillin' in the sun
I ain't forget you, cousin, hehe Yeah, nigga, y'all can wear sneakers
On the beach if you want to
Y'all niggaz come and c'mon, playin' money marathon
My young'n is LeBron I know, I know
Some places we can go, some places we can go
Do u wanna ride with me?
Do u wanna ride with me? Let me get mellow on this shit right here
White paper though, nigga
Can't even fuck with those blunts
White paper, baby, old school nigga, gimme a joint
Smooth it out, Young H.O., Henry Jones
Word to my momma, we livin'

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>