Wanna Ride (feat. Isaiah Rashad)

Jay Rock

I be that nigga they call Jay Rock, I'm a rapper
But if you see me movin' baggies out the trap, don't get it backwards
A nigga out here tryin' to stack that cabbage
Cause if that money's on the menu, gotta hustle like you famished
You know I gotta eat to feed the family
Okay, let a nigga try us, bustin' like them transits
Set your ass on fire, no violence not the answer
But come try to play us, you know we goin' hammer
I'm twisting up fingers, squeezin' on heaters
Hangin' out the drop, 2Pac out the speakers
They wanna vibe, they wanna go
They down to ride, just step aside, the world of mine
They wanna roll, you down to smoke
You down to drive, the world is mine
The world is mine, ahh
They say get your money first and foremost
I rhyme like I got pollos in that Volvo
Shit, I switch up, whippers can't get caught, that's a no-no
So watch out, the paparazzi takin photos
Got this world around my neck, keep my thoughts above my head
Down to ride for my respect, I'm a savage for that bread
Shake ass, baby you know I'm worth it, nobody perfect
Just look beneath your surface and I'll bet you'll find that purpose
Yeah this hustle is poetry, money don't grow on trees
So much to oversee, in this world that belong to me
Big butts and ashtrays, lookin', smellin' like potpourri
Smokin' this weed, gimme what you got for a quarter ki
They wanna vibe, they wanna flow
They down to ride, just step aside, the world is mine
They wanna roll, you down to smoke
You down to drive, the world is mine
The world is mine, ahh
They wanna vibe, they wanna go
They down to ride, just step aside, the world of mine
They wanna roll, you down to smoke
You down to drive, the world is mine
The world is mine, ahh
Got to play a fool to catch a fool though
Never let yo left know what your right doin', that's numero uno
Back to life, I'm standin' on my tomb door
Why you actin' puto, she call me papi chulo
Politickin' at a all time high but I'm just gettin' high

A lot of people like to wear disguises, I just improvise
Step up in this muthafucka lookin' like a stick of dope
Niggas steady shootin' all they shots but they be brickin' hoe (Yeah hoe!)
They missing hoe, listen hoe, got this shit on lock (Yeah hoe!)
Like the bigger folk, sippin' in that El Camino, sittin' low (Yeah hoe!)
Posted on the gram off a gram, take a picture hoe (Yeah hoe!)
Rubber bands, I'm the man, get just what you missin', hoe (Yeah hoe!)
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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