

# Tight Whips

504 Boyz

[Hook]

We roll tight whips, everyday  
Bentley, Lex, Mercedes, and Escalades  
We roll tight whips, everyday  
Hustlin to make that paper, but that's ok

[Verse 1]

They say dat Choppa acting funny  
He ain't holla'd a day  
He got the top back, you know his new Z28  
Holla at ya (BOY!) with the 8 of us 8  
But they like my rims they just non-stop (SPREWELL!)  
Look like they runnin away

[Verse 2: Magic]

I'm doing 80 in the lightin  
Duece trays on shine  
The cops try to pull me over but my rims done blinded em  
Cus I got 4 models in the back of my truck  
18" Bazooka bumpin my stuff  
Waking the BLOCK UP!

[Verse 3: Master P]

Call me Ghetto Bill cus my seats they be Gucci  
And when I roll through the hood I got 2 or 3 hoochies  
Lou Vaton Airbags 'case I crash bad  
Futuristic kidded up like I'm Batman  
Represent the PROjects  
TV when I roll that  
Gamblin for a car, no  
Hope I don't blow that, WHOA!

[Hook]

[Verse 4]

We roll big body Benz it's the navigators  
In the hood, servin freaks like I'm a restaurant waiter  
Blue lights on the Jag cus I love to shine  
Keep it by my shorty so that we be hard to find  
I ain't pay the car note, in about 3 months  
I'd rather, spend my paper on Henney and blunts  
Even when the truck stop those things be constant spinnin  
I'm a 504 Boy so I'm constant with it

[Verse 5: Yungsta]

Roll around in tight whips  
Catch me on the night shift  
I'm just a Yungsta, I roll without a license  
My dogs is triflin, homie you can bite when  
First one in the hood on the block with the ice rims  
My seats be piped out, TVs with the lights out  
Had these blinkin when I passed, try not to wipe out  
Dash with the wood grain, still in the hood man  
Catch me on lean car clean we doing big things

[Hook]

[Verse 6: Silkk]

The way we do it  
She got a man, but she still gonna turn around  
Bentley, a bucket with chicken I'm like ma, go turn em now  
It's like No Limit said it, we all day, no loss  
Just parkin lot pimpin, car changin colors  
These boys go hard off

[Verse 7: Master P]

We leave the tags in the window, whodee  
Cus it's worth about a hundred  
V12 with remote control (cha-cha) engine runnin  
P.Miller throwbacks, with the convertible shift  
Candy paint thong version with the iced out chip  
Yokahama tires, whodee, but I only got 3  
No Limit Boys we thuggin I get a high for next week!

[Verse 8: Lil' Romeo]

I'm fish tailin my dad, and I'm rollin on drops  
Sportin Sprewell to the curb I think I saw the cops  
They call me Richie Rich, I got my name in the seats  
X-Box in the front and the back DVDs  
Got TVs in the head rest with the big wide screen  
Got the navigation system with the phone in between  
Rollin a coupe with the top down when I go outdoors  
We roll on whole days around here, that's 24s

[Hook]

[Jamaican flow]

[Verse 9]

I got that whip block paint off, my ride air ding dong  
The nose on my hood just like my ride stay PISSED off  
I roll through yo hood they ask me do I call lift off  
Like if it was made out of space with 20s and crishtoff

[Verse 10]

Go real glistens  
These chicks, call me Mista Cleana  
A firecracker, big ballin, it's something you've never seen  
I'm sippin lean, off thick playin on 6 TV screens  
Interior green, 24s, but you know, it ain't no thing  
HAH

[Verse 11: Master P]

We ghetto fab, let our bling bling show  
Driveway like a dealership, don't walk no more  
We wilin out, all day, all night  
Cus this is my life, my life, my life...

[Hook]