

Me and My Old School

Big K.R.I.T.

Ride, ride, ride clean
If you, if you ride old, ride slow
Candy, candy paint, slammin' these doors
If you ride old, ride slow, ride old, ride slow
Ride old, ride slow, slammin', slammin' these doors

I remember way back in the day
All I wanted was a candy car with hella flakes
Crushin' hoes, slammin' doors while the chassis shake
From the sub, work the juice, bitch I want the bass
Can't be turnin' on a dime cause the rims scrape
Kill switches for them jackers outchea tryna take
That's my prized possession in recession kept me
straight
Clear my mind then recline on the runway, from Monday
to Sunday
Just me and my old school

Ain't nothing changed, still the same country bumpkin
M-I crooked Super Southern don't be trippin' on my rims
I'd rather sit higher than bald eagles on shoulders of
giant people
If I'm gon ride hell I don't know about them
Poppin' my collar rockin' gators fuck some Prada
Be a scholar of this pimpin' to the very very end
Forever official like words out the scripture
Off the Richter, saw the future out my rear-view lens
Just me and my old school

See it ain't just a car, it ain't just a whip
It's a time machine, it's a spaceship, it's precious
You gotta take your time, you can't be rubbin' on them
curves
And hittin' them potholes
You gotta ride clean and ride slow
Me and my old school

[Hook]