

Ridin' The Whip

Blaze Ya Dead Homie

I ride cadillacs real hood switches on the fleetwood
throw ham oh man grip it like you should
slidin over to the curb and I pancake
Hoes booty shake to the window like it's payday
Kick it like pelee and I'm out... okay
ridin three wheel motion with the homies KMK
from LA to Motown I ride wit the assed out purple so low it be
scrapin on the ground

I got my ses I'm hittin more bounce to the ounce
King of the jungle with the lifted truck and boomin sound
I come dippin through sippin on a cold brew
Fire up a spliff and I'm singin out WHOOTY HOOOOOO

Fresh new paint and you know it's lookin good
Candy coated with the flake got d-loc on the hood
Woodgrain wit a stain got the navi in the dash
I'm a hot boy with the money fast
TV screens in the back you can see it when it drags
when you hear the SSHHHH I let the air out the bags
Peanutbutter with the jam got strawberry shake
Got the khaki tan yo I do it cuz I can

I got my sunroof open windows are bangin
cuz I don't give a fuck burnin
that og kush can't no one look
cuz the tint on my truck it's dark as night
pass me the light I'm bout to ignite
another bowl in my pipe get high and enjoy the ride

Crack a window hit the endo
let the wind blow never gettin out
pull base outta the wind duck down drop to the ground
all up on the creep I'mma tip-toe
My sprekin around automatic blasts
for the motherfucker that be goin again
So we gon do it with a long throw
better beware when you hear the beat go BOOOOOOOM

I pet that switch perp. goes on to the pavement
Bump up and down now it's doin the same shit
Pop and I won't quit ridin the whip
Sittin at the stop sign and I'm bouncin this bitch