

# Drive Slow

Kanye West

Drive slow homey  
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Ya never know homey might meet some hoes homey  
Ya need to pump your brakes and drive slow homey

My homey Mali used to stay one 79th and May  
One of my best friends from back in the day  
Down the street from Calumet a school full of stones  
He nicknamed me K-Rock so they'd leave me alone  
Bulls jacket with his hat broke way off  
Walk around the mall with his radio face off  
Plus he had the spinner from his Dayton's in his hand  
Keys in his hand reason again to let you know he's the man  
Back when we rocked Alesis he had dreams of Caprice's  
Drove by the teachers even more by police's  
How he get that cash today his father passed away  
Left him with a little somthin 16 he was stuntin  
Al B Sure nigga with the hair all wavy  
Hit lakeshore girls go all crazy  
Hit the freeway go at least bout 80  
Boned so much that summer even had him a baby  
See back back then then if you had a car  
You were the Chi town version of Baby  
And I was just a virgin a baby  
One of the reasons I looked up to him crazy  
I used to love to play my demo tape when the system yanked  
Felt like I was almost signed when the shit got cranked  
We'll take a Saturday and just circle the mall  
They had the Lincoln's and Aurora's we were hurting them all  
With the girls a lot of flirting involved  
But dawg fuck all that flirting I'm trying to get in some draws  
So put me on with these hoes homey's  
He said don't rush to get grown drive slow homey  
Drive slow homie  
Drive slow...  
Ya never know homey about these hoes homey  
Ya need to pump your breaks and drive slow homey

What It do  
I'm posted up in the parking lot my trunk wavin'  
The candy gloss is immaculate and is simply amazing  
Them elbows poking wide on that Candy-lac  
Trunk open, screen's on, neon's lit with fifth relax  
I'm on a mission for dime piece's and sexy ladies  
Allow me to introduce you to my CL Mercedes  
It's a star-studded event when I valet park  
Open up my mouth and sunlight illuminates the dark  
You see them 4's crawlin, you see them screens fallin  
The disco ball in my mouth insinuates I'm ballin  
I'm leanin on a switch sittin crooked in my slab  
But I could still catch boopas if I drove a cab  
A young Houston hard hitter all about the scrilla  
Riding some candy coated crawlin like a caterpillar  
I'm tippin on those 4's I'm jamming off this screw  
I'm lookin for them hoes baby what it do?

Drive slow homey

Turn your hazard lights on when you see them hoes  
Drive slow homey  
If you ridin around the city with nowhere to go  
Drive slow homey  
Live today cuz tomorrow man you never know  
Ya never know homey might meet some hoes homey  
Ya need to pump your brakes and drive slow homey

My cars like the movies my cars like the crib  
I got more TV's in here then where I live

And it don't make no sense but baby I'm the shit  
And everything I flip you know is something serious  
I got the custom grill I got the Brabus rims  
I got the baller genetics baby that's evident  
You see a player flicking and you ain't convinced  
That you should go and kiss it just a little bit  
I wear my custom kicks I got my Jesus chain  
My canaries is gleaming though my angle wings  
They see me hoes acting like they seen a king  
With that mean lean smoking on the finest Cali green  
My wood grain oak I'm riding on vogues  
My cylinder quiet like tip toes  
I sold O's and this I know  
When you see them hoes little homey drive slow

Chopped and Screwed

Yeah..

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