My cars, they hot, my paint is wet My bitches, they bad, thats probably why y'all mad My cars, they hot, my paint is wet My bitches, they bad, thats probably why y'all mad My cars, they hot, my paint is wet My bitches, they bad, thats probably why y'all mad You see I'm mean with the 16, yes you are Got a big old house, bout 50 cars And the ones I drive, what a hell of a ride Built for a player when I lean to the side My shit so dank, my paint is wet 'Lacs, Impalas, and Corvettes Wagoners, saggin' here Nigga not braggin' here, but lets be clear My cars, they hot, my paint is wet So I figured the funk, point blank man this nigga a hoe Look around, smash down, sit your ass down little class clown Let me get back on the highway, try my way This is the fly, way, Mass appeal, cash the deal Never will I motherfuckin' crash the wheel Pass the feel, the tank with the drank in the cup Look baby girl, thats whats up Slide by my side bitch house in the cut With my 9 by side when I side in the cut I shake I shook in, peep out the window, niggas still lookin' When in doubt, flash that 9 get in and out Take my time while dippin' out, then bang my set while spinnin' out My cars, they hot, my paint is wet My bitches, they bad, thats probably why y'all mad My cars, they hot, my paint is wet My bitches, they bad, thats probably why y'all mad My cars, they hot, my paint is wet My bitches, they bad, thats probably why y'all mad Let me raise mine, bang for the Fo' Pop that shit nigga break it down low They say the stage with more lights Can the nigga re-write the whole game She tried to dodge the blue ride Big race tires we ride the whole ride We bringin' it live to your side You gonna stand outside or you gonna hop inside? She said cool can my girls come? We gon' drank, smoke then fuck some It was 2, 3, 4, then 5, tall short thick and fine And they all enjoyed the ride, Dogg could you bring us all back again I love it when you put it in my back again

Your cars, they're hot, your paint is wet Your bitches, they're bad, thats probably why y'all mad Your cars, they're hot, your paint is wet Your bitches, they're bad, thats probably why y'all mad

Your bitches, they're bad, thats probably why y'all mad

Fill up in your car then you back again Cause your cars are hot, your paint is wet

Now look here mane
I got variation mane
I got a white one, a black one, a yellow one
A green one, a blue one, a red one
I mean I mean mane, I even got a space ship, you dig
You could even float with me if you want to
Cause thats how a real player ride
We ride like we ride
You wanna get inside, well lets ride
You wanna get inside, well lets ride
You wanna get inside, well baby lets ride
You ever made love in a car? You don't like when I talk to you like that?
You ever been fucked in a car? That sounds better don't it