

# Taxi Driver

## Sergio Presto

[Chorus: Royce Da 5'9"] I'm the taxi driver  
Ridin around with me and my thoughts  
In the back seat behind me speakin  
to me while I'm drivin, I'm hearin them talk  
to me sayin where they wanna go  
Soon as they get in, they close the do'  
And then I cruise to wherever we ridin  
Wherever you can imagine from coast to coast

[Royce Da 5'9"] I got a foot on the gas, I got my eye on the road  
With an open mind as I roll, hopin to spy on my soul  
I lose control, pull up to a liquor sto' then get blowed  
Ridin down skid row, feelin kind of miserable  
I been the same since my enemies came  
You played a game, you get a foul, the penalty's pain  
Though I got a pen full of poison, the venom is fame  
The light changes, I take a right on Memory Lane  
And see, a couple niggaz on the corner chillin  
Lookin more and more familiar closer to 'em I get  
I pull up, hit the locks, they open the door  
And hop in and say they names is Hip and Hop  
So I grin, pretend I don't know 'em for shit  
I ask, "Ay homie, why they call you Hip?"  
He says - [imitating 2Pac] "I'm hip-notic, hip-ocritical  
I could say (Dear Mama) and wonder why they call you bitch  
I seen drama, I step to the odds lookin at death in the eyes  
They probably MURDER ME, check my disguise  
You see it's money over bitches, bitches bring lies  
Money bring trouble and trouble wanna FOLLOW ME!  
Drop me on the corner of Flamingo and Koval  
And remember (All Eyez) on you"  
Then I come to a stop  
He exits the car, so I leave and I hear SHOTS

[Chorus][Royce Da 5'9"]  
I'm the taxi driver  
Ridin with one passenger left  
About to catch a left after I catch my breath  
Peelin past them times where niggaz blast them nines  
Paranoid, done already lost half my mind - I'm high!  
Thinkin like what if the feds try to out me?

I pull up to a stop on a red light at South Street  
I catch a parade goin by, full of rappers and snappers  
    A Cadillac float full of trapsters  
    Carryin a sign sayin "It's Our Time"  
    I wave sayin I would never diss y'all grind  
    So I'm waitin at the stoplight, South Street is jumpin  
    I look back at Hop like, people call you Hop, right? (Yes!)  
After that, he's like - [imitating Notorious B.I.G.] "It's a green light  
    You can weave right through, if you got keen sight  
    Then make you a right then, head for the valley  
    I'm (Going Going to Cali Cali), uhh  
    Trust me, (Mo Money Mo Problems)  
    Especially when you built for the stars  
    You rather be, drivin yo' taxi than killed for the car  
    So drop me on the corner of Wilshire Boulevard"  
    I take him to the place he requested  
I tell him thanks for the message, the cab shakes when he exits  
    I pull off (Hypnotized) then hear SHOTS  
    And then my engine DIE soon as they kill Hop  
    [Interlude: Royce]What's on your mind?  
        Who's in your back seat?  
        Do you go off your own thoughts?  
        Are you even drivin your own car?  
I know what you thinkin, "This nigga sayin Hip-Hop is dead"  
    Don't take song like I'm sayin we lost Hip-Hop  
        Take it like I lost my mind  
    [Chorus][Royce Da 5'9"]I'm the taxi driver

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