My Ride

Switchblade Kittens

Yo, feelin' easy like it's Sunday mornin', steak an' eggs
Hey, livin' off some big rims, lookin' like some blades
Play her like a pimp typa nigga, ain't me
With the tint 35 percent so ya can't see
Fish scales shotgun, pass the L to big V
Flip Flop candy, lookin' so wet it drip drop
From the tip top, chrome double duce
Make a bitch stop, jaw drop ballin' off this hip hop
On a budget back an' forth from Kentucky
We them type of niggas that crack corn in a bucket
A hundred an' ninety spoke, goddamn
Look but don't touch it ,we comin' down I-65, Nappy an' company
Vertical grills on the Cadillac, we so real
Skinny Deville, return like a bat out of Hell
Hell, don't ya think Nappy Roots comin' as well
Big V, B. Stille, Prophet, Clutch an' Fish Scales, yeah
My ride be sittin' on the hundred spokes
My candy paint straight from the honeycomb
Wood grain interior leather an' chrome
Everybody ride out, it's on, it's on
Hey, yo, that's my cab, jumped out leavin' a tab
Hold on man, we'll discuss that later
B. jumped out like, "Fuck that hater"
Fell in the Aspen, rotten like Martin
Two white dudes, one looked like Matt Harprin
Later on he's eatin' an' ball in Cleavland
An' I jumped out like, "Fuck your season"
Van Dam woke up in the grand am
Real hot, no air for the car jam
Twenty inches ride both on probes
Look nice Chevrolet on pipes
Keep Chevy tint that twinkle so bright
B.O.B, I'ma ball on budget
Pumped out two, thou on the '89 cutlass, bitch
Nah, you can't ride, I'm selfish
Ain't too many ho's wanna touch this velvet
My ride be sittin' on the hundred spokes
My candy paint straight from the honeycomb
Wood grain interior leather an' chrome

Everybody ride out, it's on, it's on
Hop in with me, we 'bout to leave
You gotta pop it, I drope a dollar in ya pocket
Gas up the crotch, rocket pass up, the cops blocked it
Hey B. Stille, can I role with you an' Prophet?
Extra clean you can't tell me nean
Drop the top, showin' off for the summa
'Cause the Cadillac stretch on dem bow legged stillets
Where the candy paint sets like a wet cigarette
Bubble coat primers, chrome spiders inside us
Big enough for my team an' a couple of trainers
But it hold no minors, that's major
Wood grain an' ya get deep beater's big features
Feel boom from the beats in my big speakers
It's on in my seats an' my signature
Don't throw dirt on my name, no shirt as I lean
Out the window pane, you hear the country boy sang
My ride be sittin' on the hundred spokes
My candy paint straight from the honeycomb
Wood grain interior leather an' chrome
Everybody ride out, it's on, it's on

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/