

Drive Slow (Kanye West Feat. Paul Wall & GLC)

Paul Wall

Drive slow, homie
Drive slow, homie You never know, homie
Might meet some hoes, homie
You need to pump your brakes
And drive slow, homie My homie Mali used to stay seventy 9th 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'll leave me alone Bulls jacket with his hat broke way off
And walked 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 the 'Leases, he had dreams of Caprices
Drove by the teachers, even more by polices
How he get the cash the day his father passed away
Left him with a lil' somethin', 16, he was stuntin' "Al be sure" nigga with the hair all wavy
Hit Lakeshore, girls go all crazy
Hit the freeway, goin' east-bound, 80
Boned so much that summer, even had him a baby See back, back then, then if you had a car
You was 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 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 Lincolns and Auroras, we was hurtin' 'em all
With the girls a lot of flirtin' involved but dawg,
Fuck all that flirtin', I'm tryin' to get in some drawers, so
Put me on with these hoes, homie
He told me, "Don't rush to get grown, drive slow, homie" Drive slow, homie
Drive slow
You never know, homie
About these hoes homie
You need to pump your brakes
And drive slow, homie What it do, I'm posted up in the parking lot, my trunk wavin'
The candy gloss is immaculate, it's simply amazing
Them elbows pokin' wide on that candy 'Lac
Trunk open, screens on, neon's lit with 5th relaxed I'm on a mission for dime pieces and sexy ladies
Allow me to duce 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 the switch, sittin' crooked in my slab
But I could still catch boppers if I drove a cabA young Houston hard-hitter, all about the scrilla
Ridin' somethin' candy-coated, crawlin like a caterpillar
I'm tippin' on them 4's, I'm jammin' on that Screw
I'm lookin' for them hoes, baby, what it doDrive slow, homie
Turn your hazard lights on when you see them hoes
Drive slow, homie
If you ridin' around the city with nowhere to go
Drive slow, homie
Live today 'cause tomorrow man, you never knowYou never know, homie
Might meet some hoes, homie
You need to pump your brakes
And drive slow, homieMy car's like the movie
My car's like the crib
I got mo TV's in here
Than where I liveAnd now I make no sense, but baby, I'm the shit
And everything I flip, you know it's somethin' serious
I got the custom grill, I got the Bravis rims
I got the baller genetics, baby, this evidenceYou see a player flickin' and how you ain't convinced
That you should go on and kiss it, 'EJst a lil' bitE
I wearin' my custom kicks, I got my Jesus chain
My canary's is gleamin' through my angel wingsThey see me, hoes actin' like they seen a king
With that mean lean, smokin' on that finest Cali green
My woodgrain oak, I'm ridin' on Vogues
My cylinder quiet, like tip-toesI sold O's, and this I know
When you see them hoes
Lil' homie drive slowDrive slow, homie
Drive slow, homieYou never know, homie
Might meet some hoes homie
You need to pump your brakes and drive slow, homie
Drive slow, homie

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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