

# 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 Daytons 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 cab  
A 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 do  
Drive 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 know  
You never know, homie  
Might meet some hoes, homie  
You need to pump your brakes  
And drive slow, homie  
My car's like the movie  
My car's like the crib  
I got mo TV's in here  
Than where I live  
And 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 evidence  
You see a player flickin' and how you ain't convinced  
That you should go on and kiss it, 'AçEJst a lil' bitAçE  
I wearin' my custom kicks, I got my Jesus chain  
My canary's is gleamin' through my angel wings  
They 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-toes  
I sold O's, and this I know  
When you see them hoes  
Lil' homie drive slow  
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  
Drive slow, homie

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

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