

# My Car

## Silkk the Shocker

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Silkk]  
All because of my car  
All because of my car  
All because of my car[Mo B. Dick]  
I'm in my car, cruisin to the beat  
Trippin off, off these money hungry freaks  
Wanna be down, wit a super star  
'cause you know I got money an a cold blooded car[Chorus]  
Must be the Beamer (Must be the Beamer)  
Thats turning you on  
Must be the Benz (Must be the Benz)  
I ain't takin you home  
{All because of my car}Must be the Cruiser (Must be the Cruiser)  
Got you flaggin me down  
Must be the Rover (Must be the Rover)  
Makes you wanna be around  
{All because of my car}[Silkk the Shocker]  
I hits an run like an accident  
Mr. hit em fast an slow is back again  
If you don't believe me go an ask a friend  
I got more hoes than the O-Zone  
I hits em wit they close on  
(Why's that Silkk?)  
So they can go home  
I rolls up on a bucket, she got a man  
But when I rolls up in a Benz, das when she hops in  
An thas how its gon' happen to her  
I don't mean to be like mackin to her or rappin to her  
But I'm jus askin to her  
Now back up in the days I run game on em  
They wanna play games so I bought a Lexus from my homie  
An the next day after that, game don't stop

(Where ya car at)  
 I be like man, its in tha shop  
 But now I'm on top now  
 Put the.....top down  
 See how many number I can jot down, how many girl I can knock down  
 An plus up on my block, now it ain't gon' stop  
 Now, since I got a little cash  
 Now I dash down the block but I keep my game tight  
 When Im in the Rover, I gets the guests the same night  
 You try skeezin me, should be try pleasin me  
 Alizay to get the draws off easily  
 Thas when I switch my game over  
 You blame it on a hang over I blame it on the Range Rover  
 An I ain't tryin to hear that  
 (Oh it's like that, huh?)  
 Like that, like thatChorus[Mo B. Dick]  
 When I'm flossin on these ghetto streets  
 Can't see how I get stopped by those crooked police  
 I can't understand, why they player hate  
 An they ask me these question, like how much money I make  
 Now it's none of their business, how I make my ends  
 An you can't get a piece of my funky dividends  
 I guess you could say, I got it goin on  
 'cause I keep seein girlies an they wont leave me alone[Silkk the Shocker]  
 I guess the PD is tryin to see me in the State Pen  
 Behind me tryin to run my license plate in  
 Im checkin my rear view, but I ain't gon' trip, bruh  
 Waitin for me to slip up, show me some ID wit yo' picture  
 I guess they wanna see my bank statement  
 See how much money that Im makin  
 But I guess they just be hatin  
 They need to start missin me, stop trippin G  
 I guess they mad 'cause I got more gold than Mr T[Mo B. Dick]  
 An all these freaks wanna get in my gangsta ride  
 'cause I got it front to back, an side to side  
 But I ain't got time  
 I gotta do my thang  
 An if you wanna front you know I can hang  
 Now you know that I never wanna perpetrate  
 'cause y'all playa hate  
 you fools better recognize  
 That a No Limit Soldier is on the riseChorusMust be the Bentley (Must be the Bentley)  
 that's turnin you on  
 Must be the Lex (Must be the Lexus)  
 that's why I'm takin you home

{ All because of my car } Must be the Caddie (Must be the Caddie)  
got you flaggin me down  
Must be the Cutlass (Must be the Cutlass)  
why you wanna be around  
{ All because of my car }

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