

My 64 (feat. Bun B & Snoop Dogg)

Mike Jones

Cruisin down the street in my 64
(Mike Jones!)
Jockin a bitch, slappin a hoe
Went to the park to get the scoop
Knuckleheads out there, cold, shootin some hoopsCruisin down the street in my 64
Jockin a bitch, jockin a bitch
Cruisin down the street in my 64
Jockin a bitch, jockin a bitchCruisin down the street in my 64
Jockin a bitch, jockin a bitch
Cruisin down the street in my
(Mike Jones Jones Jones)
Jockin a bitch, here we g-g-goWell I'm cruisin down the street in my candy painted low
Bouncin like a [incomprehensible] in my 64's
I pull up wood grippin, doors tippin, sittin low
I'm hittin sixteen switches, watch it stop and hit the floorI'm leanin on the curb, sippin syrup, blowin dro
The girls show me love when they panties hit the floor
I said I'm leanin on the curb, sippin syrup, blowin dro
I got the 64 hoppin, watch it stop and do a showFirst I lean wit it, then I rock wit it
I got a candy apple drop wit a glock in it
First I lean wit it, then I rock wit it
I got a candy apple drop wit a glock in itFirst I lean, then I rock
(Mike Jones!)
First I lean, then I rock
I said, first I lean wit it, then I rock wit it
I got a candy apple drop wit a glock in itBecause I'm cruisin down the street in my 64
Jockin a bitch, jockin a bitch
Cruisin down the street in my 64
Jockin a bitch, jockin a bitchCruisin down the street in my 64
Jockin a bitch, jockin a bitch
Cruisin down the street in my
(Bun B)
Jockin a bitch, here we g-g-goIt's Bun B, I'm known for slammin Cadillac doors
Comin down on that candy with them swangers and them 4's
But I got love for the West Coast, all day
So I suppose I'ma head out to Cali, the land of the low-lowsTouch down in LAX and I don't need no car
Robbie Chino pick me up with the bud and the bar
In the hood I'm a star so to the hood I'ma go
With Mike Jones and Snoop Dogg and they already knowThat I get love from the B's, love from the C's
Mexican, Asian and Samoa OG's

Throw it up when they see me and holla, Hey Bun!
When I'm comin out in Soul Assassin Grey OneYou might see me at Long Beach or maybe Pasadena
Inglewood, I.E. or West Covina
Im Southside ridin with the homie big Kun
Car hoppin, top droppin so give that kid roomWhen I'm cruisin down the street in my 64
Jockin a bitch, jockin a bitch
Cruisin down the street in my 64
Jockin a bitch, jockin a bitchCruisin down the street in my 64
Jockin a bitch, jockin a bitch
Cruisin down the street in my
(Snoop Dogg)
Jockin a bitch, here we g-g-goAn big Snoop Dogg in a yellow Parisini
With two girlies in the back in they Crip blue bikinis
Shakin and they jumpin cause the deuce keep bouncin
Tippin, whippin, the ass steady dippinCandy paint drippin and these axel's what Im sippin
As I shake like a dice game, cold as the ice age
Mike Jones rockin like a Rollin Stone
An' Snoop Dogg boy I'm b-b-bad to the boneYeah them Cali boys, we love them low-lows
An real car club members bang they low doors
And take photos, see everything is fine
I'm in the 64, a sixty-trey, a 59I love my car like I love my wife
See low ridin aint a sport its a way of life
On the real dough I'll tell you how it feel though
If you see me in the fo creepin slow yoCruisin down the street in my 64
Jockin a bitch, jockin a bitch
Cruisin down the street in my 64
Jockin a bitch, jockin a bitchCruisin down the street in my 64
Jockin a bitch, jockin a bitch
Cruisin down the street in my
Jockin a bitch, jockin' a bitchYeah man, let me explain somethin' to you one time, man
Low ridin' is not a sport, it's a way of life
Its like buildin' a car from scratch, you understand meYou gotta put the fresh paint on it
You gotta put the mustard and mayonnaise
Thats the tires, you understand me
You gotta put the chrome on it
A little gold on it, you understand me
Its gotta be a hundred spokes or better, ya dig?An' you gotta drop the top
You gotta put the switches on the motherfucker
You definitely got to have a beat
And when you hit the streets you gotta have a freak
You know what I'm sayin'
One of the side, two on the b-sack
That's how it's gotta go down man
Thats real lowridin, you understand meFrom a West Coast motherfuckin' G man
We bouncin', we schlippin', we tippin', we dippin'

We dodgin' motherfuckin' pigs all the while
While we doin' this motherfuckin' gangsta style
You understand what I'm sayin', yeah I'm just cruisin'Cruisin down the street in my 64
Jockin a bitch, jockin a bitch
Cruisin down the street in my 64
Jockin a bitch, jockin a bitchCruisin down the street in my 64
Jockin a bitch, jockin a bitch
Cruisin down the street in my
Jockin a bitch, here we g-g-go

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>