Reckless Driving

D.J. 2-Tone Jones

Turn me up, a little louder
Get it crunk yeah, let's get 'em riled up
Let's go! This only for my real niggas
Big truck, fill the lane, fifth wheel with it
Stink pink gators, my Detroit players
Game like A out of 'toire, these boys hate us
We let the morgue-ies tell the whole story
Bounce in the Ford and watch ya hoes board it
Party up, get live with it
Start it up, put it in drive and whip it
Move, bitch! Get out the way
I'm bouncin I'm all in and out the lanes
It's not the game, fuckin niggas up
Like what tigga-what tigga-what tigga-WHAT~!
The low end theory, all you feel is the bottom
You ain't gotta wait to chop, the Dilla's got 'em
Better get 'em, where you at bro?
Say Dilla hang corners in a 'Llac bro
Cake boys doin it big, we outta control
This one is for the real niggas out on the roll
Let's go!

Get live, reach for the sky
For the real niggas with the beat in the ride
You can turn your bass up another notch if you want
You hot wit'cha bump ba-ba-bump ba-ba-bump, yeah!

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Makin your money, takin your money
Overseas and in the states gettin money
D shit beats, the rhymes is dangerous
Creep in the streets, come ride we bangin 'em
Turn that shit up, let's make noise
Jeep volume nigga, we fat cake boys
Dudes do this, choppin lovely

Too exclusive for you when we mob in the Jeeps
Get it up and, crack-a-lack-in
In our trucks mayne, that's what's happening
Flossin baby we off the chain
I love when the sunlight reflects off the blades
Damn~! Where you at with it? Let 'em know now
Big puff out the truck when you roll down
Do it to death, do it to do it
Take a whiff, inhale the shit, cause you it
Yeah - nigga, we gon' keep on
In our Jeeps with the big chrome piece on
With the bang and the chain and the piece on
Nigga J to the D to the beat keep on

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