

# 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 'tore, 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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