

# My 64 (Instrumental)

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/>