Taxi Driver

Goloka

[Chorus: Royce Da 5'9"]I'm the taxi driver
Ridin around with me and my thoughts
In the back seat behind me speakin
to me while I'm drivin, I'm hearin them talk
to me sayin where they wanna go
Soon as they get in, they close the do'
And then I cruise to wherever we ridin
Wherever you can imagine from coast to coast
[Royce Da 5'9"]I got a foot on the gas, I got my eye on the road
With an open mind as I roll, hopin to spy on my soul
I lose control, pull up to a liquor sto' then get blowed
Ridin down skid row, feelin kind of miserable
I been the same since my enemies came
You played a game, you get a foul, the penalty's pain
Though I got a pen full of poison, the venom is fame
The light changes, I take a right on Memory Lane
And see, a couple niggaz on the corner chillin
Lookin more and more familiar closer to 'em I get
I pull up, hit the locks, they open the door
And hop in and say they names is Hip and Hop
So I grin, pretend I don't know 'em for shit
I ask, "Ay homie, why they call you Hip?"
He says - [imitating 2Pac] "I'm hip-notic, hip-ocritical
I could say (Dear Mama) and wonder why they call you bitch
I seen drama, I step to the odds lookin at death in the eyes
They probably MURDER ME, check my disguise
You see it's money over bitches, bitches bring lies
Money bring trouble and trouble wanna FOLLOW ME!
Drop me on the corner of Flamingo and Koval
And remember (All Eyez) on you"
Then I come to a stop
He exits the car, so I leave and I hear SHOTS
[Chorus][Royce Da 5'9"]
I'm the taxi driver
Ridin with one passenger left
About to catch a left after I catch my breath
Peelin past them times where niggaz blast them nines
Paranoid, done already lost half my mind - I'm high!
Thinkin like what if the feds try to out me?

I pull up to a stop on a red light at South Street
I catch a parade goin by, full of rappers and snappers
A Cadillac float full of trapsters
Carryin a sign sayin "It's Our Time"
I wave sayin I would never diss y'all grind
So I'm waitin at the stoplight, South Street is jumpin
I look back at Hop like, people call you Hop, right? (Yes!)
After that, he's like - [imitating Notorious B.I.G.] "It's a green light
You can weave right through, if you got keen sight
Then make you a right then, head for the valley
I'm (Going Going to Cali Cali), uhh
Trust me, (Mo Money Mo Problems)
Especially when you built for the stars
You rather be, drivin yo' taxi than killed for the car
So drop me on the corner of Wilshire Boulevard"
I take him to the place he requested
I tell him thanks for the message, the cab shakes when he exits
I pull off (Hypnotized) then hear SHOTS
And then my engine DIE soon as they kill Hop
[Interlude: Royce]What's on your mind?
Who's in your back seat?
Do you go off your own thoughts?
Are you even drivin your own car?
I know what you thinkin, "This nigga sayin Hip-Hop is dead"
Don't take song like I'm sayin we lost Hip-Hop
Take it like I lost my mind
[Chorus][Royce Da 5'9"]I'm the taxi driver

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/