

# Slow Down (Remix)

Clyde Carson

I tell em  
Slow down, you know you can't catch me  
I move too fast on the gas, don't chase me  
Slow down, slow down I tell em  
Slow down, you know you can't catch me  
I move too fast on the gas, don't chase me  
Slow down, slow down (I tell 'em)  
Ay, I'm on the case gettin' sideways  
Dolla fo' five on the highway  
You know a nigga state to state  
On a dolo mission I got a date with the cake  
Wide awoke, 3 A.M  
Prolly touch down when the sun come in  
Ay, when them guards hit the gate I be tired as fuck after that 8-hour race  
I come from the land where we swing our cars  
Figure 8 Benz concrete leave marks  
Call it paid, super-charged  
Back to back race the Benz with the four door Porsche  
I'm tearin' up tires in this luxury  
Hella smoke says she wanna fuck with me  
Money on my mind ain't nothin' for free  
Tryna keep up with me but it's nothin' to me I tell em  
Slow down, you know you can't catch me  
I move too fast on the gas, don't chase me  
Slow down, slow down (I tell 'em)  
Slow down, you know you can't catch me  
Hype without fugitive, Snipes Wesley  
Fuzz get on me tried to test me arrest me  
Wet than a motha fucka whip like a jet ski  
Ride like Presley, pills like Graceland  
They wanna shit me the ready and off to reception  
Nah, ain't tryna see the state pen  
I'm black-scaled out in my Ray-Bans  
Diamond-certified, I ain't neva lied  
Ain't had L's since Pac died  
Ridin' through the biters, couple bundles talkin' bout sliders  
Run from the labours, mind's still swift  
FedEx movement all on the bitch  
Audi with the stash box, Cazzy too swift

No frontin' push a button give a nigga that, gift I tell em  
Slow down, you know you can't catch me  
I move too fast on the gas, don't chase me  
Slow down, slow down I'm Jeff Gordon in his heyday  
Ridin' like Tony Stewart smashin' through a two-way  
Doin' bout a hundred kinda burnin' up the Louie  
Louie, Louie 13th motha fucka yeah Louie  
D.U.I. drivin black henny on my lap  
Pedal to the flo' with a 808 clap  
Money motivated doin' sprints when I'm chasin'  
And it gotta be a hemi I don't normally do the basic  
Six-cylinder, r-really bruh? Slow it down, keep up  
And I'm killin' ya, hope I'm not offendin' ya  
See you at the finish line, leavin' em  
Burn rubba, bu-burn rubba  
This is how we do it when I'm dippin' on a corna  
Burn rubba, bu-burn rubba  
This is how we do it in Northern California

#### Songwriters

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Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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