# Ride Around Shining

## Clipse

[Chorus]
All I want to do is ride around shining while I can afford it
Plenty ice on my neck so I don't get nauseous
Float around in the greatest of Porsche's
Feel like a chuck wagon cause I'm on twelve horses
And the three behind mine they be the click
So much ice in they Rollies, the shit don't tick man
Winter through the summer (what) care less what it cost me
While I'm shoveling the snow man call me frosty lover

This for the 100,000 dollar kitty German drivers
With big rims and low-pro tires
Fuckin' with college bitches with innocent looks like Mya
Corrupt they mind, turn 'em to liars
I groom 'em well
Dior whore, Christian Lacroix
Keep guns stashed under the floor board
Enough to start world war
Paradise in reaches, home next to beaches
Hair pressed, blowin' in the wind, shit 'bout long as Jesus
I still leave speech for Gospel, so match this
Pusha push Don P keys with these sounds of crackness
The black Martha Stuart, let me show you how to do it
Break down pies to pieces, make cocaine quiches
Money piles high as my nieces
Hefty bags full of cash, cars full of ass
Rolex presidential, bitch, feel the glass

[Chorus]

It's that luck that astounds
Life's a circus
I parade the sick through these clowns
The crown is vacant
I'm takin' the proper steps
I'm takin' them poppa steps
They prayin' for my downfall
Is it the bling, the king, conquistador
That my jeweler made the face blush on the Frank Mueller

The R shape peculiar, it's awesome, layin' over dark skin
Lookin' like arson when I park in the left, it's constant
Minute hand is like Parkinson's
You a fish for the sharks to swim
In that opaque linen with the R colored stitchin'
V12 on a Modena you can see the pistons
H-R-E's on it, Mommy see it glisten
When I make "Oliver Twist" like Dickens
It's feelin' like parts is missin'
Tops don't push soul
Got it drive it like pole positions 'til my soul's risen

[Chorus]

Welcome to the world of Rollies
VS diamonds and that 50,000 dollar show piece
Got me shinin'
First nigga holla show me
Let that 9mm turn a fella ghostly
Hell, I'll even grant amnesty to those who owe me
You fuckin' fagot
You need to raise your glass and toast me
Niggas can't figure the format for hustler criteria
Not chrome, grown rims with stallion insignia
Listen youngin', you've only just begun
You'll understand when you're older
Said father to the son
Who would've thought such riches stem from ill rhymes?
Canary yellow diamonds size of yield signs, slow down
And proceed with caution
Carousal of horses with dual-exhaustion
Fess up, youngin' you'll always be next up
Go against I, forever play catch up nigga

[Chorus]
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