Drive Slow

Kanye West

Drive slow, homie, drive slow, homie
You never know, homie, might meet some hoes, homie
You need to pump your brakes and drive slow, homieMy homie Mali used to stay, 79th and May
One of my best friends from back in the day
Down the street from Calumet, a school full of stones
He nicknamed me K-Rock so they'll leave me aloneBulls jacket with his hat broke way off
And walked around the mall with his radio face off
Plus he had the spinner from his Dayton's in his hand, keys in his hand
Reason again to let you know he's the manBack when we rocked the 'Leases, he had dreams of Caprices
Drove by the teachers, even more by polices
How he get the cash the day his father passed away
Left him with a lil' somethin', 16, he was stuntin'Al B. Sure nigga with the hair all wavy
Hit Lakeshore, girls go all crazy
Hit the freeway, go at least 'bout 80
Boned so much that summer, even had him a babySee back back then then if you had a car
You was the Chi-Town version of Baby
And I was just a virgin, a baby
One of the reasons I looked up to him crazyI used to love to play my demo tape when the system yanked
Felt like I was almost signed when the shit got cranked
We'll take a Saturday and just circle the mall
They had they Lakers and Aurora's, we was hurtin' 'em allWith the girls a lot of flirtin' involved but dog
Fuck all that flirtin', I'm tryin' to get in some drawers, so
Put me on with these hoes homie
He told me, "Don't rush to get grown, drive slow homie"Drive slow, homie, drive slow
You never know, homie about these hoes homie
You need to pump your brakes and drive slow, homieWhat it do, I'm posted up in the parking lot, my trunk wavin'
The candy gloss is immaculate, it's simply amazing
Them elbows pokin' wide on that Candy-lac
Trunk open, screens on, neon's lit with 5th relaxedI'm on a mission for dime pieces and sexy ladies
Allow me to introduce you to my CL Mercedes
It's a star-studded event when I valet park
Open up my mouth and sunlight illuminates the darkYou see them 4's crawlin', you see them screens fallin'
The disco ball in my mouth insinuates I'm ballin'
I'm leanin' on the switch, sittin' crooked in my slab
But I could still catch boppers if I drove a cabA young Houston hard-hitter all about the scrilla
Ridin' some candy-coated crawlin' like a caterpillar
I'm tippin' on them 4's, I'm jammin' on that Screw
I'm lookin' for them hoes baby, what it doDrive slow, homie

Turn your hazard lights on when you see them hoes
Drive slow, homie
If you ridin' around the city with nowhere to goDrive slow, homie
Live today 'cause tomorrow man, you never know
You never know, homie, might meet some hoes, homie
You need to pump your brakes and drive slow, homieMy car's like the movie, my car's like the crib
I got mo' TV's in here than where I live
That don't make no sense, but baby I'm the shit
And everything I flip, you know it's somethin' seriousI got the custom grill, I got the Bravis rims
I got the baller genetics baby this evidence
You see a player flickin' and how you ain't convinced
That you should go on and kiss it, just a lil' bitI wearin' my custom kicks, I got my Jesus chain
My canary's is gleamin', through my angel wings
They see me, hoes actin' like they seen a king
With that mean lean, smokin' on that finest Cali greenMy woodgrain oak, I'm ridin' on Vogues
My cylinder quiet, like tip-toes
I sold O's, and this I know
When you see them hoes, lil' homie drive slowYeah, drive slow, homie, drive slow, homie
You never know, homie, might meet some hoes, homie
You need to pump your brakes and drive slow, homie
Drive slow, homie

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