

Ridin' (feat. Krayzie Bone)

Chamillionaire

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Chorus]
They see me rollin
They hatin
Patrolling they tryin to catch me ridin' dirty
Tryin to catch me ridin' dirty
Tryin to catch me ridin' dirty
Tryin to catch me ridin' dirty
Tryin to catch me ridin' dirty
My music so loud
I'm swangin
They hopin that they gonna catch me ridin' dirty
Tryin to catch me ridin' dirty
Tryin to catch me ridin' dirty
Tryin to catch me ridin' dirty
Tryin to catch me ridin' dirtyPolice think they can see me lean
I'm tint so it ain't easy to be seen
When you see me ride by they can see the gleam
And my shine on the deck and the TV screen
Ride with a new chick, she like hold up
Next to the play-station controller is a full clip and my pistola
Turn a jacker into a coma
Girl you ain't know, I'm crazy like Krayzie Bone
Just tryin to bone ain't tryin' to have no babies
Rock clean as hell so I pull in ladies
Laws on patrolling you know they hate me
Music turned all the way up until the maximum
I can speak for some niggas tryin to jack for some
But we packin' somethin' that we have
And um will have a nigga locked up in the maximum
Security cell, I'm grippin' oak
Music loud and tippin' slow
Twin steady twistin' like hit this dough

Police pull up right behind and it's in his throat
Windows down gotta stop pollution
CD's change niggas like who is that producing?
This the Play-N-Skills when we out and cruisin'
Got warrants in every city except Houston but I'm still ain't losin'[Chorus]I been drinkin' and smokin' holdin'
shit cause a brother can't focus
I gotta get to home 'fore the po po's scope this big ol' Excursion
Swerving all up in the curve man
Nigga been sippin on that Hennessey
And the gin again is in again we in the wind
Doin' a hundred while I puff on the blunt
And rollin' another one up, we livin like we ain't givin' a fuck
I got a revolver in my right hand, 40 oz on my lap freezing my balls
Roll a nigga tree, green leaves and all
Comin' pretty deep, me and my dogs
I gotta get back to back streets
Wanted by the six pound and I got heat
Glock glock shots to the block we creep creep
Pop Pop hope cops don't see me, on a low key
With no regards for the law we dodge em like fuck em all
But I won't get caught up and brought up on charges for none of y'all
Keep a gun in car, and a blunt to spark,
But well if you want, nigga you poppin dark
Ready or not we bust shots off in the air Krayzie Bone and Chamillionaire[Chorus]Do what you thinkin' so, I
tried to let you go
Turn up a blink of light and I swang it slower
A nigga upset for sure
'Cause they think they know that they catchin' me
With plenty of the drink and 'dro
So they get behind me tryin to check my tags,
Look at my rear-view and they smilin'
Thinkin' they'll catch me on the wrong well keep tryin'
Cause they denyin' is racial profiling
Houston, TX you can check my tags
Pull me over try to check my slab
Glove compartment gotta get my cash
Cause the crooked cops try to come up fast
And been a baller that I am I talk to them,
Giving a damn bout not feeling my attitude
When they realize I ain't even ridin' dirty
Bet you'll be leavin with an even madder mood
I'mma laugh at you then I'mma have to cruise
I'm in number two on some more DJ Screw
You can't arrest me plus you can't sue
This a message to the laws tellin' them WE HATE YOU

I can't be touched or tell 'em that they shoulda known
Tippin' down, sittin' crooked on my chrome
Bookin' my phone, tryin' to find a chick I wanna bone
Like they couldn't stop me I'm about to pull up at your home and it's on[Chorus: x2]

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