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, homie
My 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 alone
Bulls 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 man
Back 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 baby
See 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 crazy
I 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 all
With 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, homie
What 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 relaxed
I'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 dark
You 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 cab
A 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 do
Drive slow, homie
Turn your hazard lights on when you see them hoes
Drive slow, homie
If you ridin' around the city with nowhere to go
Drive 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, homie
My 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' serious
I 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' bit
I 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 green
My 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 slow
Yeah, 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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