

# Ridin' Slow (feat. Play N Skillz & Slim Thug)

## Bun B

[Intro - Chopped and Screwed Voice (echo)]

Hold up mayne

I know you ain't think we wouldn't fittin to come through with somethin  
for the slab

You must be crazy nigga

You know we come down, this Texas nigga

That's off the top ho

Hold up, that some shit that'll shake the sidewalk right there

Dang, you pop this trunk

Bang down this block (Play-Play-Play-Play-Play-N-Skillz)

Beat 'em down right quick mayne[Chorus - Play-N-Skillz (Bun B) - w/ ad libs]

I'm ridin slow

(I'm in the slab, swangin up the Ave.)

I'm ridin vogues

(Sittin on leather with my shit together)

I'm ridin fo's

(I'm doin dirty while I'm "Ridin' Dirty")

I'm ridin slow

(Sittin on buck and I don't give a fuck, so bitch, what's up?)Beep, beep, so they can see when I'm rollin through  
the hood

Beep, beep, so they can see how a player grips his wood

Beep, beep, I bet they see that now I'm livin good

(Grippin the grain, drippin the stain)

I'm ridin slow[Verse 1 - Bun B]

Texas, land of the swang (swang), where boys pop trunk and bang (bang)

Come down in a candy thang, hittin that switch (switch), lettin 'em hang

Hit me a stang, maybe a lick (lick)

Pound of the brown, maybe a brick (brick)

Burn that purp inside of the 'gar

With a bad ass bitch inside of the car (car)

C to the A, D to the I (I), L to the L to the A to the C (C)

B to the U to the N to the B, reppin that P to the A to the T (to the T)

I'm a dirty South representer, summertime, spring to the fall to the winter

O.G. in the game, no beginner, don't take a loss (loss), get with a winner

Lobsters on my plate for dinner (dinner)

And your bitch is the midnight snack (snack)

Break her off when I'm layin up in her (in her)

When I'm done I'm a send her right back (back)

Iced out chain (chain), frozen wrist (wrist), grip that grain when I close this fist

Diamonds up against the wood in the hood and I can't be missed[Chorus - w/ ad libs][Verse 2 - Slim Thug]

Huh, huh, huh

I'm ridin slow, eyes slow, from what I smoke and po'

If you ain't smokin 'dro, then what the fuck you smokin fo'?

With my deposit Thug about to give the world a show (huh)

You know the truck gon' glow (glow), you know them screens gon' show (show)

You know the fifth gon' fall (fall), you know them fo's gon' crawl (cheah)

You know that Texas got to show y'all how we like to ball (huh)

My trunk knockin, got 'em watchin like I'm on a stage (I know you see me)

Them four fifteens sound like lions bustin out a cage

I'm gettin paid, been ridin clean since the 'leventh grade

No more braids now, I'm razor on my taper-fade (yeah)

I got it made, went to Ike and I got it sprayed

Now when I park where it's dark, you can't see the shade (huh)[Chorus - w/ ad libs][Verse 3 - Bun B]

Man, there's a road through the city

Leather so soft (soft), paint so pretty

Wheels so shiny, rims so new

When I hit your hood (hood), what you gon' do? (gon' do)

Fall back and break bread with a G though (G though)

Might come down, not like me though (me through)

Underdog like To' and Beedo (Beedo)

Big cheese on me like a Cheeto (Cheeto)

ooh wee though, I'm the throwdest (throwdest)

But I guess you already know this

J's the freshest, chain the coldest

Hard to miss (miss), easy to notice

Watch me to show this, easy as pie

Bad ass broad, easy on the eye

I'm so clean and she's so fly

Man we so player and that's no lie

When we come through (through), pass on by

If you gon' hate, take your ass on by

Sittin on top of the world

So really don't need nobody to crash my high (my high)

On buck with the stitch and tuck (tuck)

These boys know I'm not givin a fuck (fuck)

Try to step and get stuck

So don't press your luck, what's up?[Chorus - w/ ad libs]I'm ridin slow ...

I'm ridin slow ...

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