

# Drive

## Elâ€•P

Come on, ma, can I borrow the keys?  
My generation is carpooling with doom and disease  
Buckle up, skipper, the new American Asterix  
You're riding shotty with Jesus of NascarethAt the end of the day, we all sittin' on 24s, 365 horses  
No horse shit with nothing but a learner's permit  
Delinquents on the Autobahn poppin' our airbags off the worthless  
I'm not depressed, man, I'm just a fucking New Yorker  
Who knows that sittin' in traffic with these bastards is tortureI'll be in a jalopy with a mami gettin' head rest  
And howl at the glowing moon, roof as proof that I'm not dead yet  
And y'all can all give me the Hummer, 'cause in the meantime  
I'm a pimp this ride like fly formula one-er, this is the El-Product summer  
With a gleam of factory gun metal sheen grey and no vin numberDrive, drive, drive  
Hopped in the hooptie screaming, "Freedom is mine"  
Drive, drive, drive, drive  
Bumpin' the tune I so conveniently provideDrive, drive, drive, drive  
Don't have to be flashy, I'll use any old ride  
Drive, drive, drive, drive  
Hop in the whip and peel away, stay aliveCars slide by with the booming system  
Like New York is Fallujah with metal gear using Christians  
Posted up for the gods of oil mining  
In a military Humvee with no bullet proof siding  
(Sorry, guys)Brooklyn, baby I'm water locked walkin' nervous  
When the curfew was imposed closing transportational service  
This gonzomatic fear turns me Hunter S. Thompson  
With my lawyer leaning over the side view mirror vomitingYou call 'em windows, I call 'em asbestos lesseners  
For this wheezing in my chest I'll need more than fucking air fresheners  
There ain't no easy pass, hands on the dash  
You'll get rocked in casbah if the movement's too fastHere come the cannon balls, run, get in your gremlin  
The days of thunder's creepin' up sooner than you expected  
Paranoid brethren disable their on star knowing they'll trace us  
Pull us over and shout, "Get out le car"Drive, drive, drive  
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Drive, drive, drive, drive  
Hop in the whip and peel away, stay aliveThese thugs got the heart of Herbie the Luv Bug  
It don't take a speed racing mind to see that they're just stuck  
I'll wrap your promo truck with a Nambla stencil

To prove that you're fucking babies frontin' up in a rental I knew a kid who navigated it slippery  
And fuel injected a speedball on his way to Atlantic City  
Out the race before even making his mark

And now he'll never pick his shit up out of long term parking My triple A card has one too many initials  
And autobot on the fringe of liquid addiction spinning fish-tails  
About to careen on some toonces shit off the cliff

But love of the sport of racing is keeping me out of coffins Camu was like fuck it, just keep the beats dirty dusty  
I grabbed the CD radio like, 10/4 good buddy  
I'll keep running the track even when muddy 'cause my insurance  
Don't cover leaving the pit crew that love me, so I drive Drive, drive, drive  
Hopped in the hooptie screaming, "Freedom is mine"  
Drive, drive, drive, drive  
Bumpin' the tune I so conveniently provide Drive, drive, drive, drive  
Don't have to be flashy, I'll use any old ride  
Drive, drive, drive, drive  
Hop in the whip and peel away, stay alive

Songwriters

Jaime Meline

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