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'ma 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, 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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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 rentalI 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 parkingMy 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 coffinsCamu 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 driveDrive, drive, drive
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