My 64

Mike Jones

Cruisin? down the street in my 64
(Mike Jones!)
Jockin? a bitch, slappin? a hoe
Went to the park to get the scoop
Knuckleheads out there, cold, shootin? some hoops
Cruisin? down the street in my 64
Jockin? a bitch, jockin? a bitch
Cruisin? down the street in my 64
Jockin? a bitch, jockin? a bitch
Cruisin? down the street in my 64
Jockin? a bitch, jockin? a bitch
Cruisin? down the street in my
(Mike Jones Jones Jones)
Jockin? a bitch, here we g-g-go
Well I'm cruisin? down the street in my candy painted low
Bouncin? like a [incomprehensible] in my 64's
I pull up wood grippin?, doors tippin?, sittin? low
I'm hittin? sixteen switches, watch it stop and hit the floor
I'm leanin? on the curb, sippin? syrup, blowin? dro
The girls show me love when they panties hit the floor
I said I'm leanin? on the curb, sippin? syrup, blowin? dro
I got the 64 hoppin?, watch it stop and do a show
First I lean wit it, then I rock wit it
I got a candy apple drop wit a glock in it
First I lean wit it, then I rock wit it
I got a candy apple drop wit a glock in it
First I lean, then I rock
(Mike Jones!)
First I lean, then I rock
I said, first I lean wit it, then I rock wit it
I got a candy apple drop wit a glock in it
Because I'm cruisin? down the street in my 64
Jockin? a bitch, jockin? a bitch
Cruisin? down the street in my 64
Jockin? a bitch, jockin? a bitch
Cruisin? down the street in my 64
Jockin? a bitch, jockin? a bitch
Cruisin? down the street in my
(Bun B)

Jockin? a bitch, here we g-g-go
It's Bun B, I'm known for slammin? Cadillac doors
Comin? down on that candy with them swangers and them 4's
But I got love for the West Coast, all day
So I suppose I'ma head out to Cali, the land of the low-lows
Touch down in LAX and I don't need no car
Robbie Chino pick me up with the bud and the bar
In the hood I'm a star so to the hood I'ma go
With Mike Jones and Snoop Dogg and they already know
That I get love from the B's, love from the C's
Mexican, Asian and Samoa OG's
Throw it up when they see me and holla, ?Hey Bun!?
When I'm comin? out in Soul Assassin Grey One
You might see me at Long Beach or maybe Pasadena
Inglewood, I.E. or West Covina
I?m Southside ridin? with the homie big Kun
Car hoppin?, top droppin? so give that kid room
When I'm cruisin? down the street in my 64
Jockin? a bitch, jockin? a bitch
Cruisin? down the street in my 64
Jockin? a bitch, jockin? a bitch
Cruisin? down the street in my 64
Jockin? a bitch, jockin? a bitch
Cruisin? down the street in my
(Snoop Dogg)
Jockin? a bitch, here we g-g-go
An? big Snoop Dogg in a yellow Parisini
With two girlies in the back in they Crip blue bikinis
Shakin? and they jumpin? ?cause the deuce keep bouncin?
Tippin?, whippin?, the ass steady dippin?
Candy paint drippin? and these axel's what I?m sippin?
As I shake like a dice game, cold as the ice age
Mike Jones rockin? like a Rollin? Stone
An' Snoop Dogg boy I'm b-b-bad to the bone
Yeah them Cali boys, we love them low-lows
An? real car club members bang they low doors
And take photos, see everything is fine
I'm in the 64, a sixty-trey, a 59
I love my car like I love my wife
See low ridin? ain?t a sport it?s a way of life
On the real dough I'll tell you how it feel though
If you see me in the fo? creepin? slow yo
Cruisin? down the street in my 64
Jockin? a bitch, jockin? a bitch
Cruisin? down the street in my 64

Jockin? a bitch, jockin? a bitch
Cruisin? down the street in my 64
Jockin? a bitch, jockin? a bitch
Cruisin? down the street in my
Jockin? a bitch, jockin' a bitch
Yeah man, let me explain somethin' to you one time, man
Low ridin' is not a sport, it's a way of life
It?s like buildin' a car from scratch, you understand me
You gotta put the fresh paint on it
You gotta put the mustard and mayonnaise
That?s the tires, you understand me
You gotta put the chrome on it
A little gold on it, you understand me
It?s gotta be a hundred spokes or better, ya dig?
An' you gotta drop the top
You gotta put the switches on the motherfucker
You definitely got to have a beat
And when you hit the streets you gotta have a freak
You know what I'm sayin'
One of the side, two on the b-sack
That's how it's gotta go down man
That?s real lowridin?, you understand me
From a West Coast motherfuckin' G man
We bouncin', we schlippin', we tippin', we dippin'
We dodgin' motherfuckin' pigs all the while
While we doin' this motherfuckin' gangsta style
You understand what I'm sayin', yeah I'm just cruisin'
Cruisin? down the street in my 64
Jockin? a bitch, jockin? a bitch
Cruisin? down the street in my 64
Jockin? a bitch, jockin? a bitch
Cruisin? down the street in my 64
Jockin? a bitch, jockin? a bitch
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