

# Ridin'

## Chamillionaire

They see me rollin', they hatin' patjrollin'  
And tryin' to catch me ridin dirty  
Tryin' to catch me ridin dirty, tryin' to catch me ridin dirty  
Tryin' to catch me ridin dirty, tryin' to catch me ridin dirtyMy music so loud I'm swangin'  
They hopin' that they gone catch me ridin dirty  
Tryin' to catch me ridin dirty, tryin' to catch me ridin dirty  
Tryin' to catch me ridin dirty, try and catch me ridin dirtyGrindin' to see if they can see me lean  
I'm tense, so it ain't easy to be seen  
When you see me ride by they can see these gleam  
And my shine on the deck and the TV screen  
Now ridin with a new chick, she like, "Hold up"  
Next to the Playstation controllaIt's a full clip and my pistolla, send a jacker into a coma  
Girl you ain't know I'm crazy like Krayzie Bone  
Just tryin' bone, ain't tryin' have no babies  
Ride clean as hell, so I pull in ladiesLaws on patrol and you know they hate me  
Music turned up all the way to the maximum  
I got speakers, some niggaz tryin' jack for some  
But we packin' somethin' and what we have for umWe'll have a nigga locked up in a maximum, security cell  
I'm grippin' oak , music loud and I'm tippin' slow  
Twins steady twistin' like, 'Hit this dough'  
D's behind and it's in re-throwedWindows down, gotta stop pollution  
City change just like, "Who is that producin'?"  
That's the Play N Skillz when we out and cruisin'  
Got warrants in every city except Houston but I still ain't losin'They see me rollin', they hatin' patrollin'  
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focus  
I gotta get it home before the po-po's scope this  
Big ole Excursion just swerve'n, all up in the curb'n  
A nigga be sippin' on the Hennessey and the Gin againIt's in again we in the wind  
Don't wanna hold up while I puff on the blunt  
I roll another one up, and leave it like  
We ain't givin' a fuck, I got a blunt up in my right hand40 Oz. in my lap, freezin' my balls  
Rollin' up a tree, green leaves and all  
Comin' pretty deep me and my dogs

Yo' I gotta hit the back streets  
Wanted by the six-five and I got heat  
Glock, glock shots to the block, we creep creep  
Pop pop hope cops don't see me on the low key  
With no regard for the law, we dodge 'em like, "Fuck 'em all"  
But I won't get caught up and brought  
Up on charges for none of y'all  
Keep a gun in car and a blunt to spark  
Wonder if you want nigga it poppin' dog  
Ready or not, we bust shots off in the air  
Krayzie Bone and Chamillionaire  
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You wouldn't think it so, I tried to let cha go  
Turn on my blanker light, and then I swang it slow  
And they upset for fa sho' 'cause they think they know  
That they catchin' me with plenty of the drank and dro'  
So they get behind me, tryin' to take my tags  
Look in my rear view and they smilin'  
Thinkin' they'll catch me in the wrong, they keep tryin'  
Steady denyin' that it's racial profilin'  
Houston, Texas you can check my tags  
Pull me over, try to check my slab  
Glove compartment, gotta get my cash  
'Cause the crooked cops'll try to come up fast  
Bein' the balla that I am, I'm talk to them not givin' a  
Damn about them not feelin' my attitude  
When they realize I ain't even ridin dirty  
Bet you'll be leavin' with an even madder mood  
Then I'll laugh at you then I'll have to cruise  
Ya my number two on some old school DJ Screw  
You can't arrest me, plus you can't sue  
This is a message to the laws, tell 'em, "We hate you"  
I could be tough tell 'em that they shoulda known  
Tippin' down, sittin' crooked on my chrome  
Bookin' my phone, findin' a chick I wanna bone  
Like they couldn't stop me  
I'm 'bout to pull up at your home, and it's on  
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