Rotation

John Greaves

[Hook]Old school when I ride, forever sky high
Workin' wood wheel, when the sun outside
I'm just rotating my tires, rotating my tires, rotating my tires, rotating my tires
Not a care in the world, me and my girl
Candy coated pearl with the bowling ball swirl
I'm just rotating my tires, rotating my tires, rotating my tires, rotating my tires
[Verse 1]Now this could be one of those days
I chop on my blades, leave my worries behind
Just pretend that I'm paid
Do it big, do it large, on the boulevard
Get a cig of some cess, pushin' candy cars
I did some thangs for that Chevy mayne
Restored the frame, blew the brains, out on everything
I ain't ashamed, scooped my dame cause she down to roll
Since way before, don't touch my screens or my radio (say what?)
She know the score
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[Verse 2]Now this could be one of those days

Parlay and I ball, turning necks til they break, outside of the mall
Going in going hard like a superstar
Break the bank full tank take me super far
I swang and bang, sittin' heavy mayne
Hoggin' lanes candy paint never leave a stain
Let it rain hydroplane but I'm ridin' slow
Eyes closed, Etta James keep me on my toes (Say what?)
Can't let her go
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[Bridge]Wheels on the slab go round and round, round and round, round and round

The wheels on the slab go round and round, round and round, round and round
Screens in the slab fall down and down, down and down, down and down
The screens in the slab fall down and down, down and down, down and down
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