Slow Down

Clyde Carson

I tell em
Slow down, you know you can't catch me
I move too fast on the gas, don't chase me
Slow down, slow downI tell em
Slow down, you know you can't catch me
I move too fast on the gas, don't chase me
Slow down, slow down(I tell 'em)
Ay, I'm on the case gettin' sideways
Dolla fo' five on the highway
You know a nigga state to state
On a dolo mission I got a date with the cake
Wide awoke, 3 A.M
Prolly touch down when the sun come in
Ay, when them guards hit the gate I be tired as fuck after that 8-hour race
I come from the land where we swing our cars
Figure 8 Benz concrete leave marks
Call it paid, super-charged
Back to back race the Benz with the four door Porsche
I'm tearin' up tires in this luxury
Hella smoke says she wanna fuck with me
Money on my mind ain't nothin' for free
Tryna keep up with me but it's nothin' to meI tell em
Slow down, you know you can't catch me
I move too fast on the gas, don't chase me
Slow down, slow down(I tell 'em)
Slow down, you know you can't catch me
Hype without fugitive, Snipes Wesley
Fuzz get on me tried to test me arrest me
Wet than a motha fucka whip like a jet ski
Ride like Presley, pills like Graceland
They wanna shit me the ready and off to reception
Nah, ain't tryna see the state pen
I'm black-scaled out in my Ray-Bans
Diamond-certified, I ain't neva lied
Ain't had L's since Pac died
Ridin' through the biters, couple bundles talkin' bout sliders
Run from the labours, mind's still swift
FedEx movement all on the bitch
Audi with the stash box, Cazzy too swift

No frontin' push a button give a nigga that, giftI tell em
Slow down, you know you can't catch me
I move too fast on the gas, don't chase me
Slow down, slow downI'm Jeff Gordon in his heyday
Ridin' like Tony Stewart smashin' through a two-way
Doin' bout a hundred kinda burnin' up the Louie
Louie, Louie 13th motha fucka yeah Louie
D.U.I. drivin black henny on my lap
Pedal to the flo' with a 808 clap
Money motivated doin' sprints when I'm chasin'
And it gotta be a hemi I don't normally do the basic
Six-cylinder, r-really bruh? Slow it down, keep up
And I'm killin' ya, hope I'm not offendin' ya
See you at the finish line, leavin' em
Burn rubba, bu-burn rubba
This is how we do it when I'm dippin' on a corna
Burn rubba, bu-burn rubba
This is how we do it in Northern California

Songwriters
Degrate, Donald Earle / Jones, Raymond E / Jones, Robert / Wilson, Bobby Marcel / Robinson, Bob Hope / Kelley, TimPublished by

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