

My Car

Silkk The Shocker

All because of my car
All because of my car
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I'm in my car, cruisin to the beat
Trippin off, off these money hungry freaks
Wanna be down, wit a super star
Cuz you know I got money an a cold blooded car

Must be the Beamer (Must be the Beamer)
Thats turning you on
Must be the Benz (Must be the Benz)
I ain't takin you home
{All because of my car}

Must be the Cruiser (Must be the Cruiser)
Got you flaggin me down
Must be the Rover (Must be the Rover)
Makes you wanna be around
{All because of my car}

I hits an run like an accident
Mr. hit em fast an slow is back again
If you don't believe me go an ask a friend
I got more hoes than the O-Zone
I hits em wit they close on
(Why's that Silkk?)
So they can go home
I rolls up on a bucket, she got a man
But when I rolls up in a Benz, das when she hops in
An thas how its gon' happen to her
I don't mean to be like mackin to her or rappin to her
But I'm jus askin to her
Now back up in the days I run game on em
They wanna play games so I bought a Lexus from my homie
An the next day after that, game don't stop
(Where ya car at)
I be like man, its in tha shop
But now I'm on top now
Put the.....top down
See how many number I can jot down, how many girl I can knock down
An plus up on my block, now it ain't gon' stop
Now, since I got a little cash
Now I dash down the block but I keep my game tight
When Im in the Rover, I gets the guests the same night
You try skeezin me, should be try pleasin me
Alizay to get the draws off easily
Thas when I switch my game over
You blame it on a hang over I blame it on the Range Rover
An I ain't tryin to hear that
(Oh it's like that, huh?)
Like that, like that

When I'm flossin on these ghetto streets
Can't see how I get stopped by those crooked police
I can't understand, why they player hate
An they ask me these question, like how much money I make

Now it's none of their business, how I make my ends
An you can't get a piece of my funky dividends
I guess you could say, I got it goin on
Cuz I keep seein girlies an they wont leave me alone

I guess the PD is tryin to see me in the State Pen
Behind me tryin to run my license plate in
Im checkin my rear view, but I ain't gon' trip, bruh
Waitin for me to slip up, show me some ID wit yo' picture
I guess they wanna see my bank statement
See how much money that Im makin
But I guess they just be hatin
They need to start missin me, stop trippin G
I guess they mad cuz I got more gold than Mr T

An all these freaks wanna get in my gangsta ride
Cuz I got it front to back, an side to side
But I ain't got time
I gotta do my thang
An if you wanna front you know I can hang
Now you know that I never wanna perpetrate
Cuz y'all playa hate
you fools better recognize
That a No Limit Soldier is on the rise

Must be the Bentley (Must be the Bentley)
that's turnin you on
Must be the Lex (Must be the Lexus)
that's why I'm takin you home
{All because of my car}

Must be the Caddie (Must be the Caddie)
got you flaggin me down
Must be the Cutlass (Must be the Cutlass)
why you wanna be around
{All because of my car}