

Driver Seat

38 Spesh

Uh, let's go

Uh, everything I own came out the kitchen
I was 'bout my business since 2000 had trap houses hittin'
Aight, I'm down to get it
We was kids playin' and found syringes (Let's go)
I lived it, that's why the shit I'm sayin' sound specific
Bullshit walk a mile a minute, nigga, money talk
And for that money, turn your buddy to a bloody corpse
We get crafty when that money short (Let's go)
I get a spot outta town then run around like I'm from these parts (Let's go)
With bricks in a Mitsubishi panel
The hustler instincts that I really channel
Brought me home like Mickey Mantle
Enough cake to blow out fifty candles
I get bricks from a kid named Fernando that wear Dickies and flannels (Okay)
Talkin' numbers, speakin' Espanol
State your name when we meet and watch your hands when you creep, The Sopran
os
I'm eatin' clams on the beach with sandals with a young Tisha Campbell
Wait, that might be a weak example
Dreams of being shackled and my time bein' ample (Uh huh)
I caught a body last time I gave a fiend a sample
We was young hustlers, baby boy, shavin' raw
In and out of rentals, windows down, with the A-C on
You may be right or you may be wrong
But either way, I'm ridin' with'chu on your beef 'til the day he gone

I made a lot of money in the driver's seat (Driver's seat)
No tints, fishbowl, ain't no privacy (Ain't no privacy)
Thirty round clip on the side of me (on the side of me)
And the shooter in the passenger gon' slide for me (Slide for me)
I made a lot of money in the driver's seat (Driver's seat)
No tints, fishbowl, ain't no privacy (Ain't no privacy)
Thirty round clip on the side of me (On the side of me)
And the shooter in the passenger gon' slide for me (Slide for me)

Made a lot of money in the driver's seat, more in the back
Get you wacked for a minor fee
We was movin' China white, tryna build the dynasty
Rhinos in the forty-five, line 'em if he lie to me
I line 'em if he lie to you
'Cause we don't give a fuck 'bout what they tryna do
Fishbowl so they can see us clearly when we ridin' through
We just need the plug to send that motha fuckin' China through
We don't really care if it pop, we swing iron too
It's just like the jungle on the block, we got lions too
Young rich niggas gettin' guap, niggas dyin' too
Get them fuck boys out'cha circle, switch your diet too
Pressure gon' come, don't let it hurt you, you apply it too
Loud mouths are usually broke, rich niggas are quiet dudes
I used to be into sellin', now I'm in the buyin' mood
Yeah, I made a lot of money in the driver's seat
The Social Media took away my privacy

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