

Ride Slow

Ab-Soul

And I'm sitting down and
Yeah
Yeah keep, think niggas is laughing at me
That's right make it spooky and shit
Yo-y-y-yo-yo look-look
I Ride Slow

These rhythms of visions of me living colossal, ahead of my time
In time you'll find that I'm a fossil
No not what I do
Lord do you have mercy on my soul? Far as I know I'm a poet or in an apostle
Smoking my dro, smell the aroma on my clothes
Rose from the dirt, so I'm down to Earth
(Oh I know)
You made a few bucks now you feel buck
Your chains gold, my shades all black
I can do this with a blindfold
This ain't rap this is find a mine in your mind blow
Your brains back out of your wave cap, I don't know Tae Bo
But I kick that, you're a Kit-Kat
Life's sweet but, way down the line you're just a snack

It gets cold on the road to the riches
(Yeah, I Ride Slow)
The cars and the clothes is expensive
(Yo, I Ride Slow)
These hoes with the nose in my business
(Yeah, I Ride Slow)
Nigga
(Yo, I Ride Slow)
These rhythms of visions of me living colossal, ahead of my time
In time you'll find that I'm a fossil
Yo-yo-yo-yo-yo-yo
Insane in the membrane!

I Ride Slow, live fast. Small time and big cash
Cut corners, cut loose, cut class, f*ck school
Had to learn though, the harder way
Pushing pennies but see a threes a 16 in my sport
Figure me I'm filthy I know it's greedy out here
I told you that but I made my way through it like Moses did with his staff!
Relax, and try not to step on the crack, that'll break your mothers back
On the surface I will certainly scratch
See Mac? He made this from scratch
Imagine what we could do with a flick of the wrist
Your puppets anyway, let's say I'm playing ventriloquist
Go this a way, go that a way, I'm scatter brain with this shit
What's that a K? Put that away, no weapons formed against, me shall pass
Remember that? I'm biblical with this shit
The tales from the Crip, on the soul of Sunday schools finna flip
Oh! (blow)
The cameras gone so bring the acid tabs along
And let's all gather round and sing my f*cking song!
Yo, I Ride Slow...

It gets cold on the road to the riches
(Yeah, I Ride Slow)

The cars and the clothes is expensive
(Yo, I Ride Slow)
These hoes with the nose in my business
(Yeah, I Ride Slow)
Nigga
(Yo, I Ride Slow)
These rhythms of visions of me living colossal, ahead of my time
In time you'll find that I'm a fossil
Yo
Insane in the membrane!

Check!
I Ride Slow, sparking like a pyro
A psycho, Xannys in my cup before I pour a fo'
You nacho, mean a nigga put cheese on you
Pulling up no headlights but there's red beams on you
Apostle smoking on this dope my brain colossal
Hopes of the flow to do tricks like a brothel
Roll the lace with Angel Dust and pages of the bible
Survival tactics, are you practicin' the line make you drastic
Got this if you niggas talking ass backwards
Up shits creek with a tissue pack, OG Kush make a nigga chest rattle
Call your number like you just won the raffle
Nigga you snapple sweet come f*ck with me it's casualty
Turn you into vegetables fill the dropped the celery
The reality is all you niggas fictitious, make you
With the hand of satan cause you need some sanitation
Any nigga hating we gon' turn them to a raisin
One nigga, 30 clip, turn your brain into bacon bits
And I ain't saying shit cause I'm coming from Detroit where
I coming up short and niggas Ride Slow, AK-ing up your porch
(I Ride Slow!)

(I-I-I Ride)

La-la-la-la-la
Do you wanna ride or die?
(I Ride Slow)
What do we have here now? Run quick see
Come with me, come with me
(Hail Mary)
Come with me
(Hail Mary)
La-la-la-la-la
(I Ride Slow)

I heard they stopped making Actavis
(You know when I heard that?)
While I was sipping Actavis!
Fast life, slow motion in my double cup
The screw give me drive like a flat-head, every fill up
I must be Captain Phillips
These niggas don't speak my language
Residue on my debit card, don't tell my moms
That it's a lot more than marijuana in her son
I walk on the dark side, only to shed light where they ain't no sun
Deadline Snapback on my mind, I ain't suicidal I'm just fly
My rhymes, Ciroc and Ayahuasca would you like a sip?
Enlightenment from a low life that's, more than likely hot
What I do with 8 zips nigga? You don't know the half
All these lines add up like a motherf*cking graph
Rap as if I had 2 left feet, tryna walk a righteous path
So here's a question that I ask

What's a negative with no plus?
A Benz with no bus?
A curse with no gift?
Who's God with no us?

Delusional, murder marsupials when I puke a flow
Put my dick in witches from the Crucible
I'm hard to get a read on, that p*ssy shaking, Parkinson's Disease on
Pardon me I sneezed, blessing conscious as I speak freely
Death just called homie, breathe easy
Loaded gun in front of me
Shoot soul right out of Soul, yeah you my homie you

Ay-ay-ay-ay
f*ck off! Man
(I Ride Slow)
Out there man talk about the potency of my pack
I snort dope, it's mixed with Crystal Meth and gastric bypass
Satan's blood in my swash
Nobody is as high as, and These Days
I tell you that your life will be no longer than a

And then float away
(I Ride Slow)
Good luck