

# Cruise Control

BiC Fizzle

Grrt, grrt-grrt  
Grrt-grrt, grrt-grrt  
Grrt-grrt  
Hooked up  
Mm-mm, mm (This shit gon' be crazy, Jacc)

Making my move, call shots from the office (From the office)  
You ain't gotta tell me to shoot, I'ma pop it (I'ma pop it)  
I was too humble, I'm back on my cocky (My cocky)  
These niggas couldn't fuck with me, boy, if I taught it (I taught it)  
Everybody shootin', nigga, call my bluff (Then call my bluff)  
Everything quick, when I hit, better duck (Better duck)  
Automatic weapons inside of this truck  
I'm on point both ways (Both ways), if they play, I'ma bust (Ayy, right quick)  
Stick and I move, I don't give a fuck (A fuck, what?)  
Just like the president, can't be touched (What?)  
'Fore I run out of cheese, you'll run out of luck (Boy)  
I lost a lot, I know cuh gon' bust (Boy)  
Body for free, leave you slumped on the curb (Curb)  
Throw up my ski, I get mad, go purge (Go purge)  
Sippin' codeine and my words so slurred (Slurred)  
When I shoot, I don't miss, could've played on the Spurs

Moving all fake, so I'm losin'  
Any false move in this bitch, I'm shootin'  
Whatever it is, let's do what it do  
Out lurkin' from six in the morning or two (Two)  
Eastside slime with a switch in my juice  
One wasn't enough, so I poured up two (Two)  
Clarity, 30K just for the tooth  
I went, turned up my smile, could've put it on you, boy (Boy)  
Everything quick, know my chopper and switch (Switch)  
Ski, no re, we slimin' these bitches (Slimy)  
Runnin' on feet, it's just me with two switches (Boom)  
I'm bustin', they duckin' and droppin' they glizzy (Brrt, brrt)  
I'm bustin', they runnin' and fallin' like bitches  
Ain't shootin' no hands (Boy), I'm ready to blank (Blank)  
Big .357 blow up a tank (Tank)  
Big shit popper, say, "Fuck what you think" (Fuck what you think)

B, bitch better not fuck over me  
Got that iron in this bitch, I'll shoot to the beat (I'ma shoot to the beat)  
I, I am the youngest in charge  
If you play with that image, I'ma let it spark (Let it spark)  
C, crackin' whatever they claim  
'Cause them niggas lame, they ain't even hard (They ain't even hard)  
I'll crash out in public and rock out and pop like I ain't worth a hundred million' large

Making my move, call shots from the office (From the office)  
You ain't gotta tell me to shoot, I'ma pop it (Gotta tell me to shoot, I'ma pop it)  
I was too humble, I'm back on my cocky  
These niggas couldn't fuck with me, boy, if I taught it (Boy, boy, boy)  
Everybody shootin', nigga, call my bluff  
Everything quick, when I hit, better duck (Better duck)

Automatic weapons inside of this truck  
I'm on point both ways, if they play, I'ma bust (I'ma- bah)  
Stick and I move, I don't give a fuck (A fuck, boy)  
Just like the president, can't be touched (Can't be touched, boy)  
'Fore I run out of cheese, you'll run out of luck (Out of luck, boy)  
I lost a lot, I know cuh gon' bust (Bah, boom)  
Body for free, leave you slumped on the curb (On the curb)  
Throw on my ski, I get mad, go purge (Go purge)  
Sippin' codeine and my words so slurred (So slurred)  
When I shoot, I don't miss, could've played on the Spurs (On the Spurs)

On the Spurs  
Could've played on the Spurs  
Leave a nigga ass stretched on the curb  
They can't even say no words  
Leave a nigga ass slumped on the floor  
Uh-uh, like forty-some more  
When we spin, can't spin back  
Uh-uh-uh, oh  
Uh-uh, nigga know we was raised different  
Uh-uh-uh-uh...  
I'm outside, this the same damn heat  
Same damn night, caught a same damn beat  
Damn, he thought I was a bitch