

# Me and My Old School

Big K.R.I.T.

Ride, ride, ride clean  
If you, if you ride old, ride slow  
Candy, candy paint, slammin' these doors  
If you ride old, ride slow, ride old, ride slow  
Ride old, ride slow, slammin', slammin' these doors

I remember way back in the day  
All I wanted was a candy car with hella flakes  
Crushin' hoes, slammin' doors while the chassis shake  
From the sub, work the juice, bitch I want the bass  
Can't be turnin' on a dime cause the rims scrape  
Kill switches for them jackers outchea tryna take  
That's my prized possession in recession kept me  
straight  
Clear my mind then recline on the runway, from Monday  
to Sunday  
Just me and my old school

Ain't nothing changed, still the same country bumpkin  
M-I crooked Super Southern don't be trippin' on my rims  
I'd rather sit higher than bald eagles on shoulders of  
giant people  
If I'm gon ride hell I don't know about them  
Poppin' my collar rockin' gators fuck some Prada  
Be a scholar of this pimpin' to the very very end  
Forever official like words out the scripture  
Off the Richter, saw the future out my rear-view lens  
Just me and my old school

See it ain't just a car, it ain't just a whip  
It's a time machine, it's a spaceship, it's precious  
You gotta take your time, you can't be rubbin' on them  
curves  
And hittin' them potholes  
You gotta ride clean and ride slow  
Me and my old school

[Hook]