

## Ridin' The Whip

Blaze Ya Dead Homie

I ride cadillacs real hood switches on the fleetwood  
throw ham oh man grip it like you should  
slidin over to the curb and I pancake  
Hoes booty shake to the window like it's payday  
Kick it like pelee and I'm out... okay  
ridin three wheel motion with the homies KMK  
from LA to Motown I ride wit the assed out purple so low it be  
scrapin on the ground

I got my ses I'm hittin more bounce to the ounce  
King of the jungle with the lifted truck and boomin sound  
I come dippin through sippin on a cold brew  
Fire up a spliff and I'm singin out WHOOTY HOOOOOO

Fresh new paint and you know it's lookin good  
Candy coated with the flake got d-loc on the hood  
Woodgrain wit a stain got the navi in the dash  
I'm a hot boy with the money fast  
TV screens in the back you can see it when it drags  
when you hear the SSHHHH I let the air out the bags  
Peanutbutter with the jam got strawberry shake  
Got the khaki tan yo I do it cuz I can

I got my sunroof open windows are bangin  
cuz I don't give a fuck burnin  
that og kush can't no one look  
cuz the tint on my truck it's dark as night  
pass me the light I'm bout to ignite  
another bowl in my pipe get high and enjoy the ride

Crack a window hit the endo  
let the wind blow never gettin out  
pull base outta the wind duck down drop to the ground  
all up on the creep I'mma tip-toe  
My spreckin around automatic blasts  
for the motherfucker that be goin again  
So we gon do it with a long throw  
better beware when you hear the beat go BOOOOOOUM

I pet that switch perp. goes on to the pavement  
Bump up and down now it's doin the same shit  
Pop and I won't quit ridin the whip  
Sittin at the stop sign and I'm bouncin this bitch