

Tell That Bitch Drive

Clyde Carson

It goes six bricks and a Cadillac
The driver has an eagle trapped in a Cincinnati hat
That's why he get through the hood just like he own it
The letters tattooed on his stomach spell out 'who want it'
Part in his hair, hooks left over his eyebrow
And that eyebrow raised, certified you can die now
So lie down, eight years passed, he 25 now
Wardrobe all bullshit, like he from Chi-town
Gangbanger indeed, fuck hoes and blow weed
Stop selling them sacks 'cause them packs have become whole key
s
And he has become sort of an addict
Addicted to Jays with a fetish for automatics
Rows up on a rival set
California's summer's hot so we leave the block wet
Can we put the stocks back on the lock yet
'Cause they gonna know it's us, shut up, I told that bitch, 'dr
ive! '

S class parked under the casino
Pineapple juice, ice over seagull
Quarter and some cookies, it's my reefer
Polo draws, diamond links, white leaner
My lil' young nigga's got the fever
Out in town with me and we eating
Now it's foreign whips in the garage
Never thought we'd end up with a murder charge
Mama see a boy on a noose, that's when shit get heavy
And the county stressing off layers with some thousands ready
Knowing damn well how we going to trial
I got this all on my mind while she on her way down
Chemistry is golden, even though I fucked up
A nigga had to hop out the corner, switch seats while I count u
p this money
I told that bitch, 'drive! '