

# 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 keys  
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, 'drive! '

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 up this money  
I told that bitch, 'drive! '