

Ride 2 miles per hour so everybody
Get a glimpse of da real or nigga or who inside it
With my cousin G5 we highed up cloudy
Bitches getting stoned just by standing around us
Music turnt up but the smoke way louder
Must be amateur night, these mufuckin kids
Think they fucking with us they fucking stupid
They talking shit just to hear themselves
But I ain't worrying about em
I got a life time subsciption of that car and driver
California prescription pounds of exotic
Riding to that old hypnotize mind shit
Stay in the flyest stitches, not even tryin bitches
You lying nigga, smoking that middle class grass
You ain't really high is ya?
I would a put you down if you wasn't such a clown
But I figured I share it with my team cause I came here with em
Grab a plate Thanksgiving, word to Corner Boy Pete, I'm lane sw
itchin
Chevy heavy so is my chain Spitta Andretti
On a paper mission Indy 500 driven
Addicted to this winning, this the victory lap
And fuck the club you wanna get in
I ain't even attending just maintaining my engine
See I got too many cars
And it be 3 months before I got a chance to get in em
Take em out for a ride make sure they doin fine
Mo Money Mo Problems these problems I don't mind
Standing outside trying pick which one I'm a drive
Let my bitches decide appreciating my high