

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 subscription 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