

Yeah
From Cali to New Orleans
And back

The tires won't slide if the motor ain't hot
Come through, leave two, run what ya got
I'm a low rider mostly, I cruise, I hop
But I got a couple muscle cars tucked at the spot
Talkin' about Camaros, El Caminos, Monte Carlos
Homie, I got a few of those
Pie track, tire scratch, you smell the smoke
Smell like love to me though
Down south flow, I get love on the left coast
Dippin' with my loved ones in a Smoked out, three wheels through the home de
pot
Then in flew right back to the In Canal Street with my people
They was out doin' donuts, like the shit was all legal
Burnt rubber, going crazy at the second line
Remind me of that one time, I was in the Bay with a homie of mine
Camaros and Trans Ams dancin' in the sunshine
Sideshow, they was like swung what you brung
If your engine ain't right don't come
The homie laid 5 grand on the trunk
Like which one of you boys wanna run
The cars then lined up, they raced he won
Got back to the stunts like what

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Dropped two hunnid on a brand new drop
I just threw my six four back in the shop
Started all over, now my shit gon' hop yea
Dolla need the with the t-tops
Dolla need VVS stones in his watch
Dolla need a real one, but not a little girl
Asked her what her favorite position, cow girl
Let her ride it, ride, ride, ride it
Baby from the Bay, she be outchere hot sided
Candy paint on it, got it lookin' like a rari
Imma drop that ass on that bitch when I park it
Imma pull a hunnid piece on the next harvest
Diamonds on my Taylor Gang chain, they gon' sparkle
Diamonds on my 40 day, they, they retarded
Shorty say Dolla \$ign you my favorite artist