

# Drive

Fat Joe

Ooh yeah (Yeah)  
Dolla \$ign  
Hitmaka

Late night I put you in drive (Drive)  
'Cause I don't see no lights behind, lights behind me, yeah  
Late night I put you in drive (Drive)  
'Cause I don't see no lights behind, lights behind me, yeah  
Na-na, na-na, na-na

My pretty woman  
With himalayans and bigger chains and boppers in 'em  
And we be on yachts that we don't even post  
And she be like "Damn, daddy you do it most"  
'Cause we did Italy, then the Phillippines  
Beat it, Billie Jean, gave her bigger D  
Mami ven aqui, rock and roll like [?]  
And when I hit the road them bodies can add up  
She callin' me selfish, I call her the same  
[?] just don't help, butter cake and cream  
Backseat of the Rolls, steady [?] in love, TKO  
Beat the box up, she be like "Si Señor"  
I've been fuckin' on shorty before she got her bags up  
You know me, couple [?], a nigga messed up  
Colombiana, dripped in designer, Dolce Gabbana

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Yeah  
Let me kick you up and down  
Ride you through the town, you belong to the city, playin' in the background  
Old money, new money, makin' it complete  
All that's missin' is a tiger ridin' in my front seat  
Paid in full, how I drive it off the lot  
This my thursday car, Friday it's the cherry drop (Skrr)  
Niggas hate a lot, bitches do too  
And everyday's a vacation sets in Cancun  
And all I really want in this life of sin  
Is a hunnid mil' times ten and somebody to check with you  
Gotta be a rider though, my niggas real protective  
We done hit so many bitches, turned a couple into exes, oh  
So maybe on the weekend I might scoop you up  
Remember when I used to send them Uber trucks  
Next time I'm in the club I might just shoot it up  
Give you that human touch

Late night I put you in drive (I keep you in the clutch, drive)  
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I just wanna feel what you feel, baby

I just wanna feel something real, baby  
I done had the snack, I want the meal (Meal)  
Ooh, I wanna do it for the thrill (For the thrill)  
Pardon my language, your body onto some  
First class seats, across the border stone  
Now that you bringin' some to the table  
But don't worry 'bout nothin', you know it's paid for (Oh yeah)  
You know I got it like that, keep you comin' right back  
Damn it's like that, yeah, yeah  
Put you on your back (On your back)  
To relax, then I make your legs go shake  
Can I get a witness? You trippin' on that nigga?  
That's none of my business (None of my business)  
Hey, call me your genie, I grant your wishes

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