

# Driver's Anthem

Ghetts

Know, you know about crews in [?]  
(The third gear, fourth, slip it in fifth)  
Fam, let's stop right now (Yeah)  
(Windows low)  
Music up (It's road)  
Blap, blap, blap, blap, blap

This be that driving music  
Windows low, cruise with me  
Music pumping, seat back  
No seat belt but we strapped  
And relaxed with females that feed cats  
I don't need help but these girls just ain't the type to clean flats

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I got my foot to the pedal  
Pedal to the floor, I'm gone again  
I'm on the [?]  
With a couple of shots to lick  
See feds put the belt buckle across me, quick  
Two man up but don't tense  
I came out in 2-3, I've been in no show since  
Now I got the pen that kinda don't stop  
I'm off [?] with .8s on the four door  
Some man have got this money in more war  
It's not logical  
Me, I'm trying get as much paper as possible  
But some think because I'm proper cool  
I ain't got a tool  
I'll stick something in your ear like cotton wool  
I'm irresponsible, I'm in the hard times  
Something like [?]  
So if you're in the whip now, then honk your horn  
I got drugs in my boxers  
But I swear down, I ain't going back to the box at all  
Every since Mike made Off The Wall  
From then to now, I ain't never lost my balls  
Police on the rear view, some would've lost their cool  
Panics and probably stool  
I stay calm and collected  
Even though I'm on a car with the fresh beard

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I roll past with the windows down  
My face is bait so the ring go "wow"  
I'm at a red light, with a bottle of red stripes  
You feel me, they're flashing headlights  
I ain't rolling to West life  
If I'm going out, I'm going out like left, die  
Full speed like, let's die  
I'm just joking, take time  
I'm stacking up for a next ride  
BM but not a next five  
I wonder one fed's drive  
I've been in the back with handcuffs  
Don't call it a test drive  
You see, when I get signed  
I'ma be in the front of the beamer for once  
All black but on chrome wheels  
[?] the cream leather seats, that's raw appeal  
Some say why would I get signed?  
Because I can't get insurance with no deal  
I've had six bands and twelve driving convictions  
And it can't be my car that I won't steal  
I'm something like Memphis  
And that's more than a metaphor  
You might see me in Eleanor with my food to the pedal  
Pedal to the floor

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I roll past with roof up  
Not because it's too hard  
I'm promoting my music  
How can you not hear my new shit from the boombox?  
Take note, it's exclusive  
I'm a [?] don  
You feel me, put your hazards on  
I play shows [?]  
I'm disturbing the peace like [?]  
So if the whip's in the slow lane  
You can be a victim of road rage  
Stupid, even those above old age are elusive  
Okay, you're in the old shit  
That don't mean that I won't say move it, before I lose it  
I'm in East, on my to Kew Bridge  
Looking at a location for my new vid  
By now, the weather's fuming  
And I'm caught in traffic

With somebody's wife on my line, talking marriage  
I made the road embarrassed  
I put her in the line to the ting that was next to me  
She said "bitch, you'll be with baggage"  
Anyway, me and whips go together like [?] and carrots  
Everyday, I flip over the cheddar  
I be [?] the package

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Let me hear that, Dan