Fuck a Mercedes Benz I'm riding my burgundy Grand Marquis Call it "grandmama" She never go over 30 I drive nice and slow Cause I got no place to go Just get a little bit of that dro And grab a bottle of O-E Cause we try not to worry 'Bout the shit that surrounds us That's why we stay nice and sound That's why we stay off the ground While everybody else talking trash Man, get that shit off my chest All I need is my weed and my beats and chick Fuck all the rest Now that the Wheels rubbin' round the turn Wheels rubbin' round the W-w-wheels rubbin' round the turn Wheels rubbin' round the turn Wheels rubbin' round the turn Light the blunt don't let it burn Wheels rubbin' Wheels rubbin' Wheels rubbin' round the turn I just see through my mirrors cause the fucking bass is too deep The 12 in the trunk, chump As I slide down the street And I got nothing to say That's why I turn up the bass Let's hit up the pizza place I need something else to taste To go along with the shrooms that I'ma stuff in my face We going to outer space Where haters ain't got not place I'm saying pack up the paint So we can get up on some space Make these cops think that we some [?] out of place and let the Wheels rubbin' round the turn Wheels rubbin' round the W-w-wheels rubbin' round the turn Light the blunt don't let it burn Wheels rubbin' round the turn Wheels rubbin' round the W-w-wheels rubbin' round the turn Wheels rubbin' round the turn Wheels rubbin' round the turn Light the blunt don't let it burn Wheels rubbin' Wheels rubbin' Wheels rubbin' round the turn

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