

Drivin' Round

Ghostface Killah

Yeah, you know we been all over the world, man
Everybody always ask us like, how it's going down on your side of town, and
all that
Youknowwhatimean, youknowwhatimsaying
They think it's all glitz and glamour, youknowwhatimean
They don't really understand what we see out of our window
Youknowwhatimean, when we ("Drivin' round")

Yeah, out the window of that range or that muscle car
Arm hanging out the window, diamonds in that big Shepard
Weed in the crack cigar, more sour in the jar
Looking both ways, I'm cautious when I'm ("Drivin' round")
Hood rats that's fresh but barely feed they kids
Little kids that's killas and love doing bids
Unemployment lines, Mexicans'll work for nothing
You pray with 'em but you don't who that priest been touching
Liquor stores, strip clubs, filthy whores
Somebody daughter getting ten singles to drop her drawers
Crack fiends buy new TV for twenty beans
Niggas trynna get money, police ("Drivin' round")
Blue flags, red flags, different gangs
OG's still outside, it never change
McDonald's, Chinese food, a thousand chains
I'm just trynna use my brains when I'm ("Drivin' round")

Step in the car and go
Round down by your lady and I
Be waiting at the door
We bout to go ("Drivin' round")

Look I'm fresh back from out of state, JFK arrival
A big spliff in my ashtray, July sunny day
And I'm feeling idle, slide through Medina, son
I done pushed everything, I love the way the Benz swing
So I turn my music low, caught a thought, wrote it down
I seen 'em come back from out of town and get laid down
It's music loud, windows down, summer heat vibing
It's live when I'm gliding, I'm smoking while I'm driving
Riding, mini skirts flirting while I'm passing
They waving, I'm leaning hard, cruising, grooving to the beat
As I move through these mean streets, I beep at the seeds
Stop, bless 'em with a little gwop, ha
I keep it rolling, picture me, twirling
The big truck, Yukon, my sheep skin showing all the leathers
It's a Cold World, Winter War weather
This is Wu-Block music for the black hooded champions

What is the key to life, with no ignition
Another jump start, then I'm on my mission
I keep ID, insurance and registration
Wu Music, good hemp and stimulation
Pull out the station, yield to pedestrians
Blacks, whites, Asians, Indians and Mexicans
At the light, the bass head, fragile as the Pringle
He ask me can I spare change, I throw him singles
He mimics my song that's on repeat

Addictions so strong, got him in knee deep
Buttons on his lapel, picture of Obama
Four years later we stuck in this same drama
These street corners, just over crowded saunas
Biggest losers drop weight, sweating from the trauma
Education to a thug is well debated
Each crime is kinfolk, all bloods related