

# 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  
You know what i mean, you know what i'm saying  
They think it's all glitz and glamour, you know what i mean  
They don't really understand what we see out of our window  
You know what i mean, 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