

Ridin' Low

Ice-T

[Feddi] Ohhh! Uhh.. Yeah!!
[Ice-T] It's going down, baby
[Feddi] It feels good, man
[Ice-T] Feddi De Marco
[Feddi] Uhh.. stop feeling different music, man
[Ice-T] Uhh.. Iceberg, kid
[Feddi] I'm Cali' tipping, man
[Ice-T] Yeah!
[Feddi] Uhh, just get by the mic and just start..
[Ice-T] Yo Feddi, how you're riding, baby?

Uhha, I'm in a Starburst 64 riding low
On them gold Daytonas and I'm sliding slow
You ain't nothing like me, so what you're eying me for?
That bitch you're with looking, keep your eye in your whore
It's all about Feddi, when the Chevy raised
With a bitch on the blade, to keep me heavy paid
Black seven trey, blue bandanna
Dipped in search, looking for jewels like it's owned by Santayana
Great pounds down the zones and a bag of grand zag
Raw ounce and; I'm sure bouncing, yeah, forty ounce
And liquor pour like water fountains
For all the late night body counting
This nigga got the urge and the tendency
To do with me, seventeen upwards in a key (Damn!)
With my blood, bitch I'm sleeping with the enemy (Shit!)
I call that bomb pussy off the Hennessy
Differ the mode, same old shit
You're slipping, who hit you? - the same old bitch
She caught pimping, when I'm flipping cocaine bricks
More bounce to the ounce that gold frame lifts so...

I'm in that Bentley GT riding low
Twenty four CTCs and I'm sliding slow
You ain't nothing like me, so what you're eying me for?
That bitch you're with looking, keep your eye in your whore

I'm in a Starburst 64 riding low
On them gold Daytonas and I'm sliding slow
You ain't nothing like me, so what you're eying me for?
That bitch you're with looking, keep your eye in your whore

Living in a Coupe De West, gotta keep a sniff in the vest
Cause you can't [?] on the stretch
Rotten Khaki and Denim, Fuck! them excellent mats
I got bitches, the ones who blow the whistles the best (OHHH!)
Yes, I keep the heels clicking, til I get a meal ticket
Bitch can't get nothing from feel different, real pimping
Banging Notorious, ablution nigga, who shot you?
No! it's more like who killed you nigga?

I don't know why, but I'm so damn fly
Why you're staring at my whips nigga, they're easy to buy
Put your bitch out on the corner, pop her ass in the air
Get her head game cracking, but you're probably care (So)
I'm; a BullGuard gripped the wood grain hard
Baby, ride with my niggaz like we're still in the yard

Gangsters, Bloods and Crips, all about my chips
My Continental is so low that it scrapes in the dips (UHH!)

You can't see me, can't touch me - don't bother
I bust nuts back in the eighties, probably your father
Everything I ride is low, dropped to the ground
Ask your bitch about me, tightest nigga in town
I park treys in my front yard, riding the grass
Light up your whole block, drop the ass
I pressure gates, fool, convertible roof
Nowadays, catch me in that Bentley coupe
I love looking out my tint, at you haters on the curb
Punk ass, get your weight up, get some crack and serve
I might swerve into another lane, fucking with my Navy
Cops can't pull me over, cause I never touched the Cavi'
Iceberg, I roll rims through the suburbs
You hear shots, that's Feddi and Watts
Straight pimping baby, play the whole bubble for real
Y'all simping, while I'm twisting on my GT wheel

Ohh! yo, Feddi my nigga, let me ride that four, man
I feel like tickling them switches man

[Feddi] There's no problem
[Ice-T] Yeah, nigga
[Feddi] It's behind that Range, nigga
[Ice-T] Yeah, you know you can roll, nigga
[Feddi] I know that
[Ice-T] Throw me them keys, here you go
[Feddi] That's right
[Ice-T] Easy on the dips, my shit is low baby
[Feddi] I know nigga, you don't do shit nigga, I got you