

## Two Seater

MC Lyte

If you wanna ride good life, baby  
You can't smoke the weed-a in my two seater  
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Yeah, I'm startin' out early on a Saturday night  
It's six, my gear is fixed and I'm feelin' alright  
My profile from my Z as pretty as can be  
Get out your shit and come ride with me, yeah  
What's up, baby? You headed my way?  
I'm off to the Westside to hit the highway  
So park your Jeep here and get in my ride  
You'll be well taken care of once you're inside  
I got automatic locks, newly installed shocks  
To care of the bumps as we ease over the rocks  
I got the what, huh, the boomin' sound system  
To take you in your ears to another dimension  
As I listen, to whatever you got to speak  
I'm pumpin' you over smoothed out beats  
Now rock the boat, sugar, but don't you tip it over  
I used to get busy in the back of my mom's Nova  
But now it's all about you  
Still, you can't smoke the weed-a in my two seater

If you wanna ride good life, baby  
You can't smoke the weed-a in my two seater  
(Say what, say what, say what)  
If you wanna ride good life, baby  
You can't smoke the weed-a in my two seater  
(Say what, say what, say what)  
If you wanna ride good life, baby  
You can't smoke the weed-a in my two seater  
(Say what, say what, say what)

They all know that I'm scorchin' hot  
I'm too much as I rock your knot, they try to keep in touch  
But I keep 'em at a distance  
I know their resistance is low 'cause I got the stuff that's good to go  
You could come see me and observe  
How I kick a hors d'oeuvre, first come, first served  
(Come watch me now)  
In the twilight, I hit the highlight to read the captions  
To exactly who I'm waxin'  
I kick it all the way to fifth before I downshift  
Four, three, two, one, as I cap my gift (Blast off)  
I'm ready for the type of action that can only happen  
In my ride while I'm rappin'  
I'm ready to get it on and do the do  
Still you can't smoke the weed-a in my two seater (Hit it)

If you wanna ride good life, baby  
You can't smoke the weed-a in my two seater  
(Say what, say what, say what)

If you wanna ride good life, baby  
You can't smoke the weed-a in my two seater  
(Say what, say what, say what)  
If you wanna ride good life, baby  
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Now, ridin' down the ave, it's about that time (Time)  
Rain and grime, my shit still shine (Shine)  
I got what you call an itching for a scratch  
Ready to reattach then lock my latch  
I got my shades down low as a listen to the beat flow  
Yeah, and I let down my window  
I got a blackberry tree hanging from my rearview  
Baby, put there to tempt you (Yeah, baby)  
When in L.A., I hit the 110 in my friend's Benz  
'Cause the ride never ends  
But right now, I'm chillin' in the East  
Where the only harbor is beauty running from the beast  
As I dip dive, down the I-95  
Hit Phatlanta, do you wanna take a ride? (Ride, ride)  
I'm fixin' to get wit' you  
But there's only room for two, gotta leave behind the crew (True dat)  
Looking good, your eyes twinkle like a star  
Have to say it, you remind me of my car as I play it  
Mary J. CD, singin' I wanna be happy, but not with K-Ci  
I need a man that don't mind ridin' shotgun  
Let me control this, it could be fun  
You keep it real, I'll let you touch my steering wheel  
Still you can't smoke the weed-a in my two seater  
(Hit it, baby)

If you wanna ride good life, baby  
You can't smoke the weed-a in my two seater  
(Say what, say what)  
If you wanna ride good life, baby  
You can't smoke the weed-a in my two seater  
(Say what)  
If you wanna ride good life, baby  
You can't smoke the weed-a in my two seater  
(Say what, say what, say what)  
If you wanna ride good life, baby  
You can't smoke the weed-a in my two seater

Bentley, droptop, ridin' good life, baby  
In the two seater  
You can't smoke in the two seater  
Yeah, ridin' good life, ha  
I know you jealous, ha  
Ha, I know you wish you had this, ah, yeah  
Ridin' good life, yeah, ridin'