

## Car #85

Nas

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, la, da-da, da (Big Queens, NYC)  
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, la, da-da, da  
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah (Uh), la, oh, oh, ooh  
Ooh-ooh (Yeah), oh, ooh-ooh (Hit Boy)

They called me "Babyface" in eighty-eight  
On 40th and Broadway they made me stay and wait  
Cab service, car eighty-five  
Ten minutes, they back in the car  
Not safe to drive, narcos are lookin' (Woop, woop, woop)  
No secret compartments in the ride, so keep pushin'  
We get stopped, hide it between the seat cushion  
Either that, or just tuck it inside your boot  
Don't throw it out the window yet, son, that's all our loot (Not yet)  
See? They turned, they wasn't after us, my nigga with me laughin' (Yeah)  
He clutchin' his gold Lazarus, made it home and he baggin' up (What up?)  
I'm just a lil' nigga smokin' weed (Fried)  
I'm just tryna figure out who to be (Nas)  
Horse and Dula touchin' paper (Uh-huh)  
Plus, Spud and Wallet Head, a lot of bread  
And I was talkin' to Tia  
I went to her block, I was just happy to see her  
And low was how she did me (Ooh)  
She moved from Queens to Co-Op City (Ooh-wee)  
She said, "Visit me, that's if you really miss me" (I did), show proof  
Ten niggas outside her buildin', that's what I go through (Damn)  
1989, my baby mind was advancin' (Yeah)  
Nike Air Trainer 3's, two fingers on her hand, son (Ooh)  
I'm losin' her slowly (Uh)  
Plus my other girl is startin' to move on the homie  
Hop in eighty-five, roll with me (Oh-oh)

When I used to slide  
I used to call car eighty-five  
Don't want no other driver on the job (Nah)  
Only car eighty-five  
Yo, take me uptown to that smoke shop I like (Ooh)  
Car eighty-five  
All blacked out tint (Running for my life)  
Everywhere we went, we took car eighty-five (Yeah, yeah)

We gon' ride  
Put that tape on I like  
You know that tape I like, turn that shit up (Oh, yeah)  
We gon' smoke and ride (Ooh-ooh)  
Go to Times Square, we take it from there  
Just ride (Ridin' with car eighty-five)  
It's Friday  
It woulda been a good night to pick up shorty, but she on some other shit (Ooh-wee, ooh-ooh-ooh, yeah)

In my peripheral view  
Nothin' trivial 'bout me, just witness the truth, I'm certified  
That's been verified  
My mere presence got other guys terrified (Woah, ooh)  
Slap oxygen out your esophagus (Ooh-ooh)  
I survived with stick up kids, was droppin' shit (Ooh-ooh)

The rotten apple's the tabernacle  
That's NY, White Castles at midnight  
Fish sandwiches, forty ounces and fistfights (Oh, ooh-wee)  
They even used car eighty-five to pull robberies  
Use 'em as a getaway car and paid him properly  
Next year the whole town strung out  
Swept the block where they hung out  
Look how far we've come now (Amen)  
Grab the duffel and run out  
Seven fiends in one house, hustle sun up to sundown  
What up? Summertime in NY  
In the back seat of car eighty-five (Oh-oh, oh)

The whole hood was tryna call car eighty-five  
Any car like that, any number that had that system  
Or that cool ride (Yeah)  
You know that'd make your whole day  
Just bein' able to get up and go  
To this day, I just like to ride  
Lot of thoughts come to mind (Ooh-wee, oh, oh, ooh)