Callin these niggaz mayn Got me up on wait Can you get that nigga I know these niggaz is home Yo, what up boss Yo, where y'all at derrty? Uh, like, like, um, over there Yo mayn, get y'all ass out here Where you at? I'm at the studio mayn, c'mon Oh, we on our way Y'all niggaz supposed to be here an hour ago mayn Oh, word Well hold on real quick, talk to Pete Holla at Pete, what this nigga talkin 'bout Bouncin in my Monte Carlo on my these and those Word to hispanics, 'atics Rollin nappies and Caddy classes (yeah) Gettin harrassed them by them bastards Hey yo, I see your color Jacob, they creepin up on the side Just doin they job, fuck with us cause there's D's on the ride Got me queazy inside, plus we got the feezy inside And we "Cheech" while we ride, I can't believe we this high Man, if he trippin off this blunt, then he's a bitch cop I roll past the whole constitutes smoke just pourin out the G-top (tops) Plus my nigga filled to the bompty-bompty Boopin feet turn them sirens on, I doubt if we stop I wish that he would, I bet he in there wishin he could Computers chips up under the hood by Jacob Really they would, that it's still to the good Cause we still in the hood Plus I got a license if he trip and filler that bud Shit he about to flag us, fittin to harass us We catch a free case, if he bag us Nigga gonna fag us out, if he pass us Bouncin in my Monte Carlo on my these and those Popo trippin, wanna flag a nigga about his radio No time to panic, hide the automatic and I'll stash the dro Run my name, our plates, my shit gets checked, you gotta let us go They pulled up right on our ass And just as quick as he got on us, U-turned up on the grass I'm like Jacob your killin the gas, you school 'em so fast You should be sportin a book in the bag, I looked and just laughed Shit you know how I do it, gone off that fluid Plus this dope don't help, I'm takin cron needle steps Now we need hoes next cause I'm full of this weed Lookin for "Love Connection" like Chuck Woolery Indeed, you know it's time to act a plum fool up Professor and King Jacob it's time these haters shape up And wake up, cause while we got TV's on the ride And D's on the ride, don't hate us cause your girl wanna ride Young guys, a consolation prize, show 'em what they won guys Keep your woman tongue tied, probably already hit a hundred and one times Why y'all keep hatin, me and P be ridin by (bye bye) Dirty I'm outta control, catch me out on the road Drivin too fast or pulled over, hollerin at hoes

Don't matter, either way it go, I'm gonna flow On eighty-eight inches, and the dope box smoke Us thoroughbread niggaz never show no pain Got your girl in my bed, but I don't know no names Got a ice rolle, a Range on them thangs With a nice crib and I ain't sold no cocaine Introduce your please now and direct is complete You'll probably see doin 'tography, eights in the street Up in the ride, body big block with a stick in the floor I do donuts then let cops stare, give chase when I go I'm gonna still kick it with "Lunatics" that sick with the flow I'm shittin on hoes, that mine are so clean sittin on both You never know what you expect, you see us out on the road What you expect when it's flossin season, we do this like pros Yo mayn, what the fuck just happened out there Mayn these niggaz tryna crucify a nigga man, I mean Yeah, I'm try not pop on talkin and shit I'm like what these niggaz did done Man they ain't really talkin 'bout nothin Man y'all better hurry up and get y'all ass to the studio mayn 'Fore y'all get in no more trouble I'm comin yo, I'm tryna Y'all niggaz gettin locked up, I just bailed you niggaz out I know, I thankful for that man Bouncin and shit Gotta get this money mayn I'm comin Presidents now Get y'all ass here Gotta go home in a minute though