

Ridin Slow

Nipsey Hussle

Yeah, Question, cinematic, you know how we do it
J.R., I see you, boy
Sean Kingston, it go down like this, know what I'm talkin' 'bout

I'm ridin' slow with the fours pokin' out, mayne
I'm ridin' slow and I'm hoggin' up the city lane
I'm ridin' slow and I'm clean in the 'Lac
Ridin' so slow while I'm puffin' on some dro, whoa

City low on low, poles of the big Vogues with extended inches
So many colors hover, see your reflection, lose your senses
I blow your ear drums, my stereo is so expensive
Pistols killin' a wad of money up up in my britches
My creases rigid, my pinky frigid, I'm polar pimpin'
Ayatollah of tippin', DeVille with that tight suspension
And did I mention, coated paint with metallic flake
Boppers going blind from the shine that these diamonds
With Nipsey, that boy B, I'm Question, you know you heard of me
Mad 'cause your baby mama wanna swallow this baller
Blow herb with me
Get throwed and swerve with me, king of bopper burglary
Don't believe that this 'Lac 'til I jump in and I turn the key

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Listen, look, I drive slow down the block, no speakin'
No tints on the whip, you could see in
Thick cloud of smoke 'cause I'm chiefin'
It's easy to see that a young nigga eatin'
Chrome feet, I'ma roll on the low pro
I'm ready and willing if it involve getting more dough
Hittin' corners, white paint, leather cocoa
Stash spot, tell the cops, it's a no go
It's Question and Bun B, I'm Nipsey, I know you heard of me
Mad 'cause your baby mama flirt with me
But I don't never show that ho no courtesy
And every time you leave she chirpin' me
Talkin' 'bout how you be givin' her the third degree
How she wanna get gone, sip purp with me
Smoke purple trees, just swerve with me, 'cause

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I'ma put my hand on the wheel, I'ma put my foot on the gas
I'ma shift my bitch into drive, and man I'm ready to mash
I got the top dropped down, I got my trunk popped open
Sittin' sideways on stitch and tuck and them fuck boys scopin'
Hopin' they can knock my hustle but they muscle ain't swollen
So they gon' have to try again, tell 'em come back when they holdin'
Golden flex in my paint, and glassy rims on Vogues
Chrome, it lay up on the grille and my neon exposed

I'm a pimp, just try and get chose; for the stable, tryin' to get hoes
With friends, they fuck with foes; you already know how it goes
Those that ain't down with this move, play the sidelines or hit the showers
Just get the hell up out the way 'cause the rap game is ours
Said we don't roll with no cowards, scaredy cats or the 'fraidys
We just comin' down candy, on them fours and them 80s
We just straight south-sidin', broad day with no hidin'
Let the slab swang wide and
I'ma let 'em know that Bun and Question slow ridin'

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