

Recognize My Car

Paul Wall

Oh, we gotta slow it down

I like to drive real slowly
Riding clean, everybody wanna be my homie
Pop trunk show me, boppers wanna blow me
They recognize my car even if they don't know me
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That's why I like to drive real slowly

Well it's the slow flow professional, the greatest of all
Adverb superb on point like Chris Paul
It's the original Wall, poking out while I crawl
Trunk popped up tall as the fifth wheel fall
From H Town to Bean Town all the way to New York
Broke 'em off, left 'em broke, slab God I'm the GOAT
I don't mean to gloat, the paint so cleaner than soap
Exterior wineberry with the inside [?]
Oh yeah, the Cadillac flow is quite crucial
Leather seats butter cream, softer than a poodle
When I'm clean I tend to drive a little slower than usual
If you take a picture, I got first right refusal
I'm the [?] so basically that mean I'm the big shit
My competition nothing but pig shit
I whip out competitors quicker than Bisquick
Fine mamacita with me and she a misfit

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Ayo my neck is freeze, make a lot of dough and the extra cheese
Gotta make the bars match the beat when you mess with Pete
No sapphires in my stones, just fire in my stones
Even my tires Firestone
Monday I'm the Mercury, LA weather
Tuesday suede leather, Bobby Boucher sweater
Wednesday we at the wash and they hittin' the wheels
Thursday we in the 'Lac and she clackin' the heels
Friday kick back, move a package and chill
Money green [?] laid back in the hill
Saturday makin' change, do my thing in the hearse
Sunday pick up my kids and I swing 'em to church
You know it's real when Pete Rock reaching out for a verse
You gotta murder it worse, then you further rehearse
I got the fifteens bumpin' in the trunk of my Benzo
Watch 'em when they try and act cool but pretend though
Cruising like we at the beach, coolin' in my Jaguar seats
Actually everything I'm doing is a masterpiece
Fresh from Italy, Carrera GT
And my man Wais P in the Porsche next to me (Come on)

Feel the breeze from the sea when the top down
Couple G's off the beats, time to shop now
V's wanna plot now when they see my bloaw-bling
I'm gettin' love in Houston like Yao Ming, that's why...

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