

Top Diine

Paul Wall

I'm just ridin' with my top diine
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Ridin' wit ma
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In my trunk up in the air waving
I bet them suckers with that fake candy probably hating
I like my drank poured and panoramic roof is vacant
Get ya camera ready I give you a demonstration
Texas ed taught me how to drive extra patient
I be pacing paint dripping got the bops chasing
But I got jackers waiting so that heater I'm embracing
If you ain't never rode a slab then you not relating
Dash digital, everything individual
Never being identical nothing I got is rent-able
Top is still invisible haters in my peripheral
All of them are expendable partner I'm getting money
My clear coat got that wet
My kids watching Netflix from the headrest
Can't too many do it like me
If you lookin' for me you know where I be

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I wake up stunting
Shining on them boys got that chrome looking sunny
Open the garage, I pull out the slab
Vogue tires looking ready your tires looking sad
Super clean when I pulled on the ave
My old school gets respect, old-timers give me dap
Sanction on my wheels with the front mixed grill
I still remember the first time I saw a slap I got the chills
It used to take respect to ride 84 wheels
Now these squares on computers hunting down the latest deals
I'm wood wheel worker
I'm in the slab section hurting feelings causing havoc at the intersection

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But I ain't done yet
Wait until you see what I done did to the 'Vette
My homie from the bay say my shit is the shit
But them lames try to tell me that the paint too wet
Every time I drive it man I cause a wreck
And every time I drive by they breakin' they neck

Slab riders in the city just a few to select
If you gon' blow swangers on them better do it correct
The people without a slab always talkin' the most
I got Flocked floor mats on the tip of my toes
I'm tippin' on fours
I ain't sweatin' these hoes
I'm on the interstate, lighting this dro

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