

"Pedal down the foot hills, wheelies on the front"
"P-P-Pedal down the foot hills, wheelies on the front"

I got this 89-90, Pistons champ flat
Bill black Starter cap wit the hologram tags
White Mag rims, red rubber tires
Chain, frame, pegs, grips, shift to my supplier
Dopeman attire, gimme 'bout an hour
And I'll have it clickin', tickin', glidin', flyin' like McGuyver
I'm a, Murder Club, dope pedal rider
Nigel said I'm good to get that ink on my bicep
I gets, busy as a bee on my bike grips
If I cat-walk this, I walk, I can fly this
Bitch and I'm fly, and it's tied to the side
That's the flag that I'm flyin', add to the fact
That it all coincides with these wheels that I'm ridin
Three point Mags make you think that I'm glidin..
Shit, nigga I ain't lyin'
I got a long rap sheet that'll say that I'm tied in

"Pedal down the foot hills, wheelies on the front" (yep, uh)
"P-P-Pedal down the foot hills, wheelies on the front" (yep)
"I'm on the Dyno with the black mag, black mag" (word?)
"Dyno with the black mag, black mag, black mag, Dyno with the word?"

I hit Chuck on the pager, "Yo, I'm kinda bored
And got class till later so, open garage"
And I don't really know which way to go, I ain't tryna skate it though
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And my bike's illegal, so they send for the law
But I don't care Joe (nah), I just keep on pedalin'
Ride past shorty light-skinned with no melanin
Shirt look like somebody stuffed two melons in
Had to stop, so I could preach like Reverend
I grip on the handbrake and say, "Waddup?"
I skip on the handshakes, I'm straight, what else?
I got two pegs on the back
And you got two legs under your skirt - so hop, we head
To the Dope Pedal Headquarters (c'mon)
You would be there if you could..
Chuck got the red wheels and the white mags, but it's all good
Got the gold hundred spokes like "Boyz N the Hood"
Wit the lime green frame (uh), dollars on the bike
Seat, handlebar grips, is the same as my Nikes
In the mold, the gold I use for my spokes
And the frame, the same as I use for my chain, out!