

My 6-4

The Game

Cruisin' down the street in my '64, jockin' a bitch, jockin' a bitch
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Pull the rag off the '64, back out the driveway
Let the top down, hit the switches on the highway
Three-wheel motion on the I-10 cruisin'
Real full of hard, headed straight for Houston
Candy painted Impala, the same color as syrup
She my bitch, she my bird, she can fly, that's my word
Twelve chrome pumps, four gold Dayton's
Three hoes in the back keep the bitch niggas hatin'
I'm a lowridin' menace, I should be in the Guinness
Hit the switch, watch the real kiss the clouds when I'm in it
White walls spinnin', 808s blastin'
Run up on my car, spit fire like a dragon
Kane in Menace, try to jack me, that ain't the business
Nigga I will paint your fitted
Who did it? The nigga with the red Nikes on
Catch me ridin' shotgun with who? Mike Jones

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It's Bun B, I'm known for slammin' Cadillac doors
Comin' down on the candy with them swangers and them fours
But I got love for the Westcoast, so I suppose
I might head out to Cali, the land of the lo-los
Touchdown in LAX and I don't need no car
Rob and Chino picked me up with the bud and the bar
In the 'hood I'm a star, so to the 'hood I'ma go
With Mike Jones and Snoop Dogg and they already know
That I get love from the B's, love from the C's
Mexican, Asian and some more O.G.'s
Throw it up when they see me and holler "hey, Bun"
When I'm comin' out of Soul Assassin Grey One
You might see me out in Long Beach or maybe Pasadena
Inglewood, I.E., or west Covina
I'm southside ridin' with the homie Big Kun
Car hoppin', top droppin' so give the kid room
When I'm...

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I'm Big Snoop Dogg in the yellow Parasene
With two girlys in the back in they Crip blue bikinis
Shakin' and they jumpin' cause the deuce keep bouncin'
Tippin', whippin', the ass steady dippin'
Candy paint drippin' and the XO's what I'm sippin'
As I shake like a dice game, cold as the ice age
Mike Jones, rockin' like a Rolling Stone

And Snoop Dogg going b-b-bad to the bone
Yeah them Cali boys, we love them lo-los
And real car club members bang they logos
And take photos, see everything is fine
I'm in the '64 or '63 or '69
I love my car like I love my wife
See lowridin' ain't a sport, it's a way of life
On the real though, I'll tell you how I feel though
If you see me in the four, creepin' real slow

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