

My Ride

Nappy Roots

(SKINNY DEVILLE)

feelin easy like its sunday morning steak and eggs
hey livin off some big rims lookin like some blades
play her like a pimp type a nigga aint me
with the tint the 35 percent so ya cant see
fish scales shotgun pass the "L" to big V
flip flop candy lookin so wet it drip drop (shiiiiine)
from the tip top chrome double duce
make a bitch stop jaw drop ballin off this hip hop
on a budget back and forth from kentucky
we them type of niggas that crack corn in a bucket
a hundred and ninety spoke god damn
look but dont touch it we commin down I-65
nappy and company (vertical grills) on the cadillac we so real
skinny deville return like a bat out of hell
hell dont ya think nappy roots comin as well
Big V, B. Stille, Prophet, Clutch, and Fish Scales yeaahh

(CHORUS)

My ride be sittin on dem hundred spokes (hundred spokes)
my candy paint straight from the honeycomb (honeycomb)
wood grain interior leather and chrome (leather and chrome)
everybody ride out its on its on (its on its on)(FISH SCALES)

ay yo thats my cab jumped out leavin a tab
hold on man we'll discuss that later
B. jumped out like (fuck that hater)
fell in the aspen rotten like martin
two white dudes one looked like matt harprin
later on he's eatin and ball in cleavland
and I jumped out like fuck your season
van dam woke up in the grand am
real hot no air for the car jam
twenty inches ride both on probes
look nice chevrolet on pipes
keep chevy tint that twinkle so bright
B.O.B im'a ball on budget
pumped out two thou on the 89 cutlass (biiitch)
nah you cant ride im selfish
aint too many ho's wanna touch this velvet

(CHORUS)(B. STILLE.)

hop in with me we bout to leave
you gotta pop it I drope a dollar in ya pocket
gas up the crotch rocket pass up the cops blocked it

(hey B. Stille can I role with you and Prophet)
extra clean you cant tell me nean
drop the top showin off for the summa
the cadilac stretch on dem bow legged stillets
where the candy paint sets like a wet cigarette
bubble coat primers chrome spiders inside us
big enough for my team and a couple of trainers
but it hold no minors thats major
wood grain and ya get deep beaters big features
feel boom from the beats in my big speakers
its on in my seats and my signature
dont throw dirt on my name no shirt as I lean
out the window pane you hear the country boy sang(CHORUS)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>