

# Ridin'

## Chamillionaire

They see me rollin' They hatin'  
Patrollin' they try to catch me ridin' dirty  
Try to catch me ridin' dirty  
Try to catch me ridin' dirty  
Try to catch me ridin' dirty  
Try to catch me ridin' dirty My music so loud I'm swangin'  
They hopin' that they gon catch me ridin' dirty  
Try to catch me ridin' dirty  
Try to catch me ridin' dirty  
Try to catch me ridin' dirty  
Try to catch me ridin' dirty Police think they can see me lean  
I'm tint so it ain't easy to be seen  
When you see me ride by, they can see the gleam  
And my shine on the deck and the TV screen  
Ride with a new chick, she like hold up  
Next to the playstation controller  
Is a full clip and my pistola  
Turn a jacker into a coma Girl you ain't know, I'm crazy like Krayzie Bone  
Just tryin' to bone, ain't tryin to have no babies  
Rock clean itself, so I pull in ladies  
Laws of patrolling, you know they hate me Music turned all the way up until the maximum  
I can speak for some niggas, tryin to jack for some  
But we packin somethin that we have and, um  
will have a nigga locked up in the maximum Security cell, I'm grippin oak (oak)  
Music loud and tippin' slow (slow)  
Twist and twistin' like hit this dough (dough)  
Pull up from behind and is in his throat (throat)  
Windows down gotta stop pollution  
CDs change niggas like who is that producing?  
This the Play-N-Skillz when we out and cruisin'  
Got warrants in every city except Houston, but I'm still ain't losin' I been drinkin' and smokin',  
holdin' shit cause a brother can't focus  
I gotta get to home 'fore the po po's scope this big ol' Excursion swerving all up in the curve,  
man  
Nigga been sippin' on that Hennessey and the gin again is in again, we in the wind  
Doin' a hundred while I come from the block  
And rollin' another one up, we livin' like we ain't givin' a fuck  
I got a revolver in my right hand, 40 oz. on my lap freezing my balls Roll a nigga tree, green  
leaves and all  
Comin' up pretty deep, me and my dawg  
I gotta get back to backstreets  
Wanted by the six pound and I got heat, glock glock, shots to the block, we creep creep

Pop Pop hope cops don't see me, on a low key  
With no regards for the law we dodge 'em like fuck 'em all But I won't get caught up and  
brought up on charges for none of y'all  
Keep a gun in car, and a blunt to spark, but well if you want, nigga you poppin' dark  
Ready or not we bust shots off in the air, Krayzie Bone and Chamillionaire Do what you thinkin'  
so, I tried to let you go  
Turn up a blink of light and I swang it slower  
A nigga upset for sure cause they think they know that they catchin me with plenty of the  
drinkin drough  
So they get behind me tryin to check my tags, look at my rearview and they smilin 'Thinkin'  
they'll catch me on the wrong well keep tryin'  
Cause they denyin' is racial profiling  
Houston, TX you can check my tags  
Pull me over try to check my slab  
Glove compartment gotta get my cash  
Cause the crooked cops try to come up fast  
And been a baller that I am I talk to them, giving a damn 'bout not feeling my attitude  
When they realize I ain't even ridin' dirty bet you'll be leavin with an even madder mood  
I'mma laugh at you then I'mma have to cruise I'm in number two on some more DJ Screw  
You can't arrest me plus you can't sue  
This a message to the laws tellin them WE HATE YOU  
I can't be toss or tell em that they shoulda known  
Tippin' down sittin' crooked on my chrome  
Bookin' my phone tryin' to find a chick I wanna bone  
Like they couldn't stop me I'mma bout to pull up at your home and it's on  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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