

# Drive Slow (feat. Paul Wall & GLC)

## Kanye West

Drive slow homie, drive slow homie  
You never know homie, might meet some hoes homie  
You need to pump your brakes and drive slow homie My homie Marley used to stay, 79th and  
May  
One of my best friends from back in the day  
Down the street from Calumet, a school full of stones  
He nicknamed me K-Rock so they'd leave me alone  
Bulls jacket with his hat broke way off  
And walked around the mall with his radio face off  
Plus he had the spinner from his Dayton's in his hand  
Keys in his hand, reason again to let you know he's the man  
Back when we rocked Ellesses, he had dreams of Caprices  
Drove by the teachers, even more by polices  
How'd he get the cash? The day his father passed away  
Left him with a lil' somethin, 16 he was stuntin  
Al B. Sure nigga with the hair all wavy  
Hit Lake Shore, girls go all crazy  
Hit the freeway, go at least 'bout eighty  
Boned so much that summer, even had him a baby  
See back-back then-then if you had a car  
You was the Chi-Town version of Baby  
And I was just a virgin, a baby  
One of the reasons I looked up to him crazy  
I used to love to play my demo tape when the system yanked  
Felt like I was almost signed when the shit got cranked  
We'll take a Saturday and just circle the mall  
They had they Lincolns and Auroras, we was hurtin 'em all  
With the girls a lotta flirtin involved, but dawg  
Fuck all that flirtin, I'm tryna get in some drawers, so  
Put me on with these hoes homie  
He told me don't rush to get grown, drive slow homie  
Drive slow homie, drive slow homie  
You never know homie, might meet some hoes homie  
You need to pump your brakes and drive slow homie What it do? I'm posted up in the parkin lot,  
my trunk wavin  
The candy gloss is immaculate, it's simply amazin  
Them elbows pokin wide on that candy 'Lac  
Trunk open, screens on, neon's lit with fifth relaxed  
I'm on a mission for dime pieces and sexy ladies  
Allow me to duce you to my CL Mercedes  
It's a star-studded event when I valet park  
Open up my mouth and sunlight illuminates the dark

You see them fo's crawlin', you see them screens fallin  
The disco ball in my mouth insinuates I'm ballin  
I'm leanin on the switch, sittin crooked in my slab  
But I could still catch boppers if I drove a cab  
A young Houston hardhitter all about the scrilla  
Ridin somethin candy coated, crawlin like a caterpillar  
I'm tippin on them four's, I'm jammin on that Screw  
I'm lookin for them hoes baby what it do, drive slow homie  
Turn your hazard lights on when you see them hoes (Drive slow homie)  
If you ridin around the city with nowhere to go (Drive slow homie)  
Live today cause tomorrow man, you never know Drive slow homie, drive slow homie  
You never know homie, might meet some hoes homie  
You need to pump your brakes and drive slow homie My car's like the movie, my car's like the  
crib  
I got more TV's in here than where I live And that don't make no sense, but baby I'm the shit  
And everything I flip, you know it's somethin serious  
I got the custom grill, I got the Brabus rims  
I got the baller genetics baby it's evident  
You see a player flickin, and how you ain't convinced  
That you should go on and kiss it, "Just a Lil' Bit" (just a lil' bit)  
I got my custom kicks, I got my Jesus chain  
My canaries is gleamin, through my angel wings  
They see me, hoes actin like they seen a king  
With that mean lean, smokin on that finest Cali green  
My woodgrain oak, I'm ridin on Vogues  
My cylinder quiet, like tip-toes  
I sold O's, and this I know  
When you see them hoes, lil' homie drive slow Drive slow homie, drive slow homie  
You never know homie, might meet some hoes homie  
You need to pump your brakes and drive slow homie  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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