

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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