

Drive Slow

Kanye West

Drive slow homey
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Ya never know homey might meet some hoes homey
Ya need to pump your brakes and drive slow homey

My homey Mali used to stay one 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
Walk 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 Alesis he had dreams of Caprice's
Drove by the teachers even more by police's
How he get that cash today his father passed away
Left him with a little somthin 16 he was stuntin
Al B Sure nigga with the hair all wavy
Hit lakeshore girls go all crazy
Hit the freeway go at least bout 80
Boned so much that summer even had him a baby
See back back then then if you had a car
You were 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 the Lincoln's and Aurora's we were hurting them all
With the girls a lot of flirting involved
But dawg fuck all that flirting I'm trying to get in some draws
So put me on with these hoes homey's
He said don't rush to get grown drive slow homey
Drive slow homie
Drive slow...
Ya never know homey about these hoes homey
Ya need to pump your breaks and drive slow homey

What It do
I'm posted up in the parking lot my trunk wavin'
The candy gloss is immaculate and is simply amazing
Them elbows poking wide on that Candy-lac
Trunk open, screen's on, neon's lit with fifth relax
I'm on a mission for dime piece's and sexy ladies
Allow me to introduce 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 4's crawlin, you see them screens fallin
The disco ball in my mouth insinuates I'm ballin
I'm leanin on a switch sittin crooked in my slab
But I could still catch boopas if I drove a cab
A young Houston hard hitter all about the scrilla
Riding some candy coated crawlin like a caterpillar
I'm tippin on those 4's I'm jamming off this screw
I'm lookin for them hoes baby what it do?

Drive slow homey

Turn your hazard lights on when you see them hoes
Drive slow homey
If you ridin around the city with nowhere to go
Drive slow homey
Live today cuz tomorrow man you never know
Ya never know homey might meet some hoes homey
Ya need to pump your brakes and drive slow homey

My cars like the movies my cars like the crib
I got more TV's in here then where I live

And it don't make no sense but baby I'm the shit
And everything I flip you know is something serious
I got the custom grill I got the Brabus rims
I got the baller genetics baby that's evident
You see a player flicking and you ain't convinced
That you should go and kiss it just a little bit
I wear my custom kicks I got my Jesus chain
My canaries is gleaming though my angle wings
They see me hoes acting like they seen a king
With that mean lean smoking on the finest Cali green
My wood grain oak I'm riding on vogues
My cylinder quiet like tip toes
I sold O's and this I know
When you see them hoes little homey drive slow

Chopped and Screwed

Yeah..

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