

Molo Molo

Magic System

We roll tight whips, everyday
Bentley, Lex, Mercedes, and Escalades
We roll tight whips, everyday
Hustlin to make a big buck, but that's ok

They say the top ain't acting funny
He ain't holla'd a day
He got the top back, you know his new Z28
Holla at ya (BOY!) with the 8 of us 8
But they like my rims they just non-stop (SPREWELL!)
Look like they runnin away

I'm doing 80 in the lightin
Duece trays on shine
The cops try to pull me over but my rims done blinded em
Cus I got 4 models in the back of my truck
18" Bazooka bumpin my stuff
Waking the BLOCK UP!

:
Call me Ghetto Bill cus my seats they be Gucci
And when I roll through the hood I got 2 or 3 hoochies
Lou Vaton Airbags 'case I crash bad
Futuristic kidded up like I'm Batman
Represent the PROjects
TV when I roll that
Gamblin for a car, no
Hope I don't blow that, WHOA!

We roll big body Benz it's the navigators
In the hood, servin freaks like I'm a restaurant waiter
Blue lights on the Jag cus I love to shine
Keep it by my shorty so that we be hard to find
I ain't pay the car note, in about 3 months
I'd rather, spend my paper on Henney and blunts
Even when the truck stop those things be constant spinnin
I'm a 504 Boy so I'm constant with it

Roll around in tight whips
Catch me on the night shift
I'm just a Yungsta, I roll without a license
My dogs is triflin, homie you can bite when
First one in the hood on the block with the ice rims
My seats be piped out, TVs with the lights out
Had these blinkin when I passed, try not to wipe out
Dash with the wood grain, still in the hood man
Catch me on lean car clean we doing big things

The way we do it
She got a man, but she still gonna turn around
Bentley, a bucket with chicken I'm like ma, go turn em now
It's like No Limit said it, we all day, no loss
Just parkin lot pimpin, car changin colors
These boys go hard off

We leave the tags in the window, whodee
Cus it's worth about a hundred

V12 with remote control (cha-cha) engine runnin
P.Miller throwbacks, with the convertible shift
Candy paint thong version with the iced out chip
Yokahama tires, whodee, but I only got 3
No Limit Boys we thuggin I get a high for next week!

I'm fish tailin my dad, and I'm rollin on drops
Sportin Sprewell to the curb I think I saw the cops
They call me Richie Rich, I got my name in the seats
X-Box in the front and the back DVDs
Got TVs in the head rest with the big wide screen
Got the navigation system with the phone in between
Rollin a coupe with the top down when I go outdoors
We roll on old days around here, that's 24s

I got that whip block paint off, my ride air ding dong
The nose on my hood just like my ride stay PISSED off
I roll through yo hood they ask me do I call lift off
Like if it was made out of space with 20s and crishtoff

Go real glistens
These chicks, call me Mista Cleana
A firecracker, big ballin, it's something you've never seen
I'm sippin lean, off thick playin on 6 TV screens
Interior green, 24s, but you know, it ain't no thing
HAH

We ghetto fab, let our bling bling show
Driveway like a dealership, don't walk no more
We wilin out, all day, all night
Cus this is my life, my life, my life...