

U-God f/ Leathafase "Rims Pokin' Out"

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[Intro: U-God] Good God, ugh! [U-God] I got air suspension, hydraulics, in the cockpit Thumpin' heavy watters, my stereo's bionic Soul sonic force, wood grain, dual exhaust pipes Fuel is lost, when thrown in overdrive A hundred horsepowers and the hood motorized The super charger take you on a roller coaster ride Don't worry if you slide, I got four wheel drive When I glide down Interstate 95 Heard additional miles heading for the high With my halogen lights, with my buggy eye Bring truck, serious guy rims, supersized When I pull up to your side that's, when you realize That I'm live on your set, pedestrians sweat Cuz they catch whiplash when they turn they neck With a multi disc changer, plus cassette This is for them low riders that burn the strip [Chorus: Leathafase (U-God)] Driving down the strip, I'm smoking out Roof ripped, deep dish, rims pokin' out (Ride higher, good God) Never ever ever ever gonna stop As the chrome blades chop and I'm rollin' out (Ride higher, good God) [U-God] I got burners in the stashbox, Gucci ragtop It's a brand new boy, toy, not a Matchbox Jealous hoes try to key it up, with scratch marks That's the price you pay, when you park after dark Narc's try to search her, cuz she wax the Impala Road kill on my crash bar, just demolished It takes hard earned dollars, to keep us served TV's in the head rest, serve your purpose My Xbox control, by the steering wheel color Fancy fur rug match with the W's on 'em Peel out in the large OVM Pirelli Drive on the sour, make ya spine turn jelly Blueberry in my hand, blow out the sunroof Dodging potholes, trying to not dent the Coupe Airvent cool me off, when you hot pursuit Them little press on hubcaps are not the truth [Chorus] [Hook 2X: U-God] If you love fast cars, come ride with me Come roll with me, come ride with me If you love big trucks, come roll with me Come ride with me, come roll with me [U-God] Now what can you tell me, if my Fendi glasses Throw up my nose, at the low E classes No smoke in my backseat, I don't need ashes Behold the masses, scoping me out Now driving down the strip, I'm smoking out Not a Blood or a Crip, but I'm loc'ing out With fast cars on the

fast lane, on a fast route Interior flushed out, you know
what I'm about [Chorus 2X] [Outro: Leathafase] Driving
down the strip...

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