

Consuelo Velazquez

"In the Car With Us"

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[Verse 1 - Gonzoe]

Collar poppin at hoes like that
Look, I graduated from shin and shoes to gators
Cause this year, we got a hell of a start like the Lakers
Got real plugs, I'm a criminal, turned rapper
Happy to sell drugs
I'm happy we got above
Cause others, there's places they can hurt theyselve
And I'm stressin we took a loss from twelve
What the hell
That's the trouble to come along with it
Better just forget it
Comin new and mail the bitch out before she start
slitchin
In the night and broad daylight
With the headlights
Do it right, fiendin for summer chrome pipes
T.V.'s, stutterin hoes
Terrible weed, smoke on the O.T.
With a workin mack and a keys, it's me
Ritz baby, the nigga who named
Comin up with your lady
Drivin California crazy
fuckin with my homie
All y'all can die slow
And that's the same homie I'd kill all you for
Thats my testimony
I'mma die with silk on me
Amongst the criminals
Get my money after the funeral
Put me away for better days
Keep hustlin
Get that money
Think about yesterday
It's on

Chorus

[Gonzoe & King Lou]

That's how we drivin in the car with us
We dirty and grindin in the car with us
This here, how we survivin in the car with us

I ain't lyin when you rollin in the car with us, nigga

That's how we drivin in the car with us
We dirty and grindin in the car with us
This here, how we survivin in the car with us
I ain't lyin when you rollin in the car with us, yeah

[Verse 2 - King Lou]

Keepin it low hater
Chillin, tease the tailors
Livin major
For who wanna know, I can't save ya
I bring it down with no fatal or fake nature
They try to play us
Mad players, jealous cause they pay us
Hater they always want to criticize
Cause I'm only servin sacks in the mornin
Keepin my money flowin
Throwin product at the back door
That's a fact though
Get caught with crack though
Do more than two to four
What's the reason for the season
Servin niggaz with heatin
Mother fuckers is cheatin
In this game we competin
I'm in the lex though
Sippin ruby with the blue beanie
Gettin blowed by a hoe I don't know
To smoke beedies
Indeedy
Get money cause I'm greedy
Playa alert, I front work to the needy
Niggaz stay cheesy
Gotta get my green
And the car that I drive on the scene
You rollin with us? C'est la vie

Chorus

[Verse 3 - Gonzoe]

I hit the world first
Prayin to God 'unlift the curse'
What's worse, move the turf
Pay your homage on the first
Of course
While I sort my thoughts with Newport's
And do pour, you short hit from dick
Came for ya, you can't stick it
Stretch half a chick and what's next
Crack her down, get in position

Let the things do they glistenin
Keep flippin
Couldn't beat it outta me
Do away with me
I'll go to my grave
With the anthology
Camaraderie
You made me (you made me)
To appreciate this liquor nigga and get crazy! (crazy)
I'm livin my last days
You went out
Blaze with the rest
You eatin with the enemy
Aim for the head they got vests
Livin my last days of death
There's nothing left
Until they lay me down
I won't rest, I won't rest
I'm a fuckin soldier

(variations of chorus until end)

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