

Kanye West f/ GLC, Paul Wall "Drive Slow"

Visit "[Drive Slow](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Vocal ad-libs)

[Chorus]

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

[Verse 1: Kanye West]

My homie Mali used to stay

Sunny 9th and May

One of my best friends from back in the day

Down the street from Kyle you met, a school full of
stones

He nicknamed me K-Rock so they'll 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 Daytons in his hand,
keys in his hand

Reason again to let you know he's the man

Back when we rocked the 'Leases, he had dreams of
Caprices

Drove by the teachers, even more by police

How 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 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 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 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 Lakers and (?), we was hurtin 'em all

With the girls alot of flirtin involved, dog..

Fuck all that flirtin, I'm tryin to get in some drawers, so

Put me on with these hoes homie
He told me, "Don't rush to get grown, drive slow
homie"

[Chorus]

Drive slow, homie
(Drive slow...)
You never know, homie
About these hoes homie
You need to pump your brakes and drive slow, homie

[Verse 2: Paul Wall]

What it do
I'm posted up in the parking lot, my trunk wavin
The candy gloss is immaculate, its simply amazing
Them elbows pokin wide on that candy 'Lac
Trunk open, screens on, neon's lit with 5th relaxed
I'm on a mission for dime pieces 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 the switch, sittin crooked in my slab
But I could still catches boppers if I drove a cab
A young Houston hard-hitter all about the scrilla
Ridin' somethin candy-coated crawlin like a caterpillar
I'm tippin on them 4's, I'm jammin on that Screw
I'm lookin for them hoes baby, what it do

[Chorus: Kanye West & (GLC)]

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...)
You never know, homie
Might meet some hoes, homie
You need to pump your brakes and drive slow, homie

[Verse 3: Kanye West & GLC]

(Kanye West)
My car's like the movie, my car's like the crib
I got mo TV's in here than where I live
(GLC)
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 Bravis rims
I got the baller genetics baby this evidence
You see a player flickin, and how you ain't convinced

That you should go on and kiss it, "just a lil bit"
echoes
I wearin my custom kicks, I got my Jesus chain
My canary's 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 *echoes*

(John Legend harmony ad-libs)

song starts from beginning, this time screwed

Yea
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

Drive slow, homie

Visit [Kanye West f/ GLC, Paul Wall](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.