

## **Box Car Racer**

### **"Hit the Chaw"**

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[ VERSE 1: Havikk the Rhime Son ]

Dippin on the enemy I slides like a nigga should  
Hands out the window givin it up for the neighborhood  
Gangstas and gees servin that ass like the military  
Runnin mo' yards than Marcus Allen through the  
cemetary  
Swervin down the Chaw rollin evil with the glock cocked  
Fiendin for the stinky as I rolls to the weed spot  
Jump back in my ride I see a bitch, honk the horn  
Parks my shit, bump the bitch, I'm ( ? ) hit my turf, it's  
on  
As I skate on the triple gold 100 spokes flossin  
Bangin Scarface as I bend Slauson  
To the swap meet to get the Karl Kani hook-up  
Sippin on the yac I saw my cousin Jack, "What's up"  
Muthafuckas mad-doggin me cause it's S.C.C.  
Rhime Son, Prode'je and Mouthpiece  
I'm finna hit the Chaw I gets a page from my brother  
Drew  
"Where you at?" "Crenshaw" "Yo nigga, I'ma dip on  
through"

[ CHORUS ]

I'm finna hit the Chaw  
And dip straight on by the law  
I'm gonna ( ? ) my gees  
And ( ? ) through the S.C.

[ VERSE 2: Prodje'je ]

Yeah, it's on as I swerve on my trey wheels  
400 spokes hittin dips to the heels  
On some come-up shit I got the gee into perspective  
You know I got the chrome but the box is my objective  
Dickeys on the ass of the Eastside rider  
I see a few hoes but the Prod chose neither  
You got to have ass to live In California  
And if you see the ( ? ) I'll be all up on ya  
Fo' life like Mack 10 rollin with stripes  
And everytime you see me there's a freak on the ride  
Hittin yo hoods and it's makin you sick  
Cause the superfine hoes wanna ride on the dick

She just a trick cause all I wanna do is hit a lick  
Her ass got the toc and the Prod's got the tic  
And I'm slick, the wicked, the sly and all  
When I swerve on the Chaw all I do is ball

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3: Droop & Twin ]

It's all good in these streets as I creep in a coupe drop  
Candy-coated green gold d's with that white top  
Sippin gin with the Twin as we swoop  
Smellin like Joop, mackin to hoes in a Lexus coupe  
Career is lookin good, you can say that Twin's winnin  
Back up, hit the motion, let the Dayton keep spinnin  
Grinnin cause I know my shit's on tight  
Got heat under my seat so I'm gon' be alright  
Cause when Droop hit them threes niggas hypnotized  
by my d's  
But evil gees know they can't get with these  
Ease in the cut, locs cut 400 spokes, feelin the breeze  
Cause I gots to have gold on my d's, nigga please  
Gees feel a nigga dippin down the Chaw  
Bumpin "G Thang" as I swings on past the locs  
With the Regals, Cutlass, fo's, Lacs and fat cash flow  
( ? ) with a chip in my ( ? )

[ CHORUS ]

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