## Chamillionaire "Ride Slow"

Visit "Ride Slow" on MotoLyrics.com

(Verse 1: Chamillionaire)

Slow loud and bangin man I'm the man

I never been ya fan and I ain't never been

Sayin I'm the man cause I told you that I am

super poked

swangas

you can check my wingspan

I don't mess with ya'll man I'm anti-social

I don't talk too much I'm anti-vocal

Ya'll ain't goin nowhere your anti-coastal

And ya'll ain't gettin no mail your anti-postal

Speakers sounding like a marching band

Laws hoping that my pockets full of contraband

Boys thinking bout plotting when I park my

lam

I'm a spray you cockroaches like the orchid man

Looking so regal, hoping outta

regal

Not the birdman but I'm riding with a eagle

I don't know who the hell telling you that I need you

They got you gassed up girl I hope your using diesel

Whoa kimosabee

, groupies in the lobby

Flying outta hobby like flying is a hobby

Boys wanna rob me, go ahead and try me

I own way more heat than pat riley

Your girlfriend reccomend that I molest her

u.f.h

I should a been a professor

Open up my wallet and pretend I'm a test her

She turnin in paper like it's end of semister

living la vida loca

Come at me wrong I'm at cha neck like a choker

When I recline I'm sitting in it like a sofa

Drive it once then I give away the vehicle like oprah

Chauffer, mr. belvadere that's the butler

Told ya, let her disappear never cuff her

Rolla, money everywhere in my duffle

Hold up, I can't even hear that's my muffler damnn

Loud pipes got me sounding super sexy

Blades everywhere make your woman think I'm wesley

Ask the police when they gonna come arrest If I do a crime it will be the day they catch me Rims sitting high you can call me high roller Ice on both wrists you can call me bi polar Go against me you should know your life over Your girl going crazy you should know that I drove her Manage the wheel, they know cham is fo real Now that I am independent they gon panic fo real From the land of the trill before they hand me a deal I will slap that boy with a backhand full of bills Getting that cabbage that's bein established In the new crib where the layout is lavish Money jurassic

amex is blackness

Naked lady standing like she straight out a pageant Haters you should go get yourself a razor Look at your wrist and go and do yourself a favour Watch the one time the police il try an taze ya Pistol jam on me I'm a switch it up and blade ya You don't know me you can diss away ain't waiting till tomorrow I'm a trip today Stop acting like you hard ya'll should switch to gay Ya'll boys sweeter than a lemonade or chick fillet, ay (Bridge: Chamillionaire)

Got to come down got to be the damn best Jewellery gon shine that il be on my chest Rain or sunshine I admit that I'm fresh And ya already knowing what I rep, yep I was always on grind while them other boys slept Money on time better not be a dime less Gotta bunch of dimes and they hit me on texts Just to tell me that I always bein the best yes, I'm the best

(Verse 2: Chamillionaire)

Gotta touch down and show my ends on skillz But when I touch down it's probbly in brazil Diamonds on froze so my wrists on still Never on safety my 4 5th on kill See me out there she tried to get my address Plenty hoes pose and change clothes like pageants Headboard that's in my bedroom is so padded Plenty dope lines for these hoes like tablets Tongue that stay stuck on my gold it's so icy Tongue it'll stay stuck on my pole the ho like me Haters back at home ain't made enough to come fight me

I'm in new york sitting court side like I'm spike lee Always winning like I'm bryant with four lakers Gotcha woman sippin hennessey with no chaser Everytime I see em that chamillion hold paper Got her sayin koopa what the hell is your safe for

Got these boys sayin that she mines and don't touch her

Then she tell you to stop cryin and don't cuff her I convince a girl to strip down with no muscle Went out to the a and took a dime to know usher Went out to the lou and took a dime to know nelly Went out to the chi and took a dime to know kelly Plus the chick that say she cool with drake was so ready But none of em can trip cause they know they so petty panamera

Gettin plenty knowledge like she taking me to school Say I don't go hard they gon say that you a fool It's gon hit you like blaow when I hit you with the tool

Visit **Chamillionaire** page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.