

Chamillionaire "Ridin"

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They see me rollin', they hatin' patrollin'
And tryin' to catch me ridin dirty
Tryin' to catch me ridin dirty, tryin' to catch me ridin
dirty
Tryin' to catch me ridin dirty, tryin' to catch me ridin
dirty

My music so loud I'm swangin'
They hopin' that they gone catch me ridin dirty
Tryin' to catch me ridin dirty, tryin' to catch me ridin
dirty
Tryin' to catch me ridin dirty, try and catch me ridin
dirty

Grindin' to see if they can see me lean
I'm tense, so it ain't easy to be seen
When you see me ride by they can see these gleam
And my shine on the deck and the TV screen
Now ridin with a new chick, she like, "Hold up"
Next to the Playstation controlla

It's a full clip and my pistolla, send a jacker into a coma
Girl you ain't know I'm crazy like Krayzie Bone
Just tryin' bone, ain't tryin' have no babies
Ride clean as hell, so I pull in ladies

Laws on patrol and you know they hate me
Music turned up all the way to the maximum
I got speakers, some niggaz tryin' jack for some
But we packin' somethin' and what we have for um

We'll have a nigga locked up in a maximum, security
cell
I'm grippin' oak , music loud and I'm tippin' slow
Twins steady twistin' like, 'Hit this dough'
D's behind and it's in re-throwed

Windows down, gotta stop pollution
City change just like, "Who is that producin'?"
That's the Play N Skillz when we out and cruisin'
Got warrants in every city except Houston but I still ain't
losin'

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I've been and smokin', holy shit 'cause I really can't
focus
I gotta get it home before the po-po's scope this
Big ole Excursion just swerve'n, all up in the curb'n
A nigga be sippin' on the Hennessey and the Gin again

It's in again we in the wind
Don't wanna hold up while I puff on the blunt
I roll another one up, and leave it like
We ain't givin' a fuck, I got a blunt up in my right hand

40 Oz. in my lap, freezin' my balls
Rollin' up a tree, green leaves and all
Comin' pretty deep me and my dogs
Yo' I gotta hit the back streets

Wanted by the six-five and I got heat
Glock, glock shots to the block, we creep creep
Pop pop hope cops don't see me on the low key
With no regard for the law, we dodge 'em like, "Fuck
'em all"

But I won't get caught up and brought
Up on charges for none of y'all
Keep a gun in car and a blunt to spark
Wonder if you want nigga it poppin' dog
Ready or not, we bust shots off in the air
Krayzie Bone and Chamillionaire

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You wouldn't think it so, I tried to let cha go
Turn on my blunker light, and then I swang it slow
And they upset for fa sho' 'cause they think they know
That they catchin' me with plenty of the drank and dro'

So they get behind me, tryin' to take my tags
Look in my rear view and they smilin'
Thinkin' they'll catch me in the wrong, they keep tryin'
Steady denyin' that it's racial profilin'

Houston, Texas you can check my tags
Pull me over, try to check my slab
Glove compartment, gotta get my cash
'Cause the crooked cops'll try to come up fast

Bein' the balla that I am, I'm talk to them not givin' a
Damn about them not feelin' my attitude
When they realize I ain't even ridin dirty
Bet you'll be leavin' with an even madder mood

Then I'll laugh at you then I'll have to cruise
Ya my number two on some old school DJ Screw
You can't arrest me, plus you can't sue
This is a message to the laws, tell 'em, "We hate you"

I could be tough tell 'em that they shoulda known
Tippin' down, sittin' crooked on my chrome
Bookin' my phone, findin' a chick I wanna bone
Like they couldn't stop me
I'm 'bout to pull up at your home, and it's on

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