

## **Chamillionaire "Ridin Pt3.5"**

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They see me rollin'  
They hatin', patrollin' and tryna catch me ridin' dirty  
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My music so loud I'm swangin'  
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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 Play station 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 tryna bone, ain't tryna 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 tryna 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 rethrowed

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 drinkin' 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 Hennessy 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 ta 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, tryna catch 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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