

Clipse "Ride Around Shinning"

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All I want to do is ride around shining while I can afford
it

Plenty ice on my neck so I don't get nauseous
Float around in the greatest of Porsche's
Feel like a chuck wagon 'cause I'm on twelve horses

And the three behind mine they be the click
So much ice in they Rollie's, the *** don't tick, man
Winter through the summer, care less what it cost me
While I'm shovelin' the snow man call me frosty lova

This for the 100,000 dollar kitty German drivers
With big rims and low-pro tires
*** with college *** with innocent looks like Mya
Corrupt they mind, turn 'em to liars

I groom 'em well, Dior ***, Christian Lacroix
Keep guns stashed under the floorboard
Enough to start world war
Paradise in reaches, home next to beaches

Hair pressed, blowin' in the wind, *** 'bout long as
Jesus
I still leave speech for Gospel, so match this
Pusha push Don P keys with these sounds of crackness
The black Martha Stuart, let me show you how to do it

Break down pies to pieces, make *** quiches
Money piles high as my nieces
Hefty bags full of cash, cars full of ***
Rolex presidential, ***, feel the glass

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It's that luck that astounds, life's a circus
I parade the sick through these clowns
The crown is vacant, I'm takin' the proper steps
I'm takin' them poppa steps, they prayin' for my
downfall

Is it the bling, the king, conquistador
That my jeweler made the face blush on the Frank
Mueller
The R shape peculiar, it's awesome, layin' over dark
skin
Lookin' like arson when I park in the left, it's constant

Minute hand is like Parkinson's
You a fish for the sharks to swim
In that opaque linen with the R colored stitchin'
V12 on a Modena you can see the pistons

HRE's on it, mommy see it glisten
When I make Oliver Twist like Dickens
It's feelin' like parts is missin', tops don't push soul
Got it drive it like pole positions 'til my soul's risen

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Welcome to the world of Rollie's
VS diamonds and that 50,000 dollar show piece
Got me shinin', first *** holla show me
Let that 9mm turn a fella ghostly

Hell, I'll even grant amnesty to those who owe me
You *** ***, you need to raise your glass and toast me
*** can't figure the format for hustler criteria
Not chrome, grown rims with stallion insignia

"Listen youngin', you've only just begun
You'll understand when you're older" said father to the
son
Who would've thought such riches stem from ill
rhymes?
Canary yellow diamonds size of yield signs, slow down

And proceed with caution
Carousal of horses with dual-exhaustion
Fess up, youngin' you'll always be next up
Go against I, forever play catch up ***

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