

## Haystak "Car Fulla Of White Boys"

Visit "[Car Fulla Of White Boys](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Engine cranking & tires squeeling\*

It's time to step out on the scene (raise some hell)  
I'm drunk as a bi-cycle (cycle)  
Can't you tell?  
Can't even see straight I'm (cranked as hell)  
Gone on that g-g-green (Can't you smell?)  
Step out the back seat of a 78 (Chevelle)  
Club wasn't jumpin' so we (had to bail)  
Fixin' to check out the next spot  
My niggas is 'bout to wreck shop  
We don't ask, we just bop  
We run up, we get drop  
Parking lot crunk (thugs and drug pushers)  
Yeah you know the ski-low (blunts and the sub woofers)  
Car fulla white boys (there's no doubt)  
If some shit go down (Slim be the first one out)  
Locked up with a fool three times his size  
What you need, on yo' team, when it's time to ride  
Abuncha dirty white boys, that's not for the game  
We will take your ass to war like Sadum Housane  
If you kick my ass, you gotta do it again  
Every time that you see me till I finally win  
(And then) I'm kickin' your ass until I'm content  
You're gonna be walkin' 'round for months wearin' my  
finger prints.  
(I'm none of them) goofy, white boys from the movies  
Talk shit and have to shoot ya (Your hardcore!)  
absolutely  
Take it across your face with a nickel-plated  
I think my dog just got dislocated

[Chorus]

\*engine\*

It's on for tonight boy (Car full of white boys)  
All units be on the look out for a (Car full of white boys)  
It's on for tonight boy (Car full of white boys)  
\*siren\* (Car full of white boys)  
It's on for tonight boy (Car full of white boys)  
Dispatch we've got a visual on a (Car full of white boys)  
It's on for tonight boy (Car full of white boys)  
\*siren and engine\*

(Aww man) (I ain't throwin' out shit)

Looked at my watch it said 11:36  
Turned down 2nd Avenue in a big body bitch  
Mean muggin' haters heads bobbin' up and down  
Hollerin' southside out the window, my people don't  
fuck around  
It's like they're lookin' for a reason to straight clown  
We get gone on that goo and that straight crown  
One hundred proof absolute, ridin' around blazin'  
(All cars be on the lookout for a car full of caucasians)  
Eyes so tight we could pass for Asians  
So if they pull us over play like you don't speak English  
Passed some pretty gals, I told my boy to slow down  
Man your rides a piece of junk, the window won't roll  
down  
We didn't get no play, from the ladies  
(Naw) 6 crackers in the car, are you crazy?  
I'm real with them crows, I ain't 'bout to front  
Man we out of blunts, pull over fool.

[Chorus]

Stopped in circle K and got a box of sweets  
Smoked one now we feelin' like (let's get somethin' to  
eat)  
But Wendys was closed, I was mad as hell  
I guess we'll go to Waffle House and get a Patty meal  
But them omelettes is the bomb, shit, toast with jelly  
and jam  
Hashbrowns covered with cheese, chilly, and ham  
The awful waffle was packed, but I'm not going to  
Krystals  
I'll be damned if I gotta go in here and eat with a pistol  
(I swear)  
Fools is sendin' signals but not sayin' a word  
I ain't payin' them no attention, 'cause I'm high as a  
bird  
I placed my order, ate my food, then walked up out that  
bitch with an attitude  
Got in the car, blazed the blunt from out the ashtray  
Never liked main street, so we take the backway  
My homey said pull-over, but I guess it couldn't wait  
'Cause when my body hit the breaks it was like \*throws  
up\*

[Chorus]

(Car full of white boys) x 7

\*siren

Visit [Haystak](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.