

Haystak "Car Fulla White Boys"

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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 [?] (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

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