

## Kany García

### "Drive Slow"

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Drive slow, homie(If you ridin' around the city with  
nowhere to go)Drive slow, homie(Live today, cause  
tomorrow man, you never know)You never know,  
homieMight meet some hoes, homieYou need to pump  
your brakes and drive slow, homie[Kanye West]My  
car's like the movie, my car's like the cribI got mo TV's  
in here than where I live[GLC]And that don't make no  
sense, but baby I'm the shitAnd everything I flip, you  
know it's somethin seriousI got the custom grill, I got  
the Bravis rimsI got the baller genetics baby this  
evidenceYou see a player flickin', and how you ain't  
convincedThat you should go on and kiss it, just a lil bit  
(just a lil bit)I wearin my custom kicks, I got my Jesus  
chainMy canary's is gleamin', through my angel  
wingsThey see me, hoes actin' like they seen a  
kingWith that mean lean, smokin on that finest Cali  
greenMy woodgrain oak, I'm ridin on VoguesMy  
cylinder quiet, like tip-toesI sold O's, and this I  
knowWhen you see them hoes, lil homie drive slow  
\*echoes\*(Tony Williams harmony ad-libs)[T.I.]Lookin'  
at the life through my rearview, all the problems I  
hadCould be seen a lot clearer after time had  
passedKnown for livin' so fast, they wonder how he  
don't crashWith 220 on the dash, he constantly  
mashin'(Why don't he slow down?) They be constantly  
askin'But me in the fast lane is like metal and  
magnetsNow I ain't tryna say that it's the way of the  
massesBut it, so hard to change, I love this shit with a  
passionSince me and Sigel cuttin' classes, showin' our  
assShootin' out in broad day in the middle of trafficl  
remember sellin' crack faster than I could bag itA  
shame I ain't playin' with you shorty, I ain't braggin'Me  
and Cap got life, some other folk got blastedHad a  
partner OD'd and after this all happenedIt's like the  
only thing that kept a pimp from cryin' and laughin'And  
the Lord smiled on me at the end of the madnessI  
never thought that I'd make it this far rappin'For  
introduc'in the youth to what we now call  
trappin'Considered now a classic, who'da imagined?  
Me in Milano, gettin' models in next year's fashionsSo  
nowadays, they can call me old fashionedBut it's way

too much cash to see blue lights flashin'  
So I guess the moral of this here class is  
Life about who make it now  
not about who make it the fastest  
Drive slow homie  
Dri, uh dri slowly

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