Keak Da Sneak

"Hard Tops & Drops Ft. Paul Wall & Scoot"

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(Keak Da Sneak) Reverse-cut the wheels Then I flame and drop 'em Put a low pin on front, back, side to side That's just how we ride 4 girls, big block Hemi startin' off from scratch Custom nice stock Get to rappin' are we handlin' or losin' Make it your pink slip too And you're cheap choosin' Ain't nothin' like ridin' and smokin' a blunt Top-drop of the roof back, smoke goin' up T-tops in the backseat Get the forecast, get to checkin' with the bad tweak I be spittin' on the dash that's whats up Hey man, pass that back -P-Paul Wall, he say whats up On my hype and my car, tell 'em that I like Pus I might ride and Sneak come out at night But the whip come out in summer T-top sunroof with the drop flames on ya

(That's how we ride) Hard Top Drops and T-tops (That's how we ride) Hard Top Drops and T-tops (That's how we ride) If it ain't drop then it's T-top If it ain't T-top, won't touch it, bro Don't stop, Go (That's how we ride) Hard Top Drops and T-tops (That's how we ride) Hard Top Drops and T-tops (That's how we ride) If it ain't drop then it's T-top If it ain't T-top, won't touch it, bro Don't stop, Go

(Paul Wall) Got money on my mind, so I stay on my toes And I'm fly like Superman, so I stay on them hoes Paul Wall baby what it do, hold what you got All eyes on the champ like to see III drop So I pull up on them bops in they candy caprices Poppin' all on my stunnas like Hello Clarisse I got them ocean spray jeans just to match the paint In the 5th wheel the flame, the remote control crank My game so buttah cause I'm smooth as silk Goin' off the handlebars so I'm leanin' with a tip I'm Somethin' like a quilt cause the game is sewed and I'm high as the Big Dipper, my brain exploded Meanwhile body love with the women the grill In the spotted 91' Fleetwood, so trill Yeah I'm trunk poppin' when I tip on dimes Short stoppin' on them boppers cause I got the kinds

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(Scooter the Executor)

Go with every muscle every bone in my body I'm about to touch on this so I'ma cop the miadi Bitch-nigga in the building, spread bitch get naughty Gotta lose control, she on the pole at the pop She wanna write us some fatter shit and roll up in some badder shit

X, O drinkin' it as full as a black get Them battleships, we ride tall on 24's with the Chromed-out nose and them Lamborghini doors Pull up at the show and the hoes just fret Its Scooter the Executor; Too hard to pet With game is the same, boys out the luck With the blueberry check up in the tropical punch Then the cone of jumpin' candy when you stainin' the streets,

Pop the top and let the butterscotch melt in the seat Them papers held hostage in the trunk of the V When I'm outside of yo mama's house distubin' the peace

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