

## Mike Jones "My 64"

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Cruisin? down the street in my 64  
(Mike Jones!)  
Jockin? a bitch, slappin? a hoe  
Went to the park to get the scoop  
Knuckleheads out there, cold, shootin? some hoops

Cruisin? down the street in my 64  
Jockin? a bitch, jockin? a bitch  
Cruisin? down the street in my 64  
Jockin? a bitch, jockin? a bitch

Cruisin? down the street in my 64  
Jockin? a bitch, jockin? a bitch  
Cruisin? down the street in my  
(Mike Jones Jones Jones)  
Jockin? a bitch, here we g-g-go

Well I'm cruisin? down the street in my candy painted  
low  
Bouncin? like a [incomprehensible] in my 64's  
I pull up wood grippin?, doors tippin?, sittin? low  
I'm hittin? sixteen switches, watch it stop and hit the  
floor

I'm leanin? on the curb, sippin? syrup, blowin? dro  
The girls show me love when they panties hit the floor  
I said I'm leanin? on the curb, sippin? syrup, blowin?  
dro  
I got the 64 hoppin?, watch it stop and do a show

First I lean wit it, then I rock wit it  
I got a candy apple drop wit a glock in it  
First I lean wit it, then I rock wit it  
I got a candy apple drop wit a glock in it

First I lean, then I rock  
(Mike Jones!)  
First I lean, then I rock  
I said, first I lean wit it, then I rock wit it  
I got a candy apple drop wit a glock in it

Because I'm cruisin? down the street in my 64

Jockin? a bitch, jockin? a bitch  
Cruisin? down the street in my 64  
Jockin? a bitch, jockin? a bitch

Cruisin? down the street in my 64  
Jockin? a bitch, jockin? a bitch  
Cruisin? down the street in my  
(Bun B)  
Jockin? a bitch, here we g-g-go

It's Bun B, I'm known for slammin? Cadillac doors  
Comin? down on that candy with them swangers and  
them 4's  
But I got love for the West Coast, all day  
So I suppose I'ma head out to Cali, the land of the low-  
lows

Touch down in LAX and I don't need no car  
Robbie Chino pick me up with the bud and the bar  
In the hood I'm a star so to the hood I'ma go  
With Mike Jones and Snoop Dogg and they already  
know

That I get love from the B's, love from the C's  
Mexican, Asian and Samoa OG's  
Throw it up when they see me and holla, ?Hey Bun!?  
When I'm comin? out in Soul Assassin Grey One

You might see me at Long Beach or maybe Pasadena  
Inglewood, I.E. or West Covina  
I?m Southside ridin? with the homie big Kun  
Car hoppin?, top droppin? so give that kid room

When I'm cruisin? down the street in my 64  
Jockin? a bitch, jockin? a bitch  
Cruisin? down the street in my 64  
Jockin? a bitch, jockin? a bitch

Cruisin? down the street in my 64  
Jockin? a bitch, jockin? a bitch  
Cruisin? down the street in my  
(Snoop Dogg)  
Jockin? a bitch, here we g-g-go

An? big Snoop Dogg in a yellow Parisini  
With two girlies in the back in they Crip blue bikinis  
Shakin? and they jumpin? ?cause the deuce keep  
bouncin?  
Tippin?, whippin?, the ass steady dippin?

Candy paint drippin? and these axel's what I?m sippin?

As I shake like a dice game, cold as the ice age  
Mike Jones rockin? like a Rollin? Stone  
An' Snoop Dogg boy I'm b-b-bad to the bone

Yeah them Cali boys, we love them low-lows  
An? real car club members bang they low doors  
And take photos, see everything is fine  
I'm in the 64, a sixty-trey, a 59

I love my car like I love my wife  
See low ridin? ain?t a sport it?s a way of life  
On the real dough I'll tell you how it feel though  
If you see me in the fo? creepin? slow yo

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Cruisin? down the street in my 64  
Jockin? a bitch, jockin? a bitch

Cruisin? down the street in my 64  
Jockin? a bitch, jockin? a bitch  
Cruisin? down the street in my  
Jockin? a bitch, jockin' a bitch

Yeah man, let me explain somethin' to you one time,  
man  
Low ridin' is not a sport, it's a way of life  
It?s like buildin' a car from scratch, you understand me

You gotta put the fresh paint on it  
You gotta put the mustard and mayonnaise  
That?s the tires, you understand me  
You gotta put the chrome on it  
A little gold on it, you understand me  
It?s gotta be a hundred spokes or better, ya dig?

An' you gotta drop the top  
You gotta put the switches on the motherfucker  
You definitely got to have a beat  
And when you hit the streets you gotta have a freak  
You know what I'm sayin'  
One of the side, two on the b-sack  
That's how it's gotta go down man  
That?s real lowridin?, you understand me

From a West Coast motherfuckin' G man  
We bouncin', we schlippin', we tippin', we dippin'  
We dodgin' motherfuckin' pigs all the while  
While we doin' this motherfuckin' gangsta style  
You understand what I'm sayin', yeah I'm just cruisin'

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