

Young Buck "Drivin Down The Freeway"

Visit "[Drivin Down The Freeway](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

You, you, you with your funny, fun, fun
Lookin' up at the sunny, sun, sun
Butterfly cheeks and lemon-cut hair
Hardly a worry and never a care

In her eyes, the color of love
In your eyes, the color of love

Diamond in the back with the sunroof open
Drivin down the freeway
Eyes real low, just singin' my song
Drivin down the freeway

Life already fast so I'm movin' along
Drivin down the freeway
Blowin' my smoke all by myself, just
Drivin down the freeway

Lemme drop my top, turn up my pac
Now close ya eyes, picture me rollin' through ya block
Holla back baby, my Chevy clean but my Lac crazy
The back bumpa on the ground like I'm ridin' with a fat
lady

Look what God gave me
A '72 Caprice Classic, race me, it go about a buck-80
Turnin' heads as I switch lanes
No ice, I let my XXXXX wear my big chain

Big things goin' down in a small hood
Jack boys wanna rob, I wish y'all would
See when the sunshine come out the Lamborghini
somehow
Had them haters mad, lookin' at me with their tongue
out
(Wow)

Diamond in the back with the sunroof open
Drivin down the freeway
Eyes real low, just singin' my song
Drivin down the freeway

Life already fast so I'm movin' along
Drivin down the freeway
Blowin' my smoke all by myself, just
Drivin down the freeway

Candy coated muscle car 'cause I'm a hustle star
This is how we love to ball, me and my roll dogs
Inside sweet like new cucci, the roof Gucci
The mats on my floor roll like sushi

Flyin' through traffic
Don't trip
Gotta hemi with a tip
I can give it to ya real quick

Lewis Sonnis got me feelin' like I'm floatin'
Or is the kush that I blow in trill motion
I hit the block with the doors open, the hoes open
I'm lookin' like a video in slow motion

And I'm feelin' like new money
You haters too funny
Mad 'cause the paint fresh, shoes ugly

Diamond in the back with the sunroof open
Drivin' down the freeway
Eyes real low, just singin' my song
Drivin down the freeway

Life already fast so I'm movin' along
Drivin down the freeway
Blowin' my smoke all by myself, just
Drivin down the freeway

I walk with a lean, I only bump the 80's themes
Hand XXXX stuck in the seat, I'm a ladies dream
Since days of the teens
Servin' the fiends was all that I've seen

The American dream but life ain't no crystal stack
And it ain't with it seem
The streets ain't playin' it fair
Listen up, ride with us, we can take you there

I ride Cadillacs on custom hoods, caps and vogues
I ride black on black, back to back, fresh from head to
toe
Everywhere we go, more hoes and plenty of dro
Everywhere we go, more shows and plenty of dough

It's Young Noe, E.D.I., Young Buck and Capp

And we do this for respect,
And Hi-Tek, bless the track
We ridin'

Drivin down the freeway

Diamond in the back with the sunroof open
Drivin down the freeway
Eyes real low, just singin' my song
Drivin down the freeway

Life already fast so I'm movin' along
Drivin down the freeway
Blowin' my smoke all by myself, just
Drivin down the freeway

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

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