

Young Buck "Driving Down The Freeway"

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(feat. The Outlawz)

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

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

[Chorus:]

Diamond in the back with the sunroof open
Driiiiivin down the freeway
Eyes real low, just singin my song
Driiiiivin down the freeway
Life already fast so I'm movin along
Driiivin down the freeway
Blowin my smoke all by myself, just
Driiivin 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 bitch wear my big chain
Big things going down in a small hood
Jack boys wanna rob, I wish ya'll would
See when the sunshine come out, the lamborghini
somehow
Had them haters mad, lookin at me with their tongue
out (wow)

[Chorus]

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 gucci, 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 sonniss 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

[Chorus]

I walk with a lean, I only bump the 80's themes
Hand cock 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, adi, young buck and capp
And we do this for respect, and hi tek, bless the track
We ridin

Driivin down the freeway

[Chorus]

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