

## Emilio Rojas "Hands On The Wheel"

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Crush a bit, little bit, roll it up, take a hit [3x]  
Feeling lit, feeling light, 2 AM, summer night  
She drunk dialin'™, drunk dialin'™, at the same  
damn time as she drunk drivin'™,  
When I answer the call heard the people wildin' in the  
background (Oh, we're alright!)  
Now she start laughing, brakes start screeching, she  
starts screaming, heard her car crashing,  
Oh, shit, I start asking what the fuck had happened and  
she don'™ t answer.  
I start panicking, running to the car, but I got to get the  
keys and remember where I parked,  
And I got to hit police and to tell 'em she involved in  
an accident, I don'™ t want her to be harmed,  
So I'™ m speeding and I'™ m weaving in the middle  
of the street 'round three ten,  
And I'm knowin' that clock is ticking, but I'™ m hoping  
that I can get there and I beat it.  
At the scene of the crash and I leave in a flash and I  
didn'™ t even take all the keys out the dash,  
Looking at the flipped SUV in the grass, and a couple  
broke trees with the median smashed.  
Oh, oh, jeez, this is bad, ain'™ t nobody moving,  
ain'™ t nobody screaming,  
Ain'™ t nobody sitting in the front anymore, I assume  
they were thrown from the seatbelt.  
Now the ambulances pull in, and the EMT'™ s they all  
sprinting,  
Found bodies burnt in that backseat and that driver  
seem to be missing.  
They started searching and sniffing, looking at me with  
eyes that ask questions,  
I ain'™ t have any answers, though, and so they  
started getting aggressive, like,  
'œWhere the driver at?' 'œDo you think  
there'™ s a chance they survived the crash?' Just  
smiled back.  
"And the windshield didn'™ t even have a crack, how  
the hell in God'™ s name they MacGyver that?"  
Then a siren flash from behind my back, I turn around  
to a clown that's behind a badge,  
Heard a couple rounds from a fired gat, and I hit the

ground quick and then fired back.  
Oh, shit, what was I involved in? Who the hell was the  
woman that I called and,  
And how the fuck I end up in a cross fire with assault  
rifles and marksmen?  
That's one cop down, two cops down, cry for a  
second then a few more rounds,  
Everybody dead, but my boo right now, I got to make a  
move right now.  
I don't wanna be a victim, I don't wanna talk, I  
don't wanna be a witness,  
Or accessory to no murder, 'cause I fuck with all the  
wrong bitches.  
Now I just wanna forget this, skip town and I go on  
living,  
But the problem is I'm involved with her, but so bad  
it's the bitch that I live with.  
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Hands on the wheel, hands on the wheel

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