

## Emilio Rojas

### "Ride Around Slow"

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I hear them talking and I love it,  
But I let them keep they hate cause otherwise they  
stuck with nothing  
But I'm not the one to fuck with, rolling round with  
suspects  
And they looking everyday they not in cuffs, I guess it's  
success  
And I'm uptown around Amsterdam, where women  
kicking back  
We all out to dinner, she don't eat before she  
Instagram it  
But I'm way to spanics, we ain't pulling up in civics stow  
We be getting long panameras like we pitching dope  
And I used to live at home and now I'm out of my  
mama's  
And a bit of riding out with my partners,  
And I'm going out of town with your finest  
I ain't bother with college, nah, I tried it out do mean  
shit  
When you living like james dean, you don't give a  
damn about a dean's list  
And I'm creeping round with them clean chicks  
They don't know the meaning of clean piss  
They don't ask how my week been  
They only ask where the weed is  
I'm living filthy till it kill me  
And you can tell the judge the only thing I'm guilty of  
Is being guilt free

[Hook]

We riding round slow, yeah, we riding round slow  
Lil mama getting low up in the passenger seat  
We riding round slow, yeah, we riding round slow  
Got the windows with the tints cause we don't wanna be  
seen  
We riding round slow, yeah, we riding round slow  
We leave the crib about 3, now that's a fucking routine  
Cause we don't have a sleep, the city never sleep, nah  
We're too busy living our dreams  
We riding round slow, yeah

Yeah, and the dudes around me are ruthless  
They get stupid at the bar, they taking shots of those  
excuses  
And she waking up like she moved in, we ain't making  
no breakfast  
Now we getting up and we sexing and we both are  
maxing the exit  
My whole team is so reckless and they don't care about  
love  
Cause what the fuck is a witness, when you gonna tell  
them just what they saw  
Our tattoos and identifies, uptown where they tantrum  
find  
If they had they way, they'd probably be ok with that  
genocide  
And my better side is my bad side  
Better half is that bad bitch, spending money's  
addictive  
Every damn feed am I happy  
My mother used to get mad and curse me out in broken  
Spanish  
But now she running round saying conjo cause she's  
ecstatic  
And nothing matters but family, I don't have friends  
If you ain't my brother, you nothing to me, you not sick  
I'm living filthy till it kill me  
And you can tell the judge the only thing I'm guilty of  
Is being guilt free

[Hook]

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