

Wu-Block

"Drivin Round"

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[Verse 1: Sheek Louch]

Out the window with that Range or that muscle car
Arm hanging out the window, diamonds in that big
Chopard
Weed in the cracked cigar, more sour in the jar
Looking both ways, I'm cautious when I'm (drivin'
'round)
Hoodrats that's fresh, but barely feed their kids
Little kids that's killers and love doing bids
Unemployment lines, Mexicans'll work for nothing
You pray with them, but you don't know who that priest
been touching
Liquour stores, strip clubs, filthy whores
Somebody daughter getting ten singles to drop her
drawers
Crack fiends buy a new TV for 20 beans
Niggas tryna get money, police (drivin' 'round)
Blue flags, red flags, different gangs
OG's still outside, it never changes
McDonald's, chinese food, a thousand chains
I'm just tryna use my brains when I'm (drivin' 'round)

[Hook: Erykah Badu]

Step in the car and go
Round down by your lady, and I be waiting at the door
We 'bout to go (drivin' 'round)

[Verse 2: Mastah Killah]

Look, I'm fresh back from out of state, JFK arrival
A big spliff in my ashtray, July sunny day
And I'm feeling 'ight too, sliding through Medina
I done pushed everything, I love the way the Benz
swing
So I turn my music up, caught a thought, wrote it down
I've seen him come back from outta town and get laid
down
His music loud, windows down, summer heat vibing
It's live when I'm gliding, I'm smoking while I'm driving
Riding, mini skirts flirting while I'm passing, they
waving
I'm leaning hard cruising, grooving to the beat

As I move through these mean streets
I beep at the seeds, stop, bless them with a little gwap
I keep it rolling, picture me trolling the big truck
(?), my cheap skin shearing all the leather
It's a cold world, winter war weather
This is Wu-Block music for the black hooded
champions

[Hook]

[Verse 3: GZA]

What is the key to life, with no ignition?
Another jump start, then I'm on my mission
I keep ID, insurance, and registration
Wu music, good hemp for stimulation
Pull out the station, yield to pedestrians
Blacks, whites, Asians, Indians and Mexicans
At the light, a base head, fragile as a Pringle
He asks me "can I spare a change?" I throw up singles
He mimics my song that's on repeat
Addiction so strong, got him in knee deep
Button on his lapel, picture of Obama
Four years later we stuck in the same drama
These streets corners, just overcrowded saunas
Bigger losers drop weight, sweating from the trauma
Education to a thug is well debated
Each crime is kinfolk, all blood related

[Hook]

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