

Haystacks The "Car Fulla White Boyz"

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(Intro)

It's time to step out on the scene
Raise some hell.
Drunk as a bicycle
Can't you tell?
Can't even see straight
I'm cranked as hell
Gone on that ga-green
Can't you smell?
Step out the backseat of a '78 Chevelle
Club wasn't jumpin so we had to bail.

Fixen ta check out the next pot,
My clicka's about to rec-shot.
We don't dance we just bop,
You run up, you get dropped.
Parkin lot's crunk, thugs and the drug-pushers,
Yea you know the steal-low, blunts in the sub-woofers.
Car fulla' white boys, there's no doubt.
Theres some shit go down, slim be the first one out.
Locked up wit a fool three times his size,
What you need on your team when it's time to ride. (Get
'it)
A buncha dirty white boys, that's not from the gangs,
we gonna take yo ass to war, like Sadaam Hussein.

If you kick my ass, you got ta do it again,
Everytime that you see me, till I finally win.
And then, I'm kickin your ass, until I'm content,
You gon' be walkin around for months wearing my
finger prints.

I'm none of them goofy, white boys from the movies,
Talk shit and have to shoot ya, (you hardcore?)
Absolutely.
Take it across your face wit the nick gold-plated,
I think my jaw juss got dis-located by...

(Chorus)

It's on for tonight, boy,
(Car fulla white boys)

All units, be on the lookout for...
(Car fulla white boys)
It's on for tonight, boy,
(Car fulla white boys)
(Sirens sound)
(Car fulla white boys)
It's on for tonight, boy,
(Car fulla white boys)
Dispatch, we got a visual on the...
(Car fulla white boys)
It's on for tonight, boy,
(Car fulla white boys)
(Sirens sound)
(Car fulla white boys)

Throw it out man!
I aint throwin out shit.

Looked at my watch, it said 11:36,
Turned down second ave. in a big-body, bitch.
Me muggin' haters, heads bobbin up and down,
Hollerin Southside out the window, my people dont fuck
around.
It's like they lookin' for a reason to straight clown,
When we get gone on that gooy and its straight crown.
100 proof Absolut, ridin round blazin.
All cars be on the lookout for a car full of caucasians.

Eyes so tight we could pass for asians,
So if they pull us over, play like you dont speak english.
(mumbles)
Passed some pretty gals, I told my boy to slow down.
Man your ride's a piece of junk, the window won't roll
down.
We didn't get no play from the ladies, (naw)
Six cracka's in the car...Are you crazy?
I'm real wit dem pro's, I aint about to front.
Man, we outta blunts, pull over fool!

(Chorus)

Stopped at Circle K and got a box of Sweets,
Smoked one, now we feelin like: Let's get somethin to
eat.
Look, Wendy's was closed, I was mad as hell.
I guess we'll go to Waffle House and get a patty melt.
But them omelates was the bomb shit, toast with jelly
and jam,
Hash browns covered with cheese, chili, and ham...
The "Aweful Waffle" was packed, but I'm not going to
Crystal's,

I'll be damned if I gotta go in here and eat wit a pencil.
I swear, fools is sendin signals, but not sayin a word.
I aint payin 'em no attention, cuz I'm high as a bird...

I placed my order, ate my food,
Then walked up out that bitch wit a attitude.
Got in the car, laced a blunt from out tha ash tray,
Never liked mainstreet, so we take the back way.
My homie said pullover, but I guess it couldnt wait,
Cuz when my partner hit da brakes, it was like:
(coughing)

(Chorus)

Car fulla white boys- till fade

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