

U-God

"Rims Pokin Out"

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[Intro: U-God]

Good God, ugh!

[U-God:]

I got air suspension, hydraulics, in the cockpit
Thumpin' heavy watters, my stereo's bionic
Soul sonic force, wood grain, dual exhaust pipes
Fuel is lost, when thrown in overdrive
A hundred horsepowers and the hood motorized
The super charger take you on a roller coaster ride
Don't worry if you slide, I got four wheel drive
When I glide down Interstate 95
Heard additional miles heading for the high
With my halogen lights, with my buggy eye
Bring truck, serious guy rims, supersized
When I pull up to your side that's, when you realize
That I'm live on your set, pedestrians sweat
Cause they catch whiplash when they turn they neck
With a multi disc changer, plus cassette
This is for them low riders that burn the strip

[Chorus: Leathafase (U-God)]

Driving down the strip, I'm smoking out
Roof ripped, deep dish, rims pokin' out
(Ride higher, good God)
Never ever ever ever gonna stop
As the chrome blades chop and I'm rollin' out
(Ride higher, good God)

[U-God:]

I got burners in the stashbox, Gucci ragtop
It's a brand new boy, toy, not a Matchbox
Jealous hoes try to key it up, with scratch marks
That's the price you pay, when you park after dark
Narc's try to search her, cause she wax the Impala
Road kill on my crash bar, just demolished
It takes hard earned dollars, to keep us served
TV's in the head rest, serve your purpose
My Xbox control, by the steering wheel color
Fancy fur rug match with the W's on 'em
Peel out in the large OVM Pirelli

Drive on the sour, make ya spine turn jelly
Blueberry in my hand, blow out the sunroof
Dodging potholes, trying to not dent the Coupe
Airvent cool me off, when you hot pursuit
Them little press on hubcaps are not the truth

[Chorus]

[Hook x2: U-God]

If you love fast cars, come ride with me
Come roll with me, come ride with me
If you love big trucks, come roll with me
Come ride with me, come roll with me

[U-God:]

Now what can you tell me, if my Fendi glasses
Throw up my nose, at the low E classes
No smoke in my backseat, I don't need ashes
Behold the masses, scoping me out
Now driving down the strip, I'm smoking out
Not a Blood or a Crip, but I'm loc'ing out
With fast cars on the fast lane, on a fast route
Interior flushed out, you know what I'm about

[Chorus x2]

[Outro: Leathafase]

Driving down the strip...

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