

# Chamillionaire & Krayzie Bone, Ridin'

They see me rollin', they hatin'  
Patrollin' and tryin' ta catch me ridin' dirty  
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My music so loud, I'm swangin'  
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Grindin' to see if they can see me lean  
I'm tense, so it ain't easy to be seen  
When you see me ride by they can see the gleam  
And my shine on the deck and the TV screen  
Now ridin' with a new chick, she like, "Hold up"  
Next to the PlayStation controlla  
Is a full clip and my pistola  
Send a jacker into a coma  
Girl you ain't know I'm crazy like Krayzie Bone  
Just tryin' ta bone, ain't tryin' to have no babies  
Ride clean as hell, so I pull in ladies  
Laws on patrol and you know they hate me  
Music turned all the way up and to the maximum  
I got speakers, some \*\*\*\*\* tryin' ta jack for some  
But we packin' somethin' and what we have for 'um  
We'll have a \*\*\*\*\* locked up in a maximum, security cell  
I'm grippin oak  
Music loud and I'm tippin' slow  
Twins steady twistin' like, "Hit this dough"  
Police pull up right behind and it's in his throat  
Windows down, gotta stop pollution  
City change just like, "Who is that producin'?"  
That's the Play 'N Skillz when we out and cruisin'  
Got warrants in every city except Houston  
But I still ain't losin'  
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I've been drinking and smokin'  
Holy \*\*\*\* 'cause I really can't focus  
I gotta get it home before the po-po's scope this  
Big ole Excursion swervin', all up in the curb and  
A \*\*\*\*\* been sippin' on the Hennessy and the gin again  
It's in again, we in the wind  
Don't wanna hold up while I puff on the blunt  
I roll another one up, and leave it like we ain't givin' a \*\*\*\*  
I got a blunt up in my right hand  
40 oz. in my lap, freezin' my \*\*\*\*\*  
Rollin' up a tree, green leaves and all  
Comin' pretty deep me and my dogs  
Yo' I gotta hit the back streets  
Wanted by the six-five says I got heat  
Glock, glock shots to the block, we creep creep

Pop pop, hope cops don't see me on the low key  
With no regard for the law  
We dodge 'em like, "\*\*\*\*k 'em all"  
But I won't get caught up  
And brought up on charges for none of y'all  
Keep a gun in car and a blunt to spark  
Wonder if you want \*\*\*\*\* it poppin' dog  
Ready or not, we bust shots off in the air  
Krayzie Bone and Chamillionaire  
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You wouldn't think it so, I tried ta let cha go  
Turn on my blanker light, and then I swang it slow  
And they upset for fa sho, 'cause they think they know  
That they catchin' me with plenty of the drank and dro'  
So they get behind me, tryin' ta catch my tags  
Look in my rearview and they smilin'  
Thinkin' they'll catch me in the wrong, they keep tryin'  
And denyin' that it's racial profilin'  
Houston, Texas you can check my tags  
Pull me over, try to check my slab  
Glove compartment, gotta get my cash  
'Cause the crooked cops'll try to come up fast  
And bein' the balla that I am, I talk to them  
Not givin' a damn about them not feelin' my attitude  
When they realize I ain't even ridin' dirty  
Bet you'll be leavin' with an even madder mood  
I'ma laugh at you then I have to cruise  
Ya my number two on some old school DJ Screw  
You can't arrest me, plus you can't sue  
This is a message to the laws, tell 'em, "We hate you"  
I could be tough, tell 'em that they shoulda known  
Tippin' down, sittin' crooked on my chrome  
Bookin' my phone, findin' a chick I wanna bone  
Like they couldn't stop me, I'm bout to pull up at your home  
And it's on  
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