

# Clipse, Ride Around Shinning

All I want to do is ride around shining while I can afford it  
Plenty ice on my neck so I don't get nauseous  
Float around in the greatest of Porsches  
Feel like a chuck wagon cause I'm on twelve horses  
And the three behind mine they be the click  
So much ice in they Rollies, the shit don't tick man  
Winter through the summer (whaaat) care less what it cost me  
While I'm shovelin the snow man call me frosty lova

(Pusha T)

This for the 100,000 dollar kitty German drivers  
With big rims and low-pro tires  
F\*\*kin' with college bitches with innocent looks like Mya  
Corrupt they mind, turn 'em to liars  
I groom 'em well  
Dior whore, Christian Lacroix  
Keep guns stashed under the floor board  
Enough to start world war  
Paradise in reaches, home next to beaches  
Hair pressed, blowin' in the wind, shit 'bout long as Jesus  
I still leave speech for Gospel, so match this  
Pusha push Don P keys with these sounds of crackness  
The black Martha Stuart, let me show you how to do it  
Break down pies to pieces, make cocaine quiches  
Money piles high as my nieces  
Hefty bags full of cash, cars full of ass  
Rolex presidential, bitch, feel the glass

(Chorus)

(AB Liva)

It's that luck that astounds  
Life's a circus  
I parade the sick through these clowns  
The crown is vacant  
I'm takin' the proper steps  
I'm takin' them poppa steps  
They prayin' for my downfall

Is it the bling, the king, conquistador  
That my jeweler made the face blush on the Frank Mueller  
The R shape peculiar, it's awesome, layin' over dark skin  
Lookin' like arson when I park in the left, it's constant  
Minute hand is like Parkinson's  
You a fish for the sharks to swim  
In that opaque linen with the R colored stitchin'  
V12 on a Modena you can see the pistons  
HRE's on it, Mommy see it glisten  
When I make +Oliver Twist+ like Dickens  
It's feelin' like parts is missin'  
Tops don't push soul  
Got it drive it like pole positions 'til my soul's risen

(Chorus)

(Malice)

Welcome to the world of Rollies  
VS diamonds and that 50,000 dollar show piece  
Got me shinin'  
First nigga holla show me  
Let that 9mm turn a fella ghostly  
Hell, I'll even grant amnesty to those who owe me  
You f\*\*kin' faggot

You need to raise your glass and toast me  
Niggaz can't figure the format for hustler criteria  
Not chrome, grown rims with stallion insignia  
Listen youngin', you've only just begun  
You'll understand when you're older  
Said father to the son  
Who would've thought such riches stem from ill rhymes?  
Canary yellow diamonds size of yield signs, slow down  
And procede with caution  
Carousal of horses with dual-exhaustion  
Fess up, youngin' you'll always be next up  
Go against I, forever play catch up nigga

(Chorus)