

Dem Franchize Boyz, Ridin' Rims (Clean)

[Man 1's cell phone ringing:]

Man 1: Hello?

Man 2: J.D.?

J.D.: What's up Flex? What's goin' on?

Flex: You know I heard ya'll are up in the ATL lookin' real bigger the streets, baby.

J.D.: Yeah, I'm sayin' I got them 26's, man.

Flex: I'm in the new F150 whipped up a raged up real nuts like...

J.D.: Man, I don't know what this is it's the dawg right here man we... we... we... we owe 7's like... li

Flex: Yeah, when you come out here we gotta get it poppin'.

J.D.: Ya'll need to come out, I mean no... ya'll need to co... hold on, hold on, hold on, hold on... Hel

Man 3: J.D.?

J.D.: What's up, Trav? What's goin' on? What you sittin' on out there in that lake?

Travis: Uh we ridin' 26's.

J.D.: I know you got that katty out there lookin' stupid.

[Travis laughs:]

J.D.: You need to come to ATL man so we can show you how we do it. I'm a call you back alright?

[Music starts:]

[Intro:]

Yeah [...] Young Juve

All you [...] you all know what this is

We don't ride these no more [...]

We're in here with flat's [...]

We sittin' on lebron back over here,

All you fake mounted up ass [...] ridin' these,

We stop ridin' these in '99, checke checke

Put that little boy [...] up.

Chorus:

If your ridin' rims, you gotta ride flat's uh, ha

I'm sittin' high ridin' on lebron back uh, ha

Des 23's uh, ha

If you ain't know uh, ha

I got a Tahoe truck sittin' up on 24's.

Verse 1:

I got mo' grams den Teddy,

Got a cam in my Chevy,

My car go...

[car sounds]

And When I ride I'm ready.

Look like I'm glidin' on nothin',

When I ride I be skatin',

I pull up, swervin' on [...]

They don't be tryin' they be hatin'.

They only ridin' on 20's.

They might as well ride on hubs.

If it ain't deuces or better,

You might as well put em' up.

Cause where I'm from

We mount up and ride on dem big rims.

A whole supply of deuces,

That spin harder than windmills.

I been real yeah always too deep,

Cause I Pack heat, or White leather guts,

Plush, Bitch scream in the back seat.

23's on my [...] feet,

When I'm ridin' I swerve.

My wheels too clean fo' the [...] street,

So I ride on the curb.

Chorus:

If your ridin' rims, you gotta ride flat's uh, ha

I'm sittin' high ridin' on lebron back uh, ha
Des 23's uh, ha
If you ain't know uh, ha
I got a Tahoe truck sittin' up on 24's.

Verse 2:

I got a Chevy sittin' high,
By matchin' corna' ties.
Michael Jordan's mounted up,
That's 23's on the ride
Jizzal Man
I got the man in the trunk,
I'm workin' the Alpines,
Paint flippin' Candy drippin'
Plus the wood inside.
Drivin' a big boy drop,
The T.V. in the rear,
The European clip,
On the rotatin' rims.
Just a flam of M.L.G.,
And that [...] smokin'.
Bust a couple U-Turns.
Wit' the dos wide open.
Scrappin' on the gas pedal.
Make my pipes start chokin'.
Comin' down real clean,
Wit my 6-screen showin'.
Lebron back home,
Look, I'm sittin' right on it,
Drivin' up through the lanes
On the corna' straight gunnin'.

Chorus:

If your ridin' rims, you gotta ride flat's uh, ha
I'm sittin' high ridin' on lebron back uh, ha
Des 23's uh, ha
If you ain't know uh, ha
I got a Tahoe truck sittin' up on 24's.

Verse 3:

Loud pipes, satin music,
Wit the Juno eyes.
2nd tone, background,
Wit 2-inch ties.
Cut the curb on the block,
It's a concert line
DFB and me, bitch
Swervin' side to side.
Yup, the Cutlass mounted up,
Like a H3 humma.
But it's stuntin' 1-on-1
Cause I'm the #1 stunna.
Blastin' down 20
You doin' more than a honda.
Since my paint wet,
They say my trunk sound like thunder'.
[...] [...] [...]
Run the [...] [...]
Drivin' [...]
In a nice ol'-school,
Flow like dead people.
Our punk rock can't.
Hit the button to make my do's pop.
But my rims go ridin' round,
Custom seats Lean 'n Rock.

Chorus:

If your ridin' rims, you gotta ride flat's uh, ha
I'm sittin' high ridin' on lebron back uh, ha
Des 23's uh, ha
If you ain't know uh, ha
I got a Tahoe truck sittin' up on 24's.

Verse 4:

Now my rims spin
Everytime I make a stop.
And I keep that Chevy clean,
Like a flow on disk it mop.
When I'm posted at the light
Got a button that make the top drop.
Now, hoes hoppin' on my dick,
Like they playin' hopscotch.
Hoe hoes hoppin on my dick,
Like they playin' hopscotch.
When I'm on the E-way,
You see me hit it, then I'm gone.
Shinin' red paint
And it touched up wit some silicon.
I stay deep
Humpin' they friend, cause I don't mind,
Cause I'm wood-grippin' quick shippin'
With a flip of Alpine.
It's [...] [...]
So I'm a always stunt [...]
Run up on the Chevy,
And get burnt like my blun's [...]
I keep good product.
So the hood, it get delivered.
Sittin' back, Watchin' movies,
In the rearview mirror.

Chorus:

If your ridin' rims, you gotta ride flat's uh, ha
I'm sittin' high ridin' on lebron back uh, ha
Des 23's uh, ha
If you ain't know uh, ha
I got a Tahoe truck sittin' up on 24's.

[Outro:]

Young Juve ya'll know what this is.
Ya'll know what this is.
So so so def.