

Saafir, Hype Shit

You like classics well I'll stock that ass
Wit a 454 hypo, nitro hooked through the trunk,
I'm a flowmaster monk you'll get smobbed on,
I'll smoke that ass like skunk. You better
Rotate them drums locate that hum,
no alignment,
My rhymes remind me of ya suspension,
Off to the left section off the strip.
Let's strike a got a 7-deuce mali with sauce
Brandy wine gloss, releighs edelbrock manifold
Header chrome kit, aluminum tips and I'm
Assumin he'll slip and want to race me
For some scratch. I'll hook em in and pretend
My shit ain't tight. Let him bite then suck his ass
At the light - red light, smash - green light,
I lit up a lotta stares, now he wanna fight,
Nigga swing ya shit, I gets up outta there
Just me & him on the B & M shift kit from a rich b-,
You wanna ride, unlock the shicks on tha cock,
I'm smockin engine blocks overheatin oil level
Rebels cause I'm rollin in hype shit.

High speed chase down 280, I'm
lookin at my oil gauge &
It read &"you can't fade me.&" I'm floatin
through traffic
Laughin 'n' shit but I wasn't trippin cause I had a gat
Wit a clip under the seat, then I heard the loud speaker
Speak, &"pull your ass over on the offramp &"
Don't try to vamp.&" Heart was on thumpa,
The mark was on my bumper plus I had a zip
Of bomb on my lap, I couldn't dump the gat.
Going into custody can't fuck with that, plus
I got a 396 with a trick in my trunk & I'm not
Goin out like a punk so I bounced - fuck it,
The way he was in me you would think his slary poppin.
But I got mallory hook up & I'm not stoppin for shit,
I'm smobbin through tricks & trucks.
5.0's gettin
Sucked and I'm caught up in the rear-view,
Didn't see Linda Woo tryin to merge lanes.
She almost hit me. Took the Richmond turn off,
Hit the switch on the nitro in a lean
I felt my shit was Christine,
I'm out like a motha fuckin fiend, in hype shit.