

Chamillionaire, Ridin' Dirty (West Coast Remix)

[Chamillionaire]

We certified platinum now baby
So I think it's time we give a toast to the Connection between the South
and the West Coast
And prepare for the remix with the L.A. and the bay Area

Police in L.A. to the bay
Be hoping that they gon catch me ridin dirty
Tryna catch me ridin dirty (*4X*)
The West coast remix, lets get paid
Cause you know that you hustlers be up bright and Early
Tryna catch me ridin dirty (*4X*)

[Chamillionaire]

Its the youngin from Houston Texas
That you know always be spittin flames
Hustlers in the streets mess with me
Cause they know I ain't to pull gimmicks man
Private jet when I hit the west
You know I had to mess with DJ Quik and Game
I must impress that I am the best
If you dont like it then quit the game
Can't stop it stop it like its a train
Pulled over my tour bus
Said to my road manager
Dont talk to me like your tough
Told my DJ and my brother
I wanna see your Pants pulled up
They didnt see me, I was at MTV
On some sucker free heh fooled ya
Know what I'm saying, know what I mean
Shine on my jewels and diamonds that bling
I got a license to ride with the things
So hatin police can just turn off your beams
Know what I'm saying, know what I mean
Bird watch but ain't finding a thing
The only bird is inside of my bling
Canary diamonds inside of my ring

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[DJ Quik]

Here's a little fact, ain't this funny
They kill niggaz all day for free
Why wouldnt they Kill for money?
They pick me up for questioning about B.I.G
Detective probably know more about it than me
Try to gaffle a nigga up all abrupt
The crooked dudes what they see they corrupt
They wanna see in my trunk
Dragged me out the car
And threw me face down on the ground
And put his Knee in my butt
I'm saying I dont pack guns, I dont sell dope
Just because I whip a lexus
Why I gotta go to court to prove its mine
Your light in my rear-views blinding
What if I wreck, Its your job to serve and protect
I think your doing too much

In some places y'all ain't doing enough
And I ain't gotta be cuffed and roughed up
While ya mans going pillaging through my stuff
What the hells wrong with y'all?
Aint forty thousand dollars a year enough for you
And just because I make a whole hella lot more than you
That dont give you reason to stalk me
You telling me to park my car and walk
I guess L.A.P.D. means Law abide and prevent step
I hope Ms. Wallace go get her checks
I got lawyers with 100 percent wins
I sued y'all once before and I will do it again

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[The Game]

Chamillionaire made my grill hundred flores
Made my wheels Lamborgini whip
The doors up on 24s I'm paid for real
L.A.P.D wanna lock me up
Impound my lambo, watch me scramble
Eagle on my lap throw bullets like Randell
Bitch in the passinger side grab the handle
Smoke the tires, throw it into first
Get the chronic throw it in the dirt
Ghetto bird over my shoulders I'm just rolling Lemme see if theres a
problem like work
I'm switching lanes, cutting up a swisher mang
I ain't tripping mang, I'm just dipping mang
Trying to get some brains
Sittin back in the lambo watching the Pistons game
Stop at a light, told y'all'd miss The Game
You love me and Quik the same
Cause we West Coast veterans
Nobody better than, D.O.C set an 'em
I can't let it in, not here, not now
Throw it into fifth and let the top down
Way to quick I can't be locked down
Foot up on the gas where the cops now
Pull over park the whip
Call chamillionaire and talk some shit
Almost forgot this bitch head on my lap
Pull the ponytail get off my dick
Matter fact grab your shit, fix your weave
Get your louie bag and get out my whip
One more thing, you forgot your wire bitch

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