

El-P, Drive

C'mon, ma, can I borrow the keys?
My generation is carpooling with doom and disease
Buckle up, skipper
The new american Asterix
You're riding shotty with Jesus of Nascar-eth
At the end of the day, we all sittin' on 24s
365 horses, no horseshit
with nothing but a learning permit
Delinquents on the autobahn poppin' our airbags off, worthless
I'm not depressed, man
I'm just a fucking New Yorker
Who knows that sittin' in traffic with these bastards is torture
I'll be in a jalopy with a mami getting head rest
And howl at the glowing moon roof as proof that I'm not dead yet
And y'all can all give me the hummer (suck it)
'Cause in the meantime, I'ma pimp this ride like fly formula one-er
This is the El-Product summer
With a gleam of factory gun metal sheen grey and no vin number

(Chorus)

Drive, Drive, Drive
Hopped in the hooptie screaming "freedom is mine!"
Drive, Drive, Drive, Drive
Bumpin' the tune I so conveniently provide
Drive, Drive, Drive, Drive, Drive
Don't have to be flashy, I'll use any old ride
Drive, Drive, Drive, Drive
Hop in the whip and peel away, stay alive

Cars slide by with the bombing system
Like New York is Fallujah with metal gear using christians
Posted up for the gods of oil mining
In a military humvee with no bullet proof siding (sorry, guys)
Brooklyn, baby
I'm waterlocked walkin' nervous
When the curfew was imposed closing transportational service
This gonzomatic fear turns me Hunter S. Thompson
With my lawyer leaning over the side view mirror vomiting
You call 'em windows, I call 'em asbestos lesseners
For this wheezing in my chest I'll need more than fucking air fresheners
There ain't no easy pass
Hands on the dash
You'll get rocked in casba if the movement's too fast
Here come the cannon balls, run
Get in your gremlin
The days of thunder's creepin' up sooner than you expected
Paranoid brethren disable their onstar knowing they'll trace us
Pull us over and shout "get out le car!"

(Chorus)

These TV thugs got the heart of Herbie the Luv Bug
It don't take a speed racing mind to see that they're just stuck
I'll wrap your promo truck with a nambla stencil to prove that you're fucking babies
Frontin' up in a rental
I knew a kid who navigated it slippery
And fuel injected a speed ball on hs way to Atlantic City
Out the race before even making his mark
And now he'll never pick his shit up out of long term parking
My triple A card has one too many initials
And autobot on the fringe of liquid addiction spinning fish-tails
About to careen on some toonces shit off the cliff
But love of the sport of racing is keeping me out of coffins
Camu was like "Fuck it, just keep the beats dirty dusty"

I grabbed the CB radio like "10/4 good buddy"
I'll keep running the track
Even when muddy
'Cause my insurance don't cover leaving behind the pit crew that love me
So I drive

(Chorus)