

Kanye West, Drive Slow Remix

My homie Mali used to stay, 79th and May
One of my best friends from back in the day
Down the street from Calumet, a school full of Stones
He nicknamed me K-Rock so they'll leave me alone
Bulls jacket with his hat broke way off
And walked around the mall with his radio face off
Plus he had the spinner from his Dayton's in his hand, keys in his hand
Reason again to let you know he's the man
Back when we rocked Aliases, he had dreams of Caprices
Drove by the teachers, even more by polices
How he get the cash the day his father passed away
Left him with a lil somethin', 16 he was stuntin'
"Al B. Sure" nigga with the hair all wavy
Hit Lake Shore, girls go all crazy
Hit the freeway, go at least bout 80
Boned so much that summer, even had him a baby
See back back then then if you had a car
You was the Chi-Town version of Baby
And I was just a virgin, a baby
One of the reasons I looked up to him crazy
I used to love play my demo tape when the system yanked
Felt like I was almost signed when the shit got cranked
We'll take a Saturday and just circle the mall
They had they Lincoln's and Aurora's, we was hurtin 'em all
With the girls alot of flirtin' involved but dog..
F**k all that flirtin', I'm tryin' to get in some drawers, so
Put me on with these hoes homie
He told me, "Don't rush to get grown, drive slow homie"

[Chorus: Kanye West]

Drive slow, homie

(Drive slow)

You never know, homie

About these hoes homie

You need to pump your brakes and drive slow, homie

[Verse 2: Paul Wall]

What it do?

I'm posted up in the parking lot, my trunk wavin

The candy gloss is immaculate, its simply amazing

Them elbows pokin wide on that candy 'Lac

Trunk open, screens on, neon's lit with 5th relaxed

I'm on a mission for dime pieces and sexy ladies

Allow me to introduce you to my CL Mercedes

It's a star-studded event when I valet park

Open up my mouth and sunlight illuminates the dark

You see them 4's crawlin, you see them screens fallin

The disco ball in my mouth insinuates I'm ballin'

I'm leanin on the switch, sittin crooked in my slab

But I could still catches boppers if I drove a cab

A young Houston hard-hitter all about the scrilla

Ridin' somethin' candy-coated crawlin' like a caterpillar

I'm tippin' on them 4's, I'm jammin' on that Screw

I'm lookin' for them hoes baby, what it do

[Chorus: Kanye West] (GLC)

Drive slow, homie

(Turn your hazard lights on when you see them hoes)

Drive slow, homie

(If you ridin' around the city with nowhere to go)

Drive slow, homie

(Live today, cause tomorrow man, you never know)

You never know, homie

Might meet some hoes, homie
You need to pump your brakes and drive slow, homie

[Kanye West]

My car's like the movie, my car's like the crib
I got mo TV's in here than where I live

[GLC]

And that don't make no sense, but baby I'm the shit
And everything I flip, you know it's somethin serious
I got the custom grill, I got the Bravis rims
I got the baller genetics baby this evidence
You see a player flickin', and how you ain't convinced
That you should go on and kiss it, just a lil bit (just a lil bit)
I wearin my custom kicks, I got my Jesus chain
My canary's is gleamin', through my angel wings
They see me, hoes actin' like they seen a king
With that mean lean, smokin on that finest Cali green
My woodgrain oak, I'm ridin on Vogues
My cylinder quiet, like tip-toes
I sold O's, and this I know
When you see them hoes, lil homie drive slow *echoes*

(Tony Williams harmony ad-libs)

[T.I.]

Lookin' at the life through my rearview, all the problems I had
Could be seen alot clearer after time had passed
Known for livin' so fast, they wonder how he don't crash
With 220 on the dash, he constantly mashin'
(Why don't he slow down?) They be constantly askin'
But me in the fast lane is like metal and magnets
Now I ain't tryna say that it's the way of the masses
But it, so hard to change, I love this shit with a passion
Since me and Sigel cuttin' classes, showin' our ass
Shootin' out in broad day in the middle of traffic
I remember sellin' crack faster than I could bag it
A shame I ain't playin' with you shorty, I ain't braggin'
Me and Cap got life, some other folk got blasted
Had a partner OD'd and after this all happened
It's like the only thing that kept a pimp from cryin' and laughin'
And the Lord smiled on me at the end of the madness
I never thought that I'd make it this far rappin'
For introducin' the youth to what we now call trappin'
Considered now a classic, who'da imagined?
Me in Milano, gettin' models in next year's fashions
So nowadays, they can call me old fashioned
But it's way too much cash to see blue lights flashin'
So I guess the moral of this here class is
Life about who make it now not about who make it the fastest

Drive slow homie
Dri, uh dri slowly