

# Ludacris, Two Miles An Hour (Remix)

Yeah.. we gon' send this one out  
to e'rybody that put mo' into they cars than they do they relationship  
Let's ride

[Chorus]

Two miles an hour, so everybody sees you {\*repeat 3X\*}  
[Luda] It's get out, put my pedal to the flo' and let's roll!

[Ludacris]

Yess; Seven cars, eight cribs, and ain't a damn thang changed  
Still pumpin' ten kickers, still grippin' the grain  
Still candy in the paint, still ridin' them thangs  
Most of my folks would same I'm happy, but I still feel pain  
Until I jump in my ride, that's my only escape  
Me and my automobiles got these neighbors screaming "Gimme a break!"  
It's a pity how we turn our city into obstacle courses  
Don't be mad cuz I can't hold my five hundred horses  
Lamborghinis and Porches, Ferraris and Vipers  
I'm wipe the seats wit' you drool, and rub the hood wit a diaper  
Television on the gas tank, the fuel make the ass stank  
I mean to be rude, my bass tubes are in a glass tank  
Go strap yout seatbelts on, go put ya money up  
Go put your life on the line, go put ya honey up  
Go spread the word, run and tell all the boys  
It's time to play, or better yet brand out the toys; we goin'

[Chorus]

[Dolla Boy]

I'm in a SS Super Sport, with the Four Fifty Four  
.45th on the seat, don't get yourself supersoaked  
Dependin' on the weather, it may vary - whatever though  
Catch me slammin' Escalade, Cadillac, to Chevy do's  
And hope I don't, and pull out the Range Rover  
The color of coke and snow, I blew out the brains on ya  
Blew out the game on em', became a misfit  
Shame on a nigga, the 726s wouldn't fit  
I'm ridin', I'm high, and I'm glidin, I'm lyin',  
I'm flyin', I'm doin 190, it's gon cost to catch us  
You see that these diamonds are shinin', and blingin'  
and blindin', so let me remind ya it's gon cost to catch up  
Who's next up? - That's us, flow leave you breathless  
Pedal to the flo', truck seat won't let up  
But if you out ridin' deuces or better  
Slow down so them girls can't sweat ya, and let the car go

[Chorus]

[Bridge 4X: Titi Boi] + (Dolla Boy)

Assign your name in the skreet (sign your name in the skreet)

[Tity Boi]

I got two miles an hour, so everybody see me  
Twenty fours, twenty sixes, twenty eights!  
And my rims so big, you would think that is was 3D  
Wait' til you see my paint, I ride around the A,  
With 'bout half a tank; I'm startin' to make so much money,  
I work half a day - I got cash in the safe  
I got cash right here, I'm hard to get my swipe on  
And I look like a chandalleur with all this ice on  
Pull out the (?) shoot  
Catch me blowin' out kush of the roof of the seven deuce  
Ridin' hella hoes (hella!) elevador do's (hella)  
Gator on the seat (And?) mink on the flo's

If a hater wanna creep, I got that thing by the do'  
And if my chirp go beep, then my thang gon' blow  
Playaz Circle - Titi Boi ridin' on skinny wheels  
Bout to trade in the Quarter til eight, and get the ten till

[Chorus] - repeat 2X