

# Kanye West, Drive Slow (T.I. Remix)

[Kanye West]

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 Daytons 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'  
&quot;Al B. Sure&quot; nigga with the hair all wavy  
Hit Lakeshore, 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..  
Fuck all that flirtin', I'm tryin' to get in some drawers, so  
Put me on with these hoes homie  
He told me, &quot;Don't rush to get grown, drive slow homie&quot;

[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