

# Drive (feat. Styles P)

## Curren\$y & Young Roddy

Dirty ashtrays, empty bottles of champagne,  
Tryna find my way in this maze, which is the game  
Bitches and gold chains, pistols and diamond rings  
More than my fair share seen, been on the scene since I seen  
Niggas make green, used my common sense it seemed hella easy  
But it took a grip a time pimp, believe me  
Just wanted to make moves while my dudes was still alive to see me  
Do it like I was doin it for tv  
Me and 2 chainz blew hella trees  
Take your Maserati, hard as I set em' down on Chevy seats  
Love you dealin' wit a G  
Your club for audio drugs, 16 bars is a key  
1 mixtape is a whole barge, load it down with that sneeze  
We record it, we float it in, it's movin' in them streets  
The monumental movement got that music for the fiends  
Be cautious, this boss shit, be mindful when you speak  
Gotta read between them lines to find whats hidden in these beats  
It ain't what you wear it's what you drive  
It ain't what you drive it's where you park  
It ain't where you park it's where you live  
It ain't where you live it's how you die  
It's either how you died or who you killed  
Nigga, yeah  
It ain't what you wear it's what you drive  
It ain't what you drive it's where you park  
It ain't where you park it's where you live  
It ain't where you live it's how you died  
It's either how you died or who you killed  
I used to be that nigga stealin' bicycles  
Young fly nigga, til' I die I stay live nigga  
So stressed out I used to blaze 'til my eyes little  
Hella high pimpin' on the corner with them wild niggas  
Get rich or die tryin'I got that feelin'  
I'm so close to a million, and the Lord is my witness  
I swear to God I love her, I'm just bad with commitment  
That simply, we smoke 'til them sandwich bags empty  
I burn a joint with Jaz, he talked religion  
And I ain't attend church in a minute  
Lord knows I need to hear this  
But I been like a pilot, plottin' on my paper mission  
My hustle game official, I used to hoop like Penny  
Was flat broke, no pennies, had henney in my system

Big money on my mental, her ass fat as a hippo  
Girl watchu' tryna' get into  
From a rental, to a hoopty, to a Benzo my nigga  
OwwIt's either how you die, or who you killed  
Where I'm from, niggas tryna move them pills  
Niggas push them wheels, one shot pop in the gills  
If you rappin' then I hope you get a deal  
Nigga, if its where you live, I'm in the Ritz  
In a mansion upstate, I'm the shit  
If it's where you park, I don't park - valet parks for me  
Team full of shooters on the block that'll spark for me  
It ain't what you drive I get drove  
Nigga I'm worldwide, across the globe  
It ain't what you wear if it was  
Nigga I wear Nikes, Polos and Jordans my whole life  
And Ice  
If you ask me it's what you smoke  
It it ain't strong get another dose  
Ghost  
So be careful what you rep  
Salute to D-Block and the Jets  
Whattup

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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