

Downtown (feat. Lexy Panterra)

DJ Battle

I went to the moped store, said, "Fuck it."
Salesman's like "What up, what's your budget?"
And I'm like "Honestly, I don't know nothing about mopeds."
He said "I got the one for you, follow me."
Oh it's too real
Chromed out mirror, I don't need a windshield
Banana seat, a canopy on two wheels
Eight hundred cash, that's a hell of a deal I'm headed downtown, cruising through the alley
Tip-toeing in the street like Dally
Pulled up, moped to the valley
Whitewalls on the wheels like mayonnaise
Dope, my crew is ill, and all we need is two good wheels
Got gas in the tank, cash in the bank
And a bad little mama with her ass in my face
I'mma lick that, stick that, break her off (Kit-Kat)
Snuck her in backstage, you don't need a wristband
Dope
Killing the game 'bout to catch a body
Passed the Harley, Dukie own a Ducati
Timbaland, Khaled, Scott Storch, Birdman
God damn man, everybody got Bugattis
But I'mma keep it hella 1987
Head into the dealership and drop a stack and cop a Kawasaki
I'm stunting on everybody, hella raw, pass the wasabi
I'm so low that my cajones almost dragging on the concrete
I'm so low that my scrotum's almost dragging on the concrete
My seat is leather, alright, I'm lying, it's pleather
But girl, we could still ride together
You don't need an Uber, you don't need a cab
Fuck a bus pass, you got a moped man
She got 1988 Mariah Carey hair
Very rare, mom jeans on her derriere
Throwing up the West Side as we tear in the air
Stop by Pike Place, throwing fish to a player
Downtown, downtown (downtown)
Downtown, downtown (downtown)
She has her arms around your waist
With a balance that could keep us safe
(downtown)
Have you ever felt the warm embrace
(downtown)
Of the leather seat between your legs

(hey-ey-ey-ey, hey-ey-ey-ey)
(hey-ey-ey-ey, hey-ey-ey-ey)
(downtown)
You don't want no beef, boy
Know I run the streets, boy
Better follow me towards
(downtown)
What you see is what you get girl
Don't ever forget girl
Ain't seen nothing yet until you're
DowntownDope
Cut the bullshit
Get off my mullet
Stone washed, so raw
Moped like a bullet
(peeyow!)
It can't catch me
A po-po can't reprimand me
I'm in a B-Boy stance, I'm not dancing
I got your girl on the back going tandem
Because I'm too damn quick, I'm too damn slick
Whole downtown yelling out, "Who that is?" It's me, the M the A-C the K
Stunting like a French pimp from back in the day
I take her to Pend Oreille and I watch her skate
I mean, water ski, ollie ollie oxen free
I'm perusing down fourth and they watching me
I do a handstand, an eagle lands on my seat
Well hello, but baby, the kickstand ain't free
Now do you or do you not wanna ride with me
I got one girl, I got two wheels
She a big girl but ain't a big deal
I like a big girl, I like 'em sassy
Going down the backstreet listening to Blackstreet
Running around the whole town
Neighbors yelling at me like, "You need to slow down."
Going thirty-eight, Dan, chill the fuck out
Mow your damn lawn and sit the hell down
If I only had one helmet I would give it to you, give it to you
Cruising down Broadway, girl, what a wonderful view, wonderful view
There's layers to this shit player, Tiramisu, Tiramisu
Let my coat-tail drag but I ain't tearing my suit, tearing my suit
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>