Box Chevy Part 4

Yelawolf

Yelawolf and I feel like a king in my (box Chevy)
Tell dem otha wack muthafucks to get da (pine box ready)
Catfish Billy is (deadly)

Don't get slapped wit' da (medley)

Still sippin' on Jack D to my neck and my head start feelin' (heavy)

Doin' 125 down I-29 really think I need to start slowin' down

But I can't 'cause I gotta pretty blonde thing stittin' to my right thats blowin' me now

Oh yea she (headin' me) I think her name might be (Becky)

I was bout to drop her off but I had to switch lanes to get da brain she (Necked me)

Aw naw do you come in two's

Please choose a couple of friends that could hoppy in the coupe

Now we goin' (steady)

But I'm not lookin' for (longevity)

Pipes in the back, the lights of the night reflect sights trough the dash I'm nice to ride passMy rims are super clean, paint job that glitters and gleams,

And I wanna see the back of your jeans in the seats (my box Chevy)

This whip is built for Queens and you wanna be seen wit' a King,

Well I wanna see the back of your jeans in seats (my box Chevy)

Tilted off Jim Beams, sittin' off to the side I lean.

And I wanna see the back of your jeans in the seats (my box Chevy)

This whip is built for Queens and you wanna be seen wit' a King,

Well I wanna see the back of your jeans in seats (my box Chevy)Fuck a lameosine rather ride ride caprices

My speakers vibrate the concrete beneath us

Ridin' 85 northbound shakin' doors down

So I turn da speakers louder pissin' off polices

Fuck 5-star chick, gotta porn-star bitch ridin' shotgun wit' me gettin' so wet

Now she goin' down on me givin' road head bussin' on her forehead,

Then I take her back to the homestead piece

Back in the caprice took a sack of weed and crumpled it inside a conyak blunt rack Then it's time to jump back on the highway 85 slumpin' in the seat like I'm hunckback and

My Chevy look so dope old school vo's on it got it floatin' like a row boat,

Gold flakes in the paint drippin on the road, drivin' slow like a show boat hoe

Don't act like you don't hear me comin' I got the ? and it's comin' out the clarions

12's in the trunk, flatscreens in the headrest wit somethin' bout Marion carry on

I be turnin' heads everytime when you see in the Chevy man she carstruck

And I'm far from hauled up supp witt-her trippin' like a bitch

Get in the car slut you know you wanna ride. My rims are super clean, paint job that glitters and gleams,

And I wanna see the back of your jeans in the seats (my box Chevy)

This whip is built for Queens and you wanna be seen wit' a King,

Well I wanna see the back of your jeans in seats (my box Chevy)

Tilted off Jim Beams, sittin' off to the side I lean,

And I wanna see the back of your jeans in the seats (my box Chevy)

This whip is built for Queens and you wanna be seen wit' a King,

Well I wanna see the back of your jeans in seats (my box Chevy)In the the background witta six-pack and ridin' lookin' for a the (ladies)

Peanut butter seats have seat girl my peanut butter needs (jelly)

I'll chase you like (jelly)

If you ain't afraid to get (messy)

If you know da game then I'll let you call the shots like a referee, yeah

Now I'm drinkin' deuce deuce sweet and slow

Feelin' like a deuce deuce bigalow

Played the da bitch like piccolo

Go anywhere you wanna go pick a road

Interstate 59 20 75 285 85 southbound

Twins pipes like pow pow, 100 spokes on the vo's like wow, wow, wowMy rims are super clean, paint job that glitters and gleams,

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Songwriters

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