

# Dead in Your Chevy

## Field Mob

Damn you done came up short again, ain't uh  
'Cause yo homeboy fought again, ain't uh  
But is you hoe ready for folk to kick in yo door  
Say that the jackers kickin' yo hoe  
Please give me the reason I'm fiendin' to know  
Why cheese missin' in my flowGivin' low Z's for the four when the price is usually eight  
Just keepin' it real  
You was gettin' half off and still came up a few grands short  
Listen to you brag about yo days in the past  
When you was gettin' paid livin' lavish  
But that was way in the 70's  
It's the best you pay me my fetti'Fore they find yo brain the a chevy  
All over the radio and ceiling  
And Ima hate it for your children  
When my AK sprays wit yo dome  
Cerebellum all over the passenger seat  
Leavin' you dead  
Wit' lead in yo head  
In yo red candy apple caprisIf you out there and you owe me  
Or been scared to get my fetti  
Or hate me 'cause I fuck and she won't even let you smell it  
Or if you see me doin' dirt and feel it's best you tell it  
You besta slow yo roll, boy  
Or be found dead in yo ChevyIf you out there and you owe me  
Or been scared to get my fetti  
Or hate me 'cause I fuck and she won't even let you smell it  
Or if you see me doin' dirt and feel it's best you tell it  
You besta slow yo roll boy  
Or be found dead in yo ChevyWuz up, big mouth, big talk, big game  
I ain't Pastor Troy but it ain't no play, it ain't no game  
Wit' a nigga like you runnin' around town actin' bulletproof  
Be the one that get got get shot  
I got a big ole gun and I'll use it too  
Fool, don't play dumb, don't say, "Sean what you talkin' about""Cause I'm talkin' about this hoe I'm fuckin'  
Same hoe you lustin'  
You hate that don't ya, umm humm  
Damn let me 'bout to nut up  
uh uh, okay, wuz up, shut up  
'Cause you ain't on my level

Lyrics provided by

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