

# At The Park

## Field Mob

Rollin' slow on molten 30's, gold over my pearlies  
See a lady I get flirty this is how we do it in the dirty  
At the park, Sunday at the park  
Now what you gon' go do after church  
Hit the mall snatch a hat grab a shirt  
Wash the 'Lac wax the 'Vert clean the truck  
We finna ball stash the strap and pass the purp  
Me and my dogs ridin' old school whippin' in the back street  
Lookin for the tickets on the strip like Zaxby's  
Now them hoes is out boy believe it  
When they be cute I have to stop 'em  
Love myself some Georgia Peaches  
And daisy dukes wit apple bottoms  
Police tell us leave we wanna chill  
Free plate took the cooked meat on the grill  
Shawty gon' choose when she see me lean  
Make the draws drop fast like my TV screens  
So high think I might overdose  
Behind tint gettin' bent tint smokin' dro  
Rollin' slow on molten 30's, gold over my pearlies  
See a lady I get flirty this is how we do it in the dirty  
At the park, Sunday at the park  
I'm at the park tryna holla at every girl  
The paint on the Chevy drippin' like a jheri curl  
We covered in candy on mustard and mayonnaise  
We ride 30 spokes while the others on fan blades  
We firin' up the dro bumpin' Frankie and Maze  
Top down sittin', low chillin' under the shade  
Watchin' cars, cruisin' I should walk wit jewelry  
The broads they choosin' baby how you doin'  
Some barbequin', playin' cards they losin  
Everyone gets stupid, then they start to shootin'  
Patron in the trunk wit the coolers of brew skis  
We dogs on the hunt for thick hips and the booty  
Fresh dressed like a million bucks  
You see me I keep cologne Red Monkey jeans cuffs  
Then I step out the car then I thought, oh no  
I got back in I forgot my one zone  
Rollin' slow on molten 30's, gold over my pearlies

See a lady I get flirty this is how we do it in the dirty  
At the park, Sunday at the park  
Hey, it's a ghetto fashion show, who came the freshest  
Who donk the meanest, who paint the wettest  
It ain't you that's why ya chick chose me  
I park a big body like Miss Monique  
Freak ho tight clothes, showin' off her belly ring  
Look like she twenty-five prolly only seventeen  
It's Shawn Jay y'all know how I buy homie  
New antique tags 2 2 9 on it  
Hard tops and drops halter tops  
Broads flop and jock we watch and clock  
Got a plate of macaroni pork and beans and ribs  
Two pieces of light bread cool aid to sip  
It's hotter than a sunny day in hell  
Can't wait to get to the park like it's money in the mail  
We smokin', drankin', kickin', it chillin  
Maxin', relaxin', celebratin', yeah  
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