

Chevy Boyz (featuring Young Jeezy & Rick Ross)

Blood Raw

[Intro - Blood Raw]

Ha-ha

She say she wonder how the sun shines
(Blood Raw!)

She say she never rode in a Chevy neither
(For real?)

I love my Chevy my nigga
(I know you do too homeboy)

I'ma show you how to enjoy your time down here baby girl where we stay
(CTE, U.S.D.A.)[Chorus - Young Jeezy] X2

I don't mean to brag, but my shit so clean
My Chevy do something to my self esteem
Alpine in the dash, and the duals in the ass

And that wet, wet paint, the shit look like glass[Verse 1 - Blood Raw]

Zoom, just how my Chevy sound
Bump, bump, bump, just how the Chevy sound
It's like a band in a nigga donk
Rock four fives, it's like a band in a nigga trunk
Boat motor right now, nigga pass me
502, donk riding like Trick Daddy
Rally stripes, the Chevy transform

When the doors go up, it looks like there's something more
Flowmasters, MagnaFlow tips
And them hoes catch nuts when they see that shit
Brown jet, feeling jet, no carburetor

And the color apple green like a Now and Later[Chorus][Verse 2 - Rick Ross]

Boss

Yesterday I caught a flat, as I ran out of gas, with a pocket full of stacks

Your Chevy can't compare

These niggas scared to inhale my motor breathing on a L

The peddle, I mash down, my window, was half down

The L, I pass around, you smell it like hash browns

Million dollar nigga still smoking in a Class E

And my homie with a mobile, watch him let him blast it

I'm sitting on twenty something's, that ain't important

What's important is getting plenty money

Racist Section 8, they continue to segregate

I ain't tripping, I'm loading weight and boozing around the way

I got to find a better way, until I do I got a new AK off in the Chevrolet

Riding with the bitch I fucked last night
Her pussy still wet as she listen to the glass pipes
Boss[Chorus][Verse 3 - Blood Raw]
I'm from the Gunshine, where them boys ride Chevy
Little mama say she never rolled in a Chevy
Say she like the paint job and the way it sounds
She like the way it look when I let the top down
Alpine touch screen I got three twenties
26's homie, my Chevy, he a grown man
It look real sweet, don't it man?
Like Shaq, got big feet on it, man
So about it, like to hear the motor low
When I hit the gas, I bet that bitch don't choke
Enjoy the ride, I'ma show you why the sun shines
Put it all on the line that a nigga can't out run mine[Chorus]

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

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