

My Homeboys Chevy

Andre Nickatina & Mac Dre

I'm on the block sacked up,
got twomps of kill,
Gurpin' in my 74 Bonneville,
no time to chill,
I'm the grind for real.
What you want?
What you need?
Tryin to find some pills,
well come holla at yo neighborhood thug supply,
got everythang a nigga love to buy,
It's me, MD
skirtin from the killer whales,
Black and White is always on a nigga's tail.
but I'm hypo, nitro, keep the Chevy Vogue'n, floatin,
from sac to oakland and the sack you smokin
nobody does it better, gangsta mac, kill a nigga and the bitch I swear to
gets my cheddar),
ching ching and all that.
put it in a backwood
nigga roll that,
It's nothing playa,
a little game and muscle,
it's all it takes to get a gang of ruffles,
I sit low in my homeboys Chevy, my Makaveli hat pulled down by my eyes,
yo baby peep the science of something that's an actual fact yo,
you can't mix love with rap,
you better step back
my K Swiss like to step on the gas,
and if you knew how fast, you'd think I just might crash,
I think I saw the devil all up in my purple bag, and still I had to roll fat,
Can you believe that?
Can I believe that?
Did you retrieve that?
the money in the bag,
homie i'm a need that,
my blackberry cellphone confuses me,
I got women talking about Nicky you using me,
I got coogi rap yo, in my speakers in the back,
my car shine like a new gat, I'm with the genie of the lamp,

comin off the exit ramp,
I grab cash like a calf cramp,
I like garlic butter with aleodo crab,
my son had a fight,
I told him work the jab,
sometimes i'm very stingy,
but yo i'm mostly greedy,
man eatin onion rings.
on Poke street, that very greasy,
man it's cracking like a flower seed,
blowing off a Gang weed,
not to the authority*,
picture four more of me,
racing through this shit like the olympics,
running red lights,
never caring about a witness.
I sit low in my homeboys Chevy, my Makaveli hat pulled down by my eyes,
yo baby peep the science of somethin that's an actual fact yo,
you can't mix love with rap,
you better step back,
my K swiss like the step on the gas,
and if you knew how fast, you think I just might crash,
I think I saw the devil all up in my purple bag, and still I had to roll fat,
Can you believe that?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>