

Jackin' Chevys

Stalley

We jackin' Chevys
Chevy jackin', Chevy jackin', we jackin' Chevys
We jackin' Chevys
Jack, jackin' Chevys Parking lot, full of cars
It was yours, now its ours
We jackin' Chevys Cruising down the street in your 6-4
Banging your beats, shining your gold
Went to the store for gas and booze
Then pulled up to the park where they shooting some hoops
A car pulls up, who could it be?
My nigga KP in the 28z
Rolled down the window, where'd you get that from?
Cold snatched him out his ride with his new hand gun
I swear the boys in my hood are always hard
Come flossing around, they'll take your car
See around these parts, Chevy jackin' is law
And what's mine is mine and what's yours is ours Parking lot, full of cars
It was yours, now its ours
We jackin' Chevys While you was up in Foxboro thinking about girls
I was 'round the way on Lincoln Way on bowling ball swirls
Traveling out to Canton with the beats in the trunk
With six switches in the floor to make the ass jump
To make the ass jump, 6 switches in the floor to make the ass jump
We make the ass jump, with 6 switches in the floor to make the ass jump
This for the Chevy rollers who love them heavy motors
Cranking steering wheel columns on Monte Carlo's and Nova's
Taking 12 on the chase, they never gon' pull us over
The streets have been taking over, we ride till we burn the motors
Cutting corners with my guys
Five rides, five bow ties
Crash those, take more rides
From big trucks, to the low rides Parking lot, full of cars
It was yours, now its ours
We jackin' Chevys

Songwriters

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