

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
Broad's 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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