Box Chevy Part 4

Yelawolf

Yelawolf and I feel like a king in my box Chevy
Tell them other whack motherfuckers get that pine box ready
Catfish Billy is lately, don't get slapped wit' the medley
Still sippin' on Jack D to my neck and my head start feelin' heavy
Doin' 125 down I-29, really think I need to start slowin' down
But I can't 'cause I got a pretty blonde thing sittin' to my right that's blowin' me now
Ooh, yeah, she headin' me, I think her name might be Becky
I was 'bout to drop her off, but I had to switch lanes to get the brain she begged me
Aw, no, do you come in two's?
Please choose a couple of friends that could hop in the cooz
Now we goin' steady, but I'm not lookin' for longevity
Pipes in the back, the lights of the night reflect sights through the dash, I'm nice to bypass
My wheels are super clean, paint job, it glitters and gleams
And I wanna see the back of your jeans in the seats
(My box Chevy)
This whip is built for queens and you wanna be seen wit' the king
Well, I wanna see the back of your jeans in the seats
(My box Chevy)
Tilted off Jim Beams, sittin' off to the side, I lean
And I wanna see the back of your jeans in the seats
(My box Chevy)
This whip is built for queens and you wanna be seen wit' the king
Well, I wanna see the back of your jeans in the seats
(My box Chevy)
Fuck a Limousine, I rather ride ride Caprices
My speakers vibrate the concrete beneath us
Ridin' 85, northbound, shakin' doors down
So I turn the speakers louder, pissin' off polices
Fuck 5-star chick, got a porn-star bitch
Ridin' shotgun wit' me, gettin' so wet
Now she goin' down on me, givin' road head, bustin' on her forehead
Then I take her back to the homestead, peace
Back in the Caprice, took a sack of weed
And crumpled it inside a cognac blunt rack
Then it's time to jump back on the highway 85
Slumpin' in the seat like I'm hunckback
And my Chevy look so dope old school Vo's on it
Got it floatin' like a row boat
Gold flakes in the candy paint drippin' on the road

Drivin' slow like a showboat ho
Don't act like you don't hear me comin'
I got the Willy Sherman and it's comin' out the Clarion
12's in the trunk, flat-screen T.V.'s in the headrest
Wit' "Something About Marry" on, carry on

I be turnin' heads every time
When you see in the Chevy, man, she car-struck
And I'm far from hard-up, so quit trippin' like a bitch
And get in the car, slut, you know you wanna ride
My wheels are super clean, paint job, it glitters and gleams
And I wanna see the back of your jeans in the seats
(My box Chevy)
This whip is built for queens and you wanna be seen wit' the king
Well, I wanna see the back of your jeans in the seats
(My box Chevy)
Tilted off Jim Beams, sittin' off to the side, I lean
And I wanna see the back of your jeans in the seats
(My box Chevy)
This whip is built for queens and you wanna be seen wit' the king
Well, I wanna see the back of your jeans in the seats
(My box Chevy)
Yeah, in the the background wit' the six-pack now
And I'm out lookin' for the ladies
Peanut butter seats, have seat, girl
My peanut butter needs jelly
I'll chase you like Chevy
If you ain't afraid to get messy
If you know the game
Then I'll let you call the shots like a referee, yeah
Now I'm drinkin' a deuce, deuce, sweet and slow
Feelin' like I'm Deuce, Deuce Bigalow
Pick a bitch like I picked the piccolo
Go anywhere you wanna go, pick a road
Interstate 59, 20
75, 285, 85, southbound
Twins pipes like pow-pow
100 spokes on the Vo's like wow
My wheels are super clean, paint job, it glitters and gleams
And I wanna see the back of your jeans in the seats
(My box Chevy)
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