Box Chevy (Feat. Ritz The Rapper)

Yelawolf

Yelawolf and I feel like a king in my (box Chevy)
Tell dem otha wack muthafucks to get da (pine box ready)
Catfish Billy is (deadly)
Don't get slapped wit' da (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 gotta pretty blonde thing stittin' to my right thats blowin' me now
Oh yea 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 da brain she (Necked me)
Aw naw do you come in two's
Please choose a couple of friends that could hoppy in the coupe
Now we goin' (steady)
But I'm not lookin' for (longevity)
Pipes in the back, the lights of the night reflect sights trough the dash I'm nice to ride passMy rims are super clean, paint job that 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' a King,
Well I wanna see the back of your jeans in 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' a King,
Well I wanna see the back of your jeans in seats (my box Chevy)Fuck a lameosine rather ride ride caprices
My speakers vibrate the concrete beneath us
Ridin' 85 northbound shakin' doors down
So I turn da speakers louder pissin' off polices
Fuck 5-star chick, gotta porn-star bitch ridin' shotgun wit' me gettin' so wet
Now she goin' down on me givin' road head bussin' on her forehead,
Then I take her back to the homestead piece
Back in the caprice took a sack of weed and crumpled it inside a conyak 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 paint drippin on the road, drivin' slow like a show boat hoe
Don't act like you don't hear me comin' I got the ? and it's comin' out the clarions
12's in the trunk, flatscreens in the headrest wit somethin' bout Marion carry on
I be turnin' heads everytime when you see in the Chevy man she carstruck
And I'm far from hauled up supp witt-her trippin' like a bitch
Get in the car slut you know you wanna ride.My rims are super clean, paint job that glitters and gleams,
And I wanna see the back of your jeans in the seats (my box Chevy)
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Well I wanna see the back of your jeans in seats (my box Chevy)In the the background witta six-pack and ridin' lookin' for a the (ladies)
Peanut butter seats have seat girl my peanut butter needs (jelly)
I'll chase you like (jelly)
If you ain't afraid to get (messy)
If you know da game then I'll let you call the shots like a referee, yeah
Now I'm drinkin' deuce deuce sweet and slow
Feelin' like a deuce deuce bigalow
Played the da bitch like 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, wow, wowMy rims are super clean, paint job that glitters and gleams,
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