

Big Bodies (feat. Mr. Magic & Perion)

Roy Jones Jr.

Big Bodies by Body Head BangerzIntro:

Old school, lacs, delta 88's, box chevy caprices, monte carlos

We takin it all the way backHook:

big bodies ridin on twos and fours

boss hogg and slammin big body doors

old school box chevys and lacs 88's with the room in the back

so wathcu swangin in (x2)Verse 1:

Box chevy caprices creepin on crome d's

They 17's but I keep my spokes clean

wood grain on the wheel

wood grain on the dash

peanut butter guts

wit a peanut butter rag

15's in the trunk,doin pricey in the back

ten clear coats a dat candy on factory black

no flakes in my paint,no flippin for me

i like it simple,so fresh and so clean

swangin from left to right

leanin, mean muggin foos

trunk rattlin like a snake till my woofers blow

i like my volume loud, i like my bass deep

i like my tweeters tweakin..so u can hear da beat

around the corna u hear me on the other street

but let me warn ya its murda in them backseats

thats how i ride foo, so take a ride wit me

cause when im gone its hard for yall to come and git me.Hook:(x2)Verse 2:

look..give me a cut dawg,75 wit black tint

black paint and make way for the young pimp

old school trues and foes, and im good

theres somethin in the trunk and somethin under the hood

never drive over 30 miles an hour dawg, u can come holla hoe

git in my passenger seat, and this ain't your moms car

so when you gittin in.. wipe your feet,

my interior imported from another country

no head in the front seat u know how much this cost me

you lucky you ain't sittin on plastic

and you betta not fart or you gittin your ass kicked

take pride in my ride, i love her like a child

im rollin up the avenue and them bitches are like WWWOOOW

but i don't pay em attention im rollin up to my nizzles like....Hook:(x2)Verse 3:

check it,uhhh..bently 2004,i got 3 different cars
i payed for em,ima drive all them muh fuckas
i gotta have that boom,cause women love to knock
turn it up and i betcha i'll make that pussy pop
i gotta h2,the 24's turning
ima stunna, so you gunna smell that rubba burnin
i got a need for speed i keeps dual exhaust
you hear that big truck commin nigga whos the boss
don't git caught up in the paint i picked
cause i'll flip it in a minute, nigga money ain't shit
i shine harder then the average star
niggas might hate me but they love my car,
lovin the way i sit on 24's and blow
cruisin through the hood like im pushin the love boat
sittin behind tint, like one of them presidents
and its evident anything else is irrelavent, if it ain't....Hook (x2)

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>