

# Chevy Ridin High(dirty)

## Rick Ross

This is, this is, this is, this is  
Chevy ridin' high (Ross)  
Chevy ridin' high  
Chevy, Chevy ridin' high  
Chevy, Chevy, Chevy ridin' high'  
Today Chevy ridin' high boy, Chevy ridin' high boy  
Chevy ridin' high, bumpin' gangsta music  
Chevy, Chevy ridin' high boy, Chevy ridin' high boy  
Chevy ridin' high, bumpin' gangsta music I'm a real thug so my rims scrub  
No black and milds - The blunt filled up  
I got a V-12 sweeter than the female  
It feels like intercourse bucklin' the seatbelt  
Picture all black down to the shoes man  
Brought it from a Don gave his ass two thangs  
Know him as the boss I swerve two lanes  
Picturing Ricky Ross me and Dre do thangs Listen up nigga I got an idea  
I aim this K at you and you come off the pies nigga  
I ain't playing fool this ain't X-box  
But I can take you to the morgue and you pick out the best box  
The rover ridin' (Dre), the chevy speakin' (Dre)  
Yo' ho she vibin' (Dre), She gonna let Dre hit it  
I'm from North Miami ain't no secret homey  
Quit acting ho and walking like that chick Naomi Chevy ridin' high boy, Chevy ridin' high boy  
Chevy ridin' high, bumpin' gangsta music  
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Chevy ridin' high, bumpin' gangsta music Chevy ridin' high boy, Chevy ridin' high boy  
Chevy ridin' high, bumpin' gangsta music  
Chevy, Chevy ridin' high boy, Chevy ridin' high boy  
Chevy ridin' high, bumpin' gangsta music Me and Ross back at it y'all ass backwards  
My homey dirt bag (Yes)  
He got don status  
Epidemic is an army, Triple C is a navy  
We combine and take over this state shit  
My partner D. Wade keep a heat jersey on 'em  
I just tote heat from haters that try to hurt me, homie  
I got monopoly cheese, I work the streets hard  
Try to dodge the snitches with 'Get out of jail free' cards I sold food like Ruby and Gene's  
I'm telling ya my whole crew rock rubies and G's  
Put me in power when he threw me them thangs

I came back money bags and Louie in seams  
Crystal rosy yeah, I Poe that  
We connected with Khaled, we back door that  
You see my wrist man, keep your pink wrist bands  
She can't believe I'm in a Chevy even though I'm rich man  
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Songwriters

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