

Chevy

Trick Daddy (ft. Young Steff)

Yeah

It'll make you mad

Comin' live from the 305

Whoo, this what I do baby

This song goes out to all my dope riders

My Chevy riders

On them 24's with da spinnin' hub caps baby

Ya'll kno what I'm talkin' 'bout

26's on my Chevy

(My Chevy)

Chrome on my Chevy

(My Chevy)

Candy on my Chevy

(My Chevy)

Flakes on my Chevy

Dudes on my Chevy

(My Chevy)

Girls in my Chevy

(My Chevy)

Screens in my Chevy

(My Chevy)

Shove in my Chevy

I'm so high

I'm so high

When I ride so high like my rims

With a pint of dro, sittin' on 24's

Matter of fact dat was a year ago

Now, I'm ridin' on 26's

It's yo boy you ain't catch me rollin'

In da back of my seats man

6'4 when I hittin' dem switches

Sittin' on deep dishes

S 500 with da l-g kit man

I'm doin' number so don't try to screw me

And I'm eatin' up like Scooby

I got a pocket full of bread

A girl givin' me head in da back row at da movies

Interior Gucci

Please don't stain my seats with yo coochie

Excuse me

I smell pussy, I never deal with a hoe who smell like Sushi

I know you got to go trick, introduce me

Now, blue you know you wrong for dat

Slick, hold up

I baby blue roll

Male gigolo, I get it on da low

Get out my window, rims glow

I ride slow forever flossin', you don't know

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Shove in my Chevy

I'm so high

I'm so high

You can call me big 4 when I'm in my dome

72 Chevy with da shove in da trunk

Suede on da seats with da suicide doors

Neon light that make da dash board glow

Paint swelled up like apple pie

Stayin' high 'cause I'm super-sized all the time

2 seconds to get me from 0 to 60

I ain't pullin' over you betta come get me

Girls goin' wild when I'm on da scene

My seat belt buckle got TV screens

Bluestars stuck by custom glass

And you can hear dem pipes when I'm hit tags

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Dudes on my Chevy

(My Chevy)
Girls in my Chevy
(My Chevy)
Screens in my Chevy
(My Chevy)
Shove in my Chevy
I'm so high
I'm so high
Now, what you hatin' for?
Is it the 75?
On dem glass rims
With da chromed trim
Da way I roll up
Calm and laid back
This here body droppin' top
I know they hate dat
Keep smell of fear
Let's make it clear
These playa's ain't real
They kind of fit
Needs some Lysol
'Cause Pretty Ricky, Ricky, Ricky, Ricky, is da shh
Got me statin', vibratin', got da street shakin'
Lit boy bad there, nothin' but dem 12's quakin' playa
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