

Tire Shop

Gangsta Blac

[Hook]

Just another day up in the tire shop
Chiefin' hay, fucked up, chiefin' hay,
Chiefin', chiefin', chiefin' hay, fucked up
(4x)[Verse 1: Gangsta Blac]

Just another day awaken shakin' off that marijuana
Chokin' in the cut wid smoke in my gut I'm feelin' high I wanna buy,

Want a bag I know Lil Nam he got his beeper G
Meetin' up wid them damn fools on Orleans we smoke it easily
Fab went to the store and get some papers nah a Swisher Sweet
Sweetly stretch the dope up on the blunts and pass the shit to me

Lick it break it twist it hit it light it that's that bombin' hay

Inhale exhale Draky, Nardo, Sed and Dale is on the way
Checkin' on my traps because you bustas gots ta check it in

Scrap, wid the scar, it's my nigga Mr.I-B-N

Yes, it's a must, that we let you know we sell, rocks
Fuckin' wid these killaz from South Parkway we the Hypnotize
Claimin' motherfuckaz plenty bustas I know wish they could,

Lick me down, throw the sign, see it and it's all good

Test my nuts, do me wrong, that's one slug in your gut

Just another day up at the tire shop chiefin' hay, fucked up

Hook (4x)[Verse 2: DJ Paul]

Just another afternoon and me I'm chiefin' hay
talk shit and you might be another victim of the hit,
Made by the fools in SPV, forty-five glock unloads,

From ya head to ya toe, then come lil man

I'm loadin' that ni-zine from the darkness of the flo',
Son, never tryna but gangsta B, rhymin' over these beats I make

Triple 6, Mafia niggas rollin' gotta shake and break

The motherfuckin' laws take care of our business

and pick up some freaks, get 'em high and get out dick suck,
down on Victor Street, turn the other cheek,

Break neat, down the fuckin' street

I gotta get the fuck outta Dodge before they beat me for my meat

Hooks a left on Parkway fire up a bli-zine that farness

Some bitches beeped me three or four I left 'em wid they pussies wet

Had some pistols and that dope across the street, in the grass

The five-Os ridin' deep because ah some shit that happens in the past,

Cruisin' in my cut dog for my Chevy niggas wid anna in my trunk

I'm smokin' skunk my niggas boomin' cause that Tire Shop track thumps[DJ Paul talkin']

Yeah this DJ Paul in this motherfucka
wid my nigga Gangsta B and the Three 6 Mafia muhfuckaHook(2x)[Verse 3: Gangsta Blac]
Just awaken shaken off that hangover from night before
Me and Little Man tried to kill ourself wid tony and in-do
Up all night we strictly swangin' hummers on the fuckin' track
Tricks you got it lonely if it ain't Man and fuckin' Gangsta Blac
All for one, one for all, hoe you shoulda fuckin' knew it
Just them same old hustlas to the game cause we grew up to it
Countin' up our dividends, time to get out chiefin' in
Time to holla at them twins, time to go get I-B-N
Rollin' up the papers catch the vapors when I see a blunt
High as hell, can't you tell, now it's tony that I want
Beepin' up my nigga Flick and Cheese bring them bi pornos
Me and Lil Man got them cheese scopin' out the dirty hoes
Drop top to the fuckin' bone, when we go and get a bitch
Eyes red as motherfuckin' fire from that hay and shit
Test my nuts, do me wrong, that's two slugs in your guts
Just another day up at the tire shop and I'm chiefin' hay,
So damn FUCKED UP!!Hook

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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