Chevy Smile

Yung Joc

Pull out the Chevrolets nigga
(Well if dey gon' pull 'em out, what years dey need to pull out Trick?)
Pull out da 71's, 72's, 70tre nigga
(Ha, Ha, Well tell em who ya is shawty)
Don Dadda, Donk Rida
(See what did, I said, imma go and get me a ill nigga who kno bout muthafuckin chevys, inside and out, from the muthafuckin digi-dash to da muthafuckin pipes)
You betta believe it
(You know who it is, Trick Daddy, Yung Joc, Lets Go)
I like the way, the grill on my Chevrolet smile(The grill on my chevrolet smile)
I like the way, the rims on my Chevy go round(The rims on my Chevy go round)
I Like the way, the top on my Chevy go down(The top on my Chevy go down)
I like the way, the Chevy make the girls go wild(The Chevy make the girls go wild)
(Yung Joc)
64 Chevrolet Ssm, 24 Asante's dead fresh pimp
You think Im ridin peanut butter, naw thats chocolate chip
I love the way da paint drip, love the way da paint flip
Got the antique step, fishbowl lamp
415 Beatin wit the 2 stolen amps
Either way wit the butterfly, doors on suicide, 5 percent tint keep dem hoes guessin who inside
Now da neighbor's mad cus my beat down low
Now da haters mad cus dey freaks down low
Yeah da color scheme match dese new Gucci loafers
Plastic on da seats like my grandma's sofa.
I like the way, the grill on my Chevrolet smile(The grill on my chevrolet smile)
I like the way, the rims on my Chevy go round(The rims on my Chevy go round)
I Like the way, the top on my Chevy go down(The top on my Chevy go down)
I like the way, the Chevy make the girls go wild(The Chevy make the girls go wild)
(Trick Daddy)
I got da work to match da hard top, fresh out da supermart
Err'where i go dey follow da car show
Yo, I hit a right, dey hit a right
I hit da gas and leave dey ass bout 4 or 5 lights
Gettin followed by dese bougie broads, because dey like da car
Dey dig my swag, too bad bitch, dis aint for ya'll
Dis for dem bottom bitches, all about da dolla bitches
Independent, but love fuckin wit real niggas
Dis for my thug nuggas, gettin rich drug dealin
My trap stars wit big walls and fast cars

Donk ridin, trunk poundin, Glass-housing, now dats some real down south shit

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(Yung Joc)
Da grill on my Chevy like tv juggins
Smile so bright, you can see me comin
Say you wanna race, playboy we can run it
Say you got a hemi, my Chevy'll out run it
I hope you got navigation cus pimpin you lost
Police think you smokin good, thats just my exhaust
Betta get some anti-freeze and let cha shit cool off
Minks on my flo' bitch, take ya shoes off
Treat my Chevy like a lac, dont slam my doors
Im ridin like a mac, backseat full of ho's
I got a cush pack, we gon blow this whole oathe
Mattafact let'cha seat back, and ride out slow
I like the way, the grill on my Chevrolet smile(The grill on my chevrolet smile)
I like the way, the rims on my Chevy go round(The rims on my Chevy go round)
I Like the way, the top on my Chevy go down(The top on my Chevy go down)
I like the way, the Chevy make the girls go wild(The Chevy make the girls go wild)
Come Chill Wit Me, If U Wanna See What Im Ridin On
I Might Even Take U Home, I Might Even Take U Home
In My Chevy...
(What'chu Ridin On ?) Dubs
(What'chu Ridin On ?) Dueces
(What'chu Ridin On ?) Tres
(What'chu Ridin On ?) Fours
(What'chu Ridin On ?) Sixes
(What'chu Ridin On ?) Eights
(What'chu Ridin On ?) Thirty's
Listen To What I Say
(What'chu Ridin On ?) Dubs
(What'chu Ridin On ?) Dueces
(What'chu Ridin On ?) Tres
(What'chu Ridin On ?) Fours
(What'chu Ridin On ?) Sixes
(What'chu Ridin On ?) Eights
(What'chu Ridin On ?) U Can Call Me A Chevy-Weight!

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