

Chevy a Monsta

Rich Boy

[Hook: x2]

Oh my God da Chevy a monsta,
I wanna thank the dope game for being my sponsors,
Cocaine white dope boy sneakers,
You wanna learn how to cook this dope I'm a teach ya!

[Verse 1: Rich Boy]

Oh my God, The Chevy a monsta,
Freddy Cougar red the paint job will haunt cha'
Niggas scared like it's Friday the 13,
Ridin in my Chevy up on Nightmare and Elm Street.
Shidd! Seven figures for the neck piece.
You like this? Wait until I get my neck piece.
Dope boy sneakers, dopeboy features,
You wanna learn how to cook this I can teach ya.
Chevy pushin' 500 horses to beat cha.
Pussy look like money bitch I'll probably eat cha.
Sellin crack, show me where the kitchen at,
Let me make my money back, nigga I'm a tripple dat!

[Hook x2]

[Verse 2: Rich Boy]

I killem with da ride like Marilyn Manson,
Trunk beatin' hard I bet the devil is dancin.
I see 'em glancin' my pockets lookin' real chubby,
They came to my momma house lookin' for the hard,
But I ain't wanna sell dope please for give me Lord.
The crack rocked up, The bricks blocked up.
Everythang will be fine unless they stop us,
My Uncle Mane sayin' prayers from a prison cell.
20 years cause they caught 'em tryna make a sale.
I give 'em hell, Nigga mother fuck a hater.
Now I'm a say this shit again let's go get this paper.

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3: Attitude]

Trunk full of white on the intersate,
Nigga I'm eatin' like these streets is my dinner plate.
And all I need is a spoon,
A pyrex jar and some elbow room.
Now I got the hos in the 'Ham,
I ain't playin bout this paper I'll put some holes in ya ass.

Look, my weed jumpin out the blunt,
Cause the blunt in my car feel like it's jumpin out the trunk.
Blood diamonds in my neck-a-lace .
Got the hos lookin possessed, I'm the exorcist.
Bitch say hi to the bad guy.
That's why all them hos point when I pass by.

[Hook x2]

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

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