

## Box Chevy

Lil' Keke

Okay, this how we ride  
Turn up!

R:

22s, 23s, 24s, 28s All chromes on the box Chevy  
I say down south we slam those (Chevy)  
That's right, ole school on them 84s (Chevy)  
We look good and my Chevy mean (Chevy)  
I got my top off and I'm ridin clean (Chevy)

22s, 23s, 24s, 28s  
I could be talkin bout rims, sports  
I could be talkin bout weight  
From the land with the skate  
On threes or fours No deposit, no conversation  
Drop it in the bank and then we straight  
It's the Don and the king  
What you seenin is 713  
Longevity, somethin that alot you niggas ain't seen  
And you know my team  
Talk about more than just codin  
East Coast, West Coast  
Chicago, ATL, sippin I'll lean  
I got 24 on this heavy plate  
Cocaine on that Chevrolet  
My leather red and my smoke grey  
Lord bless me with a better way  
These low pros don't kill hoes  
I ain't the G that I say  
I've been ridin aroun through H town  
And I love the place that I stay  
Ole shit with them new Lex  
Roof back, that coop black  
Bad bitch I go scoop that  
Still blowin that fruit pack  
My hood hot, my block here  
When the streets packed we come through  
My steak great, my cake straight  
I'm ole school, that's somethin new  
Let's go

R:

Me and in the Chevy  
Doin numbers, rims heavy  
Trunk jumpers  
Freezin, it's silly  
Glass like dunkin  
Park her by the buildin  
Black and chrome bumper  
Them glistenin  
Red skin, pin stripes  
Got that thing looking right  
I'm feelin right, waffle up  
Paul George, game night  
All star, game tight  
Trophy on that ass nice

It feels right, it feels right  
Ready  
My trap spot where my Gettin money, stackin money  
Laughin at these clown suckers  
Look at em, they actin funny  
These lames bummy and crummy  
Let em tell what they holdin  
I got highly on the mally  
And she rollin like she bowlin  
Talkin bye, fuckin suckin  
We side ways, won't it  
She say she miss me  
It's only been 5 days  
You know me  
My trap spot with my rap spot  
That box Chevy with that stash pot  
For that cash  
And that block hot

R:

Bran new Chevy Tao sit that thing up on em 20s  
Pull up at they Rupees  
Take my new bitch on a dinner date  
Say the rubber bandz gon cost a grip  
I bought em anyway  
Fillin my whip with petrol  
Smoke that west coast, hit that interstate  
Traffickin down 59  
Pull me over I'm gon get time  
Fuck it though, I'm hustlin bro  
Betta get yours I'm gon get mine  
Ridin like them Houston niggas  
It's crazy what slabs will do to niggas  
Have you feelin like you the shit  
And bitch you tryin to chose a nigga  
Get so much we crazy  
I know she just wanna flip my car  
You and her and her the only way you gon fuck a star  
Ridin like I'm poster dry  
Can't tell that I'm a Texas boy  
She gon ride with me if she agree to get naked, boy  
Rollin roun in that Chevy  
Top down, blow brains  
With a bad bitch, who got a bad bitch  
And we out here, nigga back page  
when I poke out wide  
Green and white, caught you by surprise  
But it's 713 over everythang  
And I thank you lord for these Chevys

R: