

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: