

My Chevy

Mac Dre

I roll a '73 Chevy Caprice
Straight stocked out hubcaps and elites
A four-door mob shot, that's what I got
Burn a little rubber on a punk ass sahob
A fat ass fleet that's pumpin' the beat
A Zapco board to make things complete
I ride and side, whip and dip
Spotted in the seat with a joint on my lip
Ready to take the cops on a high-speed chase
Put up your pink slip 'cause I'm ready to race
Man, I'm so tight, I just blow right
Past a muthaf*cka and yes his hoe might
Flag me down the next time she see me
But flaggin' down Dre ain't that easy
Steady lookin' out for the black-and-white ones
So I can hit the gas, swing some tight ones
In my mob shot Chevrolet, I roll every day
And bullshit tapes I'll never play
I bump \$hort and Spice, and MC Pooh
That gangsta shit, I thought you knew
Man, I'm so cool, in my old school
Steady pullin' bitches when I hit the high school
Short and tall, light and heavy
They all wanna ride in my Chevy

("I be straight Chev' strikin'")

("Listen to the bassline, don't it sound funky")

("I be straight Chev' strikin'")

(Mac Dre, tell these fools about Mac Mall)

(Mac Dre: My homeboy Mac Mall ain't nothin' muthaf*ckin' nice, boy, I'm tellin' you. You better peep the game that he got from the Crestside streets. You know what I'm sayin'? f*ckin' 'em up like that there, you know. Can't f*ck with us, man. They can't f*ck with us, man. We got too much game, mayne.)
(Alright, Khayree, bring that shit right back. Straight from the Crestside, it's young Mac Mall.)

("Money-makin', hoochie-sinkin' Crestside playa")

Catch me in the traffic, it's Mall comin' through in a '74
I'm known to blow your doors on the sideshows
With the shift kit tranny, nigga, what you think?
Put your mail with your mouth and we can race for bank
And on a full tank, watch how hectic I get
Strikin' with the SES when I'm tacked from the chronic
Ride slow just like the comp on the elites
And I'mma f*ck ya dome when I see you in the streets
But in the driver seat, stride way too low, fool
When I strike, I watch what your hoe do
Trick I know you hate the SES crew
We straight Chev' strikin' on these punk ass niggas too
Fool, what you know about the Strictly SES soldier?
f*ckin' with the doja, it might have me in a coma
Nathan nice from the north of the Valley Jo
Chronic, Old Gold, spittin' game to pimp, playas and the hoes
Known to live illegal but Feds never find a trace
Never Captain-Save-a-Hoe, playas never wear a cape
Never rappin' fake and we zappin' across every state

Comin' up is my fate, so punks love to playa hate
But see I never trip because the Chev' is lookin' hella whipped
Every nigga and they bitch is sprung on this playa shit
So when you see me, man, punch it
Because the squad is in the town with the Zapco adjusted
Fifteens bumpin' as I hit the highways on the turf with Smurf
Hittin' the block sideways
And I can swing it five ways, danked, always in a daze
Rollers try to fade, but trick I'mma stay paid
Fools try to ride, they know they ain't ready
The marks claim they mobbin' but they ain't strikin' them Chevys, mayne
We strikin'

("I be straight Chev' strikin'")

("Money-makin', hoochie-sinkin' Crestside playa")