Hell No

Stalley

What's up baby
Black Chevelle on them blades boy
Dark shades, leather jacket like I'm blade boy
Come through the city like what's the focus boy
I come through with open doors
Six by nines through these door panels make a bunch of noise
I'm mobbing on these back streets and city blocks
Middle finger every cop
Chevy block engines, everything is heavy stock
Sweatpants, the car dance, I make that bitch do the walk

Man I'm losing my religion
Got those angels on my shoulders and they're telling me to list
en
I blast this Alpine and get lost in my system
They telling me its devil music and demons have imprisoned
My mind body and soul and I'm traveling down hell's road
This strap got no velcro
So I'm down for whatever, whenever, wherevere
Anywhere the hell I go, you think I'm scared?
Hell no

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