

Box Chevy 8

Yelawolf

Rollin' box Chevy, blasting Pac heavy, holdin' Glock steady
You ain't got to even try to be ready when you stay ready
Be prepared
I don't want my family gettin' thoughts and prayers
Nah, nah, nah, player
I've seen that happen to the best of players
Don't need no crooked-ass preacher givin' a eulogy
Standin' over me
With two freaky little friends that were cool with me
Tellin' one another what they used to do to me
And my little cousin asked my auntie what they gon' do with all my jewelery
Nah, not for me, snap out of that dream, sittin' right here right at the red
light
Anybody try to dead Mike, it's a green light
I ain't never scared 'cause I move with supreme light
Life is a bitch and the bitch is the mean type
And she don't give a fuck 'cause she eat right
I can't eat right, I can't sleep right
I can't sleep right, then more stress
Then more stress, you won't be blessed
Don't let doubt ever be your guest
Stay fresh-dressed with chains on chest
In a box Chevy, blowin' on that blessed, yes

Alright, alright (My box-)
Bump shit by the day, partyin' all night, yeah (My box, my, my box)
That's life, that's life
Bump shit by the day, partyin' all night, uh (My box Chevy, my, my, my)
Alright, alright
Bump shit by the day, partyin' all night, yeah
Rockstar, that's right (My box Chevy)
That's life, that's life

Got an F1 in the trunk of the box Chevy
Those 10s, lil' boy, them not 20s
They spinnin' on the head like Rock Steady
Whole block heavy on the chopped fetty
Don't call 'til you got the guap ready
Caviar spillin' on my potbelly
Only fat boy with the stock at the deli
Every day, scoop new drop at the telly
Uh, two shotguns in the bed like twins
New York, nothin' like a big white Benz
Eyes on the snake with a friend-like grin
They ain't never seen a D-boy with a pen like him (Nah)
Wish they plug would've been like him
Yanks on the fitted with a bent-like brim (Woo)
Opp mixed plots, now it's talk of the dot with a red-like tint (Buh, buh)
Drip dirty like Flint (Michigan)
Plates on the new grip dirty as shit
Couldn't hold the .22 sturdy and shit
Why y'all boys acting all flirty and shit?
Ahead of bruh, eatin' some curry and shrimp
Your rap style only looks scary on print
Your stereo pimps
If Bub go lift, then the cargo rips

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Alright, alright
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That's life, that's life

Killer Mike is on that Makaveli
I just pulled up, bumpin' me and Jelly
White walls, talkin' no Pirelli's
Made em sick, yeah, hold your belly
Alabama tried to keep me in Gadsden, I just told 'em to let go and let me
Haters was all on my back, but now when I drop an album, they all throw conf
etti
If you a snake, I got the cobra ready
If you a jake, I got the code of ethic
If these hoes irrelevant, they show is petty
Same play, got the same jersey
Same shades and it's all blurry
So we came late and we left dirty
But the mainstays ain't in no hurry
Feet up, no worries
Huh, no rush
Bub Styles with the cold cuts
We're whoopin' that
Outrageous, tell my agent, "Where the bookin' at?"
Ain't no more fuck deals
Nah, got these hip-hop braggin' skills
Got the chrome blades off of rap deals
Took my box Chevy off of wagon wheels
Uh

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That's life, that's life
Bump shit by the day, partyin' all night, uh (My box Chevy)
Alright, alright
Bump shit by the day, partyin' all night, yeah (My box)
Rockstar, that's right (My, my, my, my, my box Chevy)
That's life, that's life

My box Chevy