

## Yelawolf "Box Chevy 4"

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Yelawolf and I feel like a king in my box Chevy  
Tell them other whack motherfuckers get that pine box  
ready  
Catfish Billy is lately, don't get slapped wit' the medley  
Still sippin' on Jack D to my neck and my head start  
feelin' heavy

Doin' 125 down I-29, really think I need to start slowin'  
down  
But I can't 'cause I got a pretty blonde thing sittin' to my  
right that's blowin' me now  
Ooh, yeah, she headin' me, I think her name might be  
Becky  
I was 'bout to drop her off, but I had to switch lanes to  
get the brain she begged me

Aw, no, do you come in two's?  
Please choose a couple of friends that could hop in the  
cooz  
Now we goin' steady, but I'm not lookin' for longevity  
Pipes in the back, the lights of the night reflect sights  
through the dash, I'm nice to bypass

My wheels are super clean, paint job, it glitters and  
gleams  
And I wanna see the back of your jeans in the seats  
(My box Chevy)  
This whip is built for queens and you wanna be seen  
wit' the king  
Well, I wanna see the back of your jeans in the seats  
(My box Chevy)

Tilted off Jim Beams, sittin' off to the side, I lean  
And I wanna see the back of your jeans in the seats  
(My box Chevy)  
This whip is built for queens and you wanna be seen  
wit' the king  
Well, I wanna see the back of your jeans in the seats  
(My box Chevy)

Fuck a Limousine, I rather ride ride Caprices  
My speakers vibrate the concrete beneath us

Ridin' 85, northbound, shakin' doors down  
So I turn the speakers louder, pissin' off polices

Fuck 5-star chick, got a porn-star bitch  
Ridin' shotgun wit' me, gettin' so wet  
Now she goin' down on me, givin' road head, bustin' on  
her forehead  
Then I take her back to the homestead, peace

Back in the Caprice, took a sack of weed  
And crumpled it inside a cognac blunt rack  
Then it's time to jump back on the highway 85  
Slumpin' in the seat like I'm hunckback

And my Chevy look so dope old school Vo's on it  
Got it floatin' like a row boat  
Gold flakes in the candy paint drippin' on the road  
Drivin' slow like a showboat ho

Don't act like you don't hear me comin'  
I got the Willy Sherman and it's comin' out the Clarion  
12's in the trunk, flat-screen T.V.'s in the headrest  
Wit' "Something About Marry" on, carry on

I be turnin' heads every time  
When you see in the Chevy, man, she car-struck  
And I'm far from hard-up, so quit trippin' like a bitch  
And get in the car, slut, you know you wanna ride

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Yeah, in the the background wit' the six-pack now  
And I'm out lookin' for the ladies  
Peanut butter seats, have seat, girl  
My peanut butter needs jelly

I'll chase you like Chevy  
If you ain't afraid to get messy  
If you know the game  
Then I'll let you call the shots like a referee, yeah

Now I'm drinkin' a deuce, deuce, sweet and slow  
Feelin' like I'm Deuce, Deuce Bigalow  
Pick a bitch like I picked the piccolo  
Go anywhere you wanna go, pick a road

Interstate 59, 20  
75, 285, 85, southbound  
Twins pipes like pow-pow  
100 spokes on the Vo's like wow

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