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Yelawolf "Box Chevy"

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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

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

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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

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 whin is built for gueons and you wanna be seen

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)

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