

Yo Gotti

"Chevy Anthem"

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(Intro)

Remix! (Rick Ross)
Remix! (Rick Ross)
Remix! (Rick Ross)
Chevy Ridin High Boy (Yo Gotti)
Its Rickey Ross (Rick Ross)
Mon E. G. (Mon E. G.)
Its Mon E. G. (Rick Ross)
Rickey Ross (Mon E. G.)
Its Rickey Ross (Rick Ross)
Mon E. G. (Mon E. G.)
And Mon E. G. (Rick Ross)
Yo Gotti! (Yo Gotti)

(Yo Gotti)

I remember my first Chevy 73'
I was 17 ridin wit a whole B
It was money green, fat boy triple gold
Tha 20's era, right when we stop ridin fo's
Lamb'd up ride, 30 inch rims glide
6 feet off tha ground make it hard fa you ta see inside
Surround sound like a motion picture
aquafina rims got my ocean spinnas
Hit a button, car crank up
Notha button, do' lift up
People lookin, what tha fuck
What is that, a car or truck
Hit tha lot, drop tha top
Bitch jump in, late ta block
VIP done killed tha club, headed ta my otha spot
Mashin off 454, look like Im passin off
Rubba burnin, passin yawl
Rims damn near fallin off
Yo Gotti, hell naw I aint petty
So I wanna welcome my haters ta my 100 grand Chevy

(Chorus 2x)

Chevy ridin high boy (Mon E. G.)
My Chevy stay fly (Yo Gotti)
Got me and yo baby mama (Mon E. G.)

Sittin off in tha sky (Yo Gotti)
Mon E. G. (Mon E. G.)
Yo Gotti (Yo Gotti)

Its Rickey Ross (Rick Ross)
No lie (Mon E. G.)
Its tha (Mon E. G.)
Chevy Anthem Remix, my Chevy Ridin High (Yo Gotti)
Yes Sir! (Mon E. G.)

(Mon E. G.)
Chevy ridin high, blue candy paint make my teeth hurt
30's on them low pros, gas brake skee skurt
Suicide doors wit tha stick in tha floor
My whole arm stay icy, keep my dick in ya whore
You dont really wanna race me at tha light, red green
take flight
Glass packs loud pipes, tv's are too bright
Outta spite, Ima turn up tha sound ta drown ya music
Cocaine white charger, reminiscin tha Cool Whip
2 seconds done dipped, smashed out in tha glass
house
West Coast mentality, here ta switch drop tha ass out
Im out on errthang, underdog,
deadly game, big block super fast, put that on errthang
You can call me Diddy like Sean, hit the bar team
winnin
Feelin good like we winnin tha World Series in tha 9th
innin
Free ya mind like John Lennon, interior blue lemon
Cuz Im true to every sentence ball out like tha Pistons

(Chorus 2x)

(Rick Ross)
I started sellin weed dreamin of a 7-3
Dat didnt cut it so fuck it we out here sellin keys
Now my roof suede, and my seats gator
I aint want tints, I like to see haters
We rollin back to back, and we rollin slow
Whitney Houston wit me, nigga Im talkin blow
You suckas talkin slow, im talkin to who coppin mo
They talkin sideways, thats what tha choppas fo'
Sittin on them silver datins, bumpin that bigga rankin
I blew out tha brains, fuck what them niggas thinkin
Multi-millionaire, started wit crack crumbs
So when you hear them glass packs, its time to act up

(Chorus 2x)

