

T.I. f/ P\$C

"Heavy Chevys"

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[Intro] Yeah Yeah Come on (Hey) PSC, Uh (Y'all niggas)
What (Y'all niggas) What Pimp Squad shawty (What you
know about them) What they know? (You don't know
about them) They don't know, they don't know (Now
what you really know about them?) (What it is) Yeen
know about them Them heavy chevys shawty (Yeen
know about them) heavy chevy shawty [Verse 1] Now
how you tame a young baller That rides Suburbans,
Caprices and candy Impalas Raspberry Monte Carlos
that march like a rottweiler Off the collar addicted to
hustlin' and stacking mighty dollars Ho holla, when you
hear the chevy beating down the street Beating so hard
the Crissy wasting on my mink seats To get them
reupholstered gonna cost me ten G's The same as the
Chevy platinum emblem on my keys With the diamond
against the trim Young ass nigga with a Louis V brim A
sporty young shawty with Gucci shades dim These
hoes mistaking me for being they pimp They say "baby
couldn't see you past them shiny rims" I'ma cool little
daddy bitch I've never been a simp If you choosing ho
then you need to hop on then And if you ain't bitch,
then you need to ride with him Cause I'm pimpin' in
myâ€¦ [Chorus (2x)] Ridin' swervin' Ridin' swervin'
Ridin' swervin' Ridin' swervin' Ridin' swervin' Yeah, we
ridin' in them heavy Chevys, them heavy Chevys On
them D's and them Vogues When we shinin' on them
hoes Yeah, we ridin' in them heavy Chevys, them heavy
Chevys Beatin' hard in the park when we rollin' wit the
squad [Verse 2] Now you heard of me You gone feel
something hot to the 3rd degree Coming down your
streets in a black Caprice With a fine ass freak in the
passenger seat Y'all fake niggas don't know the half of
me I spit pimp game automatically, don't be mad at me
Cause I'm finally coming up in the industry and the 4's
sitting up on the triple d's Bloodline, the underground
celebrities, Mack Bone my partner keeping the beat
Heat it up like a cookout when the sun fall Y'all nigga
better look out or your rap career is over I put a hook
out like you at Apollo Ride and swerving while my
niggas follow Hoes wobbling and start slobbin' bobbin'
on the dick til they swallow, AH [Verse 3] Speedometer

broken, doors smokin' Body dented, windows tinted
Bend it round the corner Leaning, engine steaming,
screaming demons Spillin' liquor, yeah nigga Blowin
tall off the wall Burning rubber leaving foul Muthafucka
how you ride Choppin blades with triple golds Stay
away from Campbellton roads Playa cause I'm riding
old It ain't no thang to take them vogues Jack it up, strip
it down Have the freshest car in town Pimpin cuz I'm
bout my crown Hey shawty what's that knocking sound
[Chorus 2x] [Verse 4] T.I.P and P.S is fresher than new
SS's Triple doors and vogues shining like some
treasure chests (bling) I got a fetish I ain't getting in it
boy unless it's Got them little blue boxes off in the
headrestes I bet it's wood in the dash Duel in the ass
Get an Impala, holla Watch me (skirrrt) When I pass I'm
burning rubber in your yard Diggin' up ya grass Drag
racin' 454 That's what make it fast I hit the gas And I
mash on it in a flash Throw it in the gutter Buy another
if it crash That's petty cash I parlay all day in a
Chevrolet Pearsjay wit a face bright as heavens day I'm
beatin fo' tens in the flo then Hit the store then for
some more Hen (Hey Dub) Pull a hoe and four friends
Dubs still spinnin' with a gold grill in it White leather
guts Wipe up what ya spill in it Still trillin out here
[Chorus]

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