

## Yung Joc f/ Jazze Pha, Trick Daddy "Chevy Smile"

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{\*screw voice: "Hustlenomic\$!"\*}

[Intro: Trick Daddy] + (Yung Joc)  
Pull out the Chevrolets nigga  
(Well if they gon' put 'em out, what year they need to  
pull out Trick?)  
Pull out the 71's, 72's & seven-treys nigga  
(Haha, well tell 'em who ya is shawty)  
The Don Dada, the dump riders, yours truly (that right)  
Trick Daddy Dollars~!  
(See what did, I said, I'ma go get a real nigga who  
know 'bout muh'fuckin Chevy)  
(Inside and out from the motherfuckin digi-dash, to the  
motherfuckin pipes)  
You better believe it (hehe, you know who it is)  
(Trick Daddy, Yung Joc, let's go)

[Chorus: Yung Joc] + (Trick Daddy)  
I like the way (I like the way) the grill on my Chevrolet  
smile  
I like the way (I like the way) the rims on my Chevy go  
round  
I like the way (I like the way) the top on my Chevy go  
down  
I like the way (I like the way) the Chevy make the girls  
go wild

[Yung Joc]  
6-4 Chevrolet, S-S-M  
Twenty-fo' of suntan, thatat fresh pimp  
You think I'm ridin peanut butter, naw that's chocolate  
chip  
I love the way the paint drip, love the way the paint flip  
Head got the antique step, fishbowl lamp  
Fo'-fifteen beatin with the two stolen amps  
Move away with the butterfly, do's on suicide  
Five percent tint keep them hoes guessin who inside  
Now the neighbors mad cause my feet down low  
Now the haters mad cause they freaks down low  
Yeah the color scheme match these new Gucci loafers  
Plastic on the seats like my grandmama sofa

[Chorus]

[Trick Daddy]

I got the work to match the hard top, fresh out of  
supermart  
And e'rywhere I go they follow the car show  
Yo, I hit a right, they hit a right  
I hit the gas and leave they ass 'bout fo' or five lights  
Gettin followed by these bougie broads, because they  
like the car  
They dig my swag, too bad bitch, this ain't for y'all  
This for them 'bout it bitches, all about the dollar  
bitches  
Independent, but love fuckin with real niggaz  
This for my thug niggaz, gettin rich drug dealin  
My trap stars with big walls and fast cars  
Dunk ridin, trunk poundin, glass-housin  
Now that's some real down South shit

[Chorus]

[Yung Joc]

Got the grill on my Chevy like TV juggins  
Smile so bright, you can see me comin  
Say you wanna race, playboy we can run it  
Say you got a Hemi, my Chevy'll out run it  
I hope you got navigation cause pimpin you lost  
Police thank you smokin good, that's just my exhaust  
Betta get some antifreeze and let you shit cool off  
Minks on my flo' bitch, take your shoes off  
Treat my Chevy like a 'llac, dont slam my do's  
I'm ridin like a mack, backseat full of hoes  
I got a kush pack, we gon' blow this whole O  
Matter fact, let your seat back and ride out slow

[Chorus]

[Jazze Pha]

Come chill with me if you wanna see what I'm ridin on  
(Ay Jazze look what I'm ridin on playboy)  
I might even take you home (y'all know who I be man)  
I might even take you home (it's your boy Big Block  
man)  
(The Eastside Chevy rider)

[Outro: Yung Joc]

In my Chevy  
(What'chu ridin on?) Dubs  
(What'chu ridin on?) Dueces  
(What'chu ridin on?) Tres

(What'chu ridin on?) Fo's  
(What'chu ridin on?) Sixes  
(What'chu ridin on?) Eights  
(What'chu ridin on?) 30's  
(What'chu ridin on?) That's the way I stay  
{Ay Joc, tell the truth though playboy}  
(What'chu ridin on?) Dubs  
(What'chu ridin on?) Dueces  
(What'chu ridin on?) Tres  
(What'chu ridin on?) Fo's  
(What'chu ridin on?) Sixes  
(What'chu ridin on?) Eights  
(What'chu ridin on?) You can call me a Chevyweight!

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