

## Cleopatra Stratan

### "Chevy Music"

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Chevy music  
Chevy music  
Chevy music

"Dippin'-dippin' in the cut  
Striking in my Chevrolet"

We ride in the side to it  
Chevy music  
We swang in the thang to it  
Chevy music  
Get high as a kite to it  
Chevy music  
"Dippin'-dippin' in the cut  
Striking in my Chevrolet"

Ridin', smashin' with my folks  
Swangin', bangin', dippin' yolks  
Gas, break  
Diss face  
Tinted up  
With a gang of dope  
Picture this  
Mobbin' with the smoke  
Comin' out the side  
Groupies tend to faint, when they see the paint  
Cause they know who's inside  
Rain or shine  
See the snow  
Cussing out  
Mafio  
Telling me  
My piece is dirty  
Gotta go  
And beat their mold  
Ice, cold  
Mexican  
Livin' in the land of funk  
Who, will  
Shake a gin  
Run up on 'em like a punk

Big chiefin' with my nephew...  
I was smokin' with my nephew...  
Chevy strikin' with my nephew...  
Smokin' big with my nephew  
Nephew

You see me riding in my Chevy  
I'm probably gettin' high and ridin' dirty  
Boy, I'm out here, grindin' early, tryin' to get up with my  
Feddi  
I'm pushin'  
For I'm out here gettin' money with the fluffies in my  
Chevy  
I try to leave it, but the game won't let me  
Cause they keeps in them product and I keep going  
empty  
And I'm stressing 'bout the snitches and the jackers  
So I'm tippin' with a piece on my lap  
Don't make me clap ya  
I don't wanna have to smoke ya  
I'd rather count a million bucks  
And bend the corner, blowin' on a cigarello blunts  
Stuntin' on them haters with the gators on my low-top  
Curvin' and I'm swervin' where I'm servin' 'em, it don't  
stop

We gangsta pimpin', dip them Chevoretlets  
Hit the spliff, let's levitate  
Candy, Brandy drippin' on the curb, it makes a fire lane  
Give me the right of way  
Smell me from a mile away  
Striking up the block, in every corner, leave a purple  
haze  
I'm sinking in my seats  
Chinky eyed, I'm gangsta leanin'  
Pushin' the seven-deuce MC on B's, I keeps 'em  
gleaming  
A wolf amongst us, she  
Bumpin' up and down ya block  
Beat so loud, I'm knocking down the pictures off ya  
neighbor's wall  
Big body Chevy, hoggin' up the whole camino  
Latino riding dirty, so they say I'm so cochino  
As nasty as they come, so don't ask me for no trouble  
I'm ducking, dodging copters as I'm tip on through the  
trebel

I'm dizzy on I-80  
Groovin', ridin' high, I'm cruisin'  
In the Bay, we blow big and bump that chevy music

You got a ride (Shine it up)  
You think it's fast (Line it up)  
Put up ya pink or some cash (And we get hogged-tied-  
up)  
Yeah  
With a shotgun blast, hit ya gas and smash off  
My Chevy like a space shuttle when it blast off  
Full throttle  
How I say it, all gas, no break  
Like Big Wino  
With his bottle glass, shot to the face  
The 'Frisco Mex's the Chevy man, I got the keys to  
prove it  
Look who's back, the Velvet Clique with that  
Chevy music

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