

Clicka One "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 Chevorlets
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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