

Blood Raw "Chevy Boyz"

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[Intro - Blood Raw]

Ha-ha

She say she wonder how the sun shines

(Blood Raw!)

She say she never rode in a Chevy neither

(For real?)

I love my Chevy my nigga

(I know you do too homeboy)

I'ma show you how to enjoy your time down here baby

girl where we stay

(CTE, U.S.D.A.!)

[Chorus - Young Jeezy] X2

I don't mean to brag, but my shit so clean

My Chevy do something to my self esteem

Alpine in the dash, and the duals in the ass

And that wet, wet paint, the shit look like glass

[Verse 1 - Blood Raw]

Zoom, just how my Chevy sound

Bump, bump, bump, just how the Chevy sound

It's like a band in a nigga donk

Rock four fives, it's like a band in a nigga trunk

Boat motor right now, nigga pass me

502, donk riding like Trick Daddy

Rally stripes, the Chevy transform

When the doors go up, it looks like there's something

more

Flowmasters, MagnaFlow tips

And them hoes catch nuts when they see that shit

Brown jet, feeling jet, no carburetor

And the color apple green like a Now and Later

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Rick Ross]

Boss

Yesterday I caught a flat, as I ran out of gas, with a

pocket full of stacks

Your Chevy can't compare

These niggas scared to inhale my motor breathing on a

L

The peddle, I mash down, my window, was half down
The L, I pass around, you smell it like hash browns
Million dollar nigga still smoking in a Class E
And my homie with a mobile, watch him let him blast it
I'm sitting on twenty something's, that ain't important
What's important is getting plenty money
Racist Section 8, they continue to segregate
I ain't tripping, I'm loading weight and booming around
the way
I got to find a better way, until I do I got a new AK off in
the Chevrolet
Riding with the bitch I fucked last night
Her pussy still wet as she listen to the glass pipes
Boss

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Blood Raw]

I'm from the Gunshine, where them boys ride Chevy
Little mama say she never rolled in a Chevy
Say she like the paint job and the way it sounds
She like the way it look when I let the top down
Alpine touch screen I got three twenties
26's homie, my Chevy, he a grown man
It look real sweet, don't it man?
Like Shaq, got big feet on it, man
So about it, like to hear the motor low
When I hit the gas, I bet that bitch don't choke
Enjoy the ride, I'ma show you why the sun shines
Put it all on the line that a nigga can't out run mine

[Chorus]

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