

Field Mob "Dead In Your Chevy"

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Damn you done came up short again, ain't uh
'Cause yo homeboy fought again, ain't uh
But is you hoe ready for folk to kick in yo door
Say that the jackers kickin' yo hoe
Please give me the reason I'm fiendin' to know
Why cheese missin' in my flow

Givin' low Z's for the four when the price is usually
eight
Just keepin' it real
You was gettin' half off and still came up a few grands
short
Listen to you brag about yo days in the past
When you was gettin' paid livin' lavish
But that was way in the 70's
It's the best you pay me my fetti

'Fore they find yo brain the a chevy
All over the radio and ceiling
And I'ma hate it for your children
When my AK sprays wit yo dome
Cerebellum all over the passenger seat
Leavin' you dead
Wit' lead in yo head
In yo red candy apple capris

If you out there and you owe me
Or been scared to get my fetti
Or hate me 'cause I fuck and she won't even let you
smell it
Or if you see me doin' dirt and feel it's best you tell it
You besta slow yo roll, boy
Or be found dead in yo Chevy

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Or been scared to get my fetti
Or hate me 'cause I fuck and she won't even let you
smell it
Or if you see me doin' dirt and feel it's best you tell it
You besta slow yo roll boy
Or be found dead in yo Chevy

Wuz up, big mouth, big talk, big game
I ain't Pastor Troy but it ain't no play, it ain't no game
Wit' a nigga like you runnin' around town actin'
bulletproof
Be the one that get got get shot
I got a big ole gun and I'll use it too
Fool, don't play dumb, don't say, "Sean what you talkin'
about"

'Cause I'm talkin' about this hoe I'm fuckin'
Same hoe you lustin'
You hate that don't ya, umm humm
Damn let me 'bout to nut up
uh uh, okay, wuz up, shut up
'Cause you ain't on my level
You cubic zirconia guess who the bezzle

She be lickin' on the head and my Peter
While you be beggin' to eat her
Better know yo role
When I get pissed off then the four four blows
And when the glock click hot shot spit
Then these hoes know

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Dead in yo Chevy, dead in yo Chevy

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