Nevada "Dead in Your Chevy"

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Damn you done came up short again ain't uh

[Verse 1]

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 70s its 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 if 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

[Chorus 2X]

If you out there and you owe me
Or been scared to get my fetti
Or hate me cause I fuck and she wont even let you
smell it
Or if you see me doin dirt and feel its best you tell it
You besta slow yo roll boy
Or be found dead in yo Chevy

[Verse 2]

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 ill use it too
fool dont play dumb dont say Sean what you talkin

about
cause I'm talkin about this hoe I'm fuckin
same hoe you lustin
you hate that dont ya ummhumm
damn let me bout to nut up
uhuh 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

[Chorus til fade]

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