

Rick Ross

"Chevy Ridin' High"

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This is, this is, this is, this is
Chevy ridin' high
(Ross)
Chevy ridin' high
Chevy, Chevy ridin' high
Chevy, Chevy, Chevy ridin high'
Today

Chevy ridin' high boy, Chevy ridin' high boy
Chevy ridin' high, bumpin' gangsta music
Chevy, Chevy ridin' high boy, Chevy ridin' high boy
Chevy ridin' high, bumpin' gangsta music

I'm a real thug so my rims scrub
No black and milds, the blunt filled up
I got a V-12, sweeter than the female
It feels like intercourse bucklin' the seat belt

Picture all black down to the shoes, man
Brought it from a don, gave his ass two thangs
Know him as the boss, I swerve two lanes
Picturing Ricky Ross, me and Dre do thangs

Listen up nigga I got an idea
I aim this K at you and you come off the pies nigga
I ain't playing fool, this ain't X-box
But I can take you to the morgue
And you pick out the best box

The rover ridin'
(Dre)
The Chevy speakin'
(Dre)
Yo' hoe she vibin'
(Dre)
She gonna let Dre hit it
I'm from North Miami, ain't no secret homey
Quit acting hoe and walking like that chick Naomi

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Me and Ross back at it y'all ass backwards
My homey dirt bag
(Yes)
He got don status
Epidemic is an army, Triple C is a navy
We combine and take over this state shit

My partner D. Wade keep a heat jersey on 'em
I just tote heat from haters that try to hurt me, homie
I got monopoly cheese, I work the streets hard
Try to dodge the snitches with 'Get out of jail free'
cards

I sold food like Ruby and Gene's
I'm telling ya my whole crew rock rubies and G's
Put me in power when he threw me them thangs
I came back money bags and Louie in seams

Crystal rosy yeah, I Poe that
We connected with Khaled, we back door that
You see my wrist man, keep your pink wrist bands
She can't believe I'm in a Chevy even though I'm rich
man

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