

Three 6 Mafia "Ridin' in the Chevy"

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[Lord Infamous]

Yeah fool, lord infamous back in the studio
With the paul and lord infamous Come With Me To Hell
Part 2
My nigga juicy in this motherfucker what's up man

[Juicy J]

Yeah I know what time it is we finna do the ridin in the
chevy
Part 2 on y'all ass you know what I'm sayin
it's on fool

[Chorus - Repeat 13X]

Ridin in the chevy as we also smoke the ink mane

[Verse 1: DJ Paul]

We finally got a warm day it's clean in january
See as I hopped out of my drop top once again we rollin
chevy
Pearl paint, quarter green top, and them gold teeth
Dirty bitches chewin' and I can't go, I just say hoes
please
Rollin clean, passin on them tight, to my woodgrain
System bumpin greatest hits, weed smoke invade my
brain
Time to get it sprayed, niggaz steal every color I get
Everytime I paint one up some fool tr-iz-y to come with
it
Smokin on a dime boy, then the (?) said 35
Higher than a mile above the moon on that black haven
side
Sturdy inhalin on some cigars lord knows I can't live
without it
Everytime a flame penetrates some bud I wanna shout
about it
But these niggaz kill me when that's all they wanna do
They is fucked up, but they still wanna get fucked up,
you's a damn fool
So I be like watchin you fools goin down like every
single day
While I ride clean, drop top and mean, chevrolet, busta

[Chorus - 11X]

[Verse 2: Lord Infamous]

Scopin these niggaz I'm owning this block cause I know
that they hoe asses pushin them pounds
They blew my whole sale, fuckin up my mail so I gotta
close them down
They got niggaz turning around with bunch of artillary,
but scarecrow not scared
Fuckin up my damn buisness, I call up the triple six, we
catch them tricks unprepared
A partner of mine said they (?) rackin plenty of stacks
I brought up my niggaz, we polished the triggers I
figured its time for the jack
Paul told us all...back into the room in front
My nigga Mal took out the window with the ?mossberg?
pump
I started droppin niggaz runnin out into the parking lot
Skinny dropped the tricks in the back door, he grabbed
about a pound of crop
My nigga koop blasted them niggaz, we missed them
on the roof
Paul ready with the tech, and a vest, he blast them
bitches and grabbed the loot
Dead bodies were scattered all over the cut, we drove
off up in the smoke
Now we got plenty money bitch, and we gonna serve
plenty of dope
There's no survival, just the blood scattered all over the
place
We built our smoked out loced out in the fuckin
chevrolet

[Chorus - 8X]

[Verse 3: Juicy J]

Is it that marijuana that got my mind clickin
Could it be irk and jirk that got me straight trippin
Dippin through the breeze you so clean paul you so
mean
A nigga drunk as hell, liqour flowin through my
bloodstream
Flaggin down hoes on the road, roll to the cut
Honeycolm Hideout, where them niggaz be smoked
out on them blunts
Man like high, you so high, let me hit that serve of gin
Jumped back in that pearl thang, doin about 110
Grin on my face, cause I kno I'm bout to make it rich
Triple six mafia 95 yeah we runnin shit
Niggaz know the score, I'm ten toes on these funky

hoes

Everytime you see the chevy ridin it be full of smoke

[DJ Paul Talking]

Aw yeah nigga ridin in the chevy for the 95 three 6

mafia in this hoe

Don't forget to look out for the tape though you know
what I'm sayin'

We in this motherfucker bitch, for the 95, you niggaz
can't fuck with us biaaaaaaatch

[Chorus - 'til fade]

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