

Chevy Woods

"Tax It"

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feat. Bow Wow

[Hook]

She wanna let me tax it, but I ain't Uncle Sam
Baby girl, it's your song, tell the DJ play your jam
Keep them bottles comin', we gon' need about a
hundred
Them niggas actin' tough, they can get it if they want it
All night, all night, yeah we do this all night
Tell your baby mama, yeah nigga, do this all night
All night, all night, yeah we do this all night
Tell them hatin'-ass niggas we gon' do this all night

[Verse 1]

Yeah nigga, spendin' what I made today in this bitch
I can buy what I want 'cause I'm paid in this bitch
All these hatin'-ass niggas throwin' shade in this bitch
All my niggas get to marchin', yeah, parade in this
bitch (whoa)
TGOD, yeah I'm a member (bang)
What this around my neck? Oh, that's just December
My jewelry cold, but my flow colder
Shit, I used to run them numbers off that Motorola
Old school, that was pager time
My niggas shoot like they just primed (shoot)
We came in here to ball tonight
Baby girl, send them bottles, have 'em all on ice

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Tag a bitch with Chevy, what's it lookin' like?
Fuck, I might just blow two hundred thou tonight
That's a new house and a new car
All a young nigga know is to stunt hard
They ain't smokin' like we smokin', homie
Must be jokin', when I hit your weed I don't be chokin'
My shit is potent, Grade A, no sticks
Hit one button, watch the Porsche do tricks
Presidential Rollie on the minute, copped six
All my real niggas and my bitches know what's up

First nigga in the city with the Genie truck

[Hook]

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