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## Stalley "She Hates The Bass"

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## [Hook:]

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Bass, beating down the block Gotta give the world a taste My girl say she love me But the car she kinda hate Paint loud, car loud, can you feel the bass? Paint loud, car loud, can you feel the bass? The license plate scrape, the whole trunk shake And make her say, can we take a cab for this date? Paint loud, car loud, can you feel the bass? Paint loud, car loud, can you feel the bass?

## [Verse 1:]

2 a.m. waking up the neighbors DJ Magic Mike out the show in Vegas Trunk shaking like dice out in Vegas Rollin' up blunts, we rarely do papers The Chevy moves gracious I dance all night to the sound of the bass It's magical when I hit the Strip Air bags, one press make the front dip The pipes hits as the engine clicks— Such a beautiful engagement Blood racin' as the tires peel the pavement Fishtailing blocks, smelling like latex Burned rubber, hard cover when the rain hits Hydroplaning, trying to make the whole frame lift The king of the torque, Chevy like a small resort Give a light show when I park The main attraction when I back in Whole back seat filled with action So no room to pack in, it's too much-

## [Hook:]

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#### [Verse 2:]

The car classic, I'm contemporary My girl hate, she say it's the one I need to marry She hate to be seen, and she hate to hear me Blocks away, coming down loud She thinks I'm showing out, but it's really culture to me This how I gotta ride, how the world supposed to see me? Nothin' less than the SS with racer seatin' Faster cars NASCARs with the woofers beatin' 6-by-9s tweeting, I know, it's opposite of my personality But something gotta speak it, you know? So as you step in just leave your opinions at the door Let's ride 'til the wheels fall off, and let the speakers blow As I take control of the road, sit back and ride As the 20 inchers glide on them spokes

And we ain't gotta talk about where we 'bout to go Recline your seat, take puffs of what I'm 'bout to roll and feel this-

#### [Hook:]

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