

Three 6 Mafia, Ridin' Da Chevy

juicy J

we finally gotta warm day it's clean in january
see I hopped on out my drop-top once again we rollin'chevy
pearl paint quater green top's and them goldies
dirty bitches shoes and I can't go I just say hoe's please
colla clean pass 'em on that tight to my woodgrain
system bumpin' greatest weed smokin' saves my brain
time to get it sprayed niggaz steal every color I get
every time I make one of some fruit juice gotta come wit' it
smokin' on a dime and a 4 instead of 35
higher than mile above tha moon on tha black havin' side
stereo illin' on some sacs lord knows I can't live without it
everytime I flame through these tricks lil' gun I wanna shout about it
but these niggaz kill me when that's all they wanna do
pop these slugs up but they still wanna get fucked up youz a damn fool
so I be like watchon' you foolz go downward every single day
while I ride clean drop top's and mean chevrolet, bustaz

scarecrow

scopin' these niggaz out on the next block 'cause I know they hoe asses pushin'
them pounds
they boomin' whole sales fuckin' up my mail so I gotta close them down
(will have rest soon!)

dj paul

is it that marijuana
that got my mind clickin'
could it be erk and jerkin'
dippin' through tha greens
you so clean paul
you so mean
a nigga drunk as hell, liqa flowin' through my blood stream
flaggin' down hoes on tha road rolled to tha cut
honey come hide out where them niggaz be smoked out on them
malikai, you so high
let me hit that grapefruit gin
hopped back in tha pearl thang doin' about 110
grin on my face
'cause I know I'm 'bout to make it rich
triple six mafia '95 and we runnin' shit
niggaz know tha scope I'm tipped toes on these funky hoes
everytime you see tha chevy ridin' it be full of smoke...