

The Drive

Chevy Woods

She sang, she don't need a nigga for nothing
Cause she got it, she got it
I ain't playing girl, I ain't stunting
I'm the pilot: fly

[Verse 1 - chevy woods]
Miss individual, say you got it going on
Cause you got it all your own
And you living all along in your home
By yourself, no kids
Tinted out car, own belts, own rims
So you don't owe them haters nothing
Late night, weekends, you be heavy puffing
So you never let em hit you
With the whopty-woo
Flipping the channels, stopping at scooby doo
Gimme a chance, girl; you know that I could taylor you
I mean san fran burner with doobie - ooh wee!
Get it all like a motherfucker
Window ledge, you know I had that miss butter

[Hook - chevy woods]
Miss individual, you got it on your own
You don't need them haters for nothing
Tell em goodbye, tell em goodbye
Cause we in this action movie, we stuntin
Pelican fly! pelican fly! ah...

[Verse 2 - mac miller]
This is after-hour music
Sitting in my living room, whisper in your ear
Tell you everything I'm finna do
Stop with the questions, ain't no interview
Lemme for a while still smile while I'm kissing you
In my louis loafers, start fuckin when the movie over
How we use that sofa
I'm not a star, just a supernova
Whose loving you for you, cause these stupid hoes trippin
I was on my pimpin, never will I homer hoes
Shit, I ain't a simpson, miss individual
It really fits you now
Pretty as you've ever been
Crushing like a little child
Recording on the bus while he's driving
That's a mobile studio we getting high in
I'm in something foreign everytime I'm riding
You could sit shotty if you let me touch your vagina

[Hook - chevy woods]
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You don't need them haters for nothing
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[Verse 3 - chevy woods]
Even get money when I'm in my sleep

With the cover on: now that's deep
My own style, my flow unique and
Her fragrance is the same, I don't need to speak
Shh - her name, cocaine
Remember I used to get it off the whole thangs
She say her man's pockets critical
Oh you good, miss individual?
We say you get it on your own, huh?
Definition for that: lonesome
She don't ever need me to loan some
She don't ever call me like "can I owe some?"
Cause she miss individual
Her pockets never being critical
So she ain't fuckin with no broke man
And my pockets on python: holdin

[Hook - chevy woods]
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