30 Inches

Play me some pimpin mayn Yessir! Juicy J featuring Gucci Mane and Project Pat! Ballin, ballin babyyy I'm so hood, 30 inches on the Chevrolet! Ballin, ballin babyyy I'm so hood, 30 inches on the Chevrolet! Ballin, ballin babyyy I'm so hood, 30 inches on the Chevrolet! I said you're everything... I ever hoped fooor In a womaaan 30 inches on the Chevrolet! 30-30 inches on the Chevrolet! Comin from the hood, the D-boys Lot of superstars Ridin 30 inches on a bucket or a new car So flingy-flingy, so flingy So blingy-blingy, so blingy You see me-see me, you see me The girls clingy, they clingy They wanna ride with the Juice Mayn Mister bang-bang Ballin down the old common lane, in a Chevy thang My car is like my wifey so I treat her with the skeeter-skeeter Rubbers worn out, you can tell by the marriage meter Betty-Betty McBetty, the name of my new Chevy She snow-snow whiz-ite, the color of fish scaleys She gotta-gotta get washed So clean-clean, no spots She mine til' she break down, and then I gotta tiz-oss Ballin, ballin babyyy I'm so hood, 30 inches on the Chevrolet! Ballin, ballin babyyy I'm so hood, 30 inches on the Chevrolet! Ballin, ballin babyyy I'm so hood, 30 inches on the Chevrolet! I said you're everything... I ever hoped fooor In a womaaan 30 inches on the Chevrolet! 30-30 inches on the Chevrolet! Girl, girl, girl Girl please, Chevy so high, baby do you see the trees? (Huh, huh) Crawlin down the block, dirty shine like skeez (Huh) Blue so sweet, Gucci Mane can roll weed (Weed) '71 Caprice taller than my Humvee (Vee) Fine redbone, best friend, back seat (Huh) And now we double datin, I make 'em both date me (Me) 30 inches shinin to make you haters hate me (Huh) Used to love my date, everybody love king (What) Flashback, triple-gold D's, seventeens (Seventeens) Niggas on the scene, I was just fifteen Big car, big rims, I'm mounting Oh somethin clean, somethin y'all might see

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Ya boy Project Pat, awww 28 inches, aww yeah, you sittin high boo Not a woman out here on the streets can deny you You my boo, so I gotta keeps you lookin good Jumped into the white leather guts, with the cherry wood When I flex, like havin sex on a porno flic Bought some new shoes, all chrome cause I gotta flex Know you love Jolly-Rancher candy, I did that I ball hard, I'm a ghetto star, we in traffic My car is bi se**** cause she's a ho puller Bring that gal to daddy, baby we'a gon' do her You da only woman that a nigga made a murk for Blow ya like moms, I'll go out like a kick-doe

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