

# Big Bodies

Roy Jones Jr.

Big Bodies by Body Head Bangerz

Old school, lacs, delta 88's, box chevy caprices, monte carlos  
We takin it all the way back

Big bodies ridin on twos and fours  
Boss hogg and slammin big body doors  
Old school box chevys and lacs 88's with the room in the back  
So wathcu swangin in  
(2x)

Box chevy caprices creepin on crome d's  
They 17's but I keep my spokes clean  
Wood grain on the wheel  
Wood grain on the dash  
Peanut butter guts  
Wit a peanut butter rag  
15's in the trunk, doin pricey in the back  
Ten clear coats a dat candy on factory black  
No flakes in my paint, no flippin for me  
I like it simple, so fresh and so clean  
Swangin from left to right  
Leanin, mean muggin foos  
Trunk rattlin like a snake till my woofers blow  
I like my volume loud, I like my bass deep  
I like my tweeters tweakin...so u can hear da beat  
Around the corna u hear me on the other street  
But let me warn ya it's murda in them backseats  
That's how I ride foo, so take a ride wit me  
Cause when Im gone it's hard for yall to come and git me.

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Look..give me a cut dawg, 75 wit black tint  
Black paint and make way for the young pimp  
Old school trues and foes, and im good  
There's somethin in the trunk and somethin under the hood  
Never drive over 30 miles an hour dawg, u can come holla hoe  
Git in my passenger seat, and this ain't your moms car  
So when you gittin in.. wipe your feet,  
My interior imported from another country  
No head in the front seat u know how much this cost me  
You lucky you ain't sittin on plastic  
And you betta not fart or you gittin your ass kicked  
Take pride in my ride, I love her like a child  
Im rollin up the avenue and them bitches are like WWWOOOW  
But i don't pay em attention im rollin up to my nizzles like....

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Check it, uh...bently 2004, I got 3 different cars  
I payed for em, ima drive all them muh fuckas  
I gotta have that boom, cause women love to knock  
Turn it up and I betcha I'll make that pussy pop  
I gotta h2, the 24's turning  
Ima stunna, so you gunna smell that rubba burnin  
I got a need for speed I keeps dual exhaust  
You hear that big truck commin nigga whos the boss  
Don't git caught up in the paint I picked  
Cause i'll flip it in a minute, nigga money ain't shit  
I shine harder then the average star  
Niggas might hate me but they love my car,  
Lovin the way I sit on 24's and blow  
Cruisin through the hood like im pushin the love boat  
Sittin behind tint, like one of them presidents  
And it's evident anything else is irrelavent, if it ain't....

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