

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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