

## Chevys And Space Ships

Stalley

I be driftin on some other ish  
Tryin to make money, I'm on my Southern ish  
But quietly I'm tryin to be where the money is  
Between Chevy's and them Spaceships  
is what I'm dying for, but I'm in to hatin shit  
Like whack rappers and boppin chicks  
Tryin to shake pockets be on some mockin ish  
All types of birds in this dirty game  
So I keep a couple wolves with some sturdy aim  
Be my mobbin ish  
Hittin targets from miles away  
But usually, this side of my mind is cooped up  
But it's out today and it's driftin  
Z28 with the shift and Chevy doors lift and  
I'm showin out, no more holdin out  
And half these niggas don't know what to talk about  
So they blabbin out, as far as confidence and throwin bars  
My content goes beyond stars  
Super stardom, Post-pardon  
Emo Joggin, it's all Hardy Har when  
It's laughter in the air  
So I puff the shisher blow the smoke in the air  
And watch through the clouds all these problems disappear  
As the ashes fall to the side along with these spheres  
They say this type of wisdom comes with years  
And I'm wise behind mine, A cold nigga  
A Red Diamond out the coal mine, Newly found  
So hold time, as I hold mine down  
Prince became King, tell em they can give me my crown  
NOW

Listen people are you ready?