

She Hates The Bass

Stalley

Bass, beating down the block
Gotta give the world a taste
My girl say she love me
But the car she kinda hate
Paint loud, car loud, can you feel the bass?
Paint loud, car loud, can you feel the bass?
The license plate scrape, the whole trunk shake
And make her say, can we take a cab for this date?
Paint loud, car loud, can you feel the bass?
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2 a.m. waking up the neighbors
DJ Magic Mike out the show in Vegas
Trunk shaking like dice out in Vegas
Rollin' up blunts, we rarely do papers
The Chevy moves gracious
I dance all night to the sound of the bass
It's magical when I hit the Strip
Air bags, one press make the front dip
The pipes hits as the engine clicks-
Such a beautiful engagement
Blood racin' as the tires peel the pavement
Fishtailing blocks, smelling like latex
Burned rubber, hard cover when the rain hits
Hydroplaning, trying to make the whole frame lift
The king of the torque, Chevy like a small resort
Give a light show when I park
The main attraction when I back in
Whole back seat filled with action
So no room to pack in, it's too much-

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The car classic, I'm contemporary
My girl hate, she say it's the one I need to marry
She hate to be seen, and she hate to hear me
Blocks away, coming down loud
She thinks I'm showing out, but it's really culture to me
This how I gotta ride, how the world supposed to see me?
Nothin' less than the SS with racer seatin'
Faster cars NASCARs with the woofers beatin'
6-by-9s tweeting, I know, it's opposite of my personality
But something gotta speak it, you know?
So as you step in just leave your opinions at the door
Let's ride 'til the wheels fall off, and let the speakers blow
As I take control of the road, sit back and ride
As the 20 inchers glide on them spokes
And we ain't gotta talk about where we 'bout to go

Recline your seat, take puffs of what I'm 'bout to roll and feel this-

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