

Heavy Chevys

T.I.

Yeah
Yeah
Come on (Hey)
PSC, Uh
(Yall niggas) What (Yall niggas)
What Pimp Squad shortay
What you know about them
What they know?
You don't know about them
(They don't know, they don't know)
Now what you really know about them?
(What it is) Yeen know about them
(Them heavy chevys shortay)
Yeen know about them (heavy chevy shortay)

Now how you tame a young baller
That rides Surburbans, Capris
Candy Impalas, Rasberry Monte Carlos
That barks like a rottweiler
Off the collar
Addicted to hustlin
And stackin mighty dollars
O holla
When you hear the Chevy beatin down the street
Beatin so hard
The chris is wastin on my mink seats
To get a rim posted corner
Call me 10 G's
The same as the Chevy platinum emblem on my keys
Wit the diamond against the trim
A young ass nigga wit a Louis V rim
A sporty young shorty wit the Gucci shades dim
These hoes mistaken me for being they pimp
They said baby couldn't see you pass them shiny rims
I'ma cool little daddy
Bitch i never been a simp
And if you choose a hoe you need to hop on in
And if you aint bitch you need to ride wit him
Cuz i'm pimpin

Yeah, we ridin in them heavy Chevys, them heavy Chevys
On them D's and them Vogues
When we shinin on them hoes
Yeah, we ridin in them heavy Chevys, them heavy Chevys
Beatin hard in the park when we rollin wit the squad
(2x)

Now if you heard from me
You gon feel something hot to the third degree
Coming down yo street in a black capris
Wit a fine ass freak in the passengers seat
Yall fake niggas don't know the half of me
I spit pimp game automatically
Don't be mad at me
Cuz i'm finally coming up in the industry
And the 44 singing on the triple D's
Plug not the underground celebrities

Mac Bone my partna keepin the beat
Heat it up like a cook out
When the sun falls
Yall niggas better look out
Your rap careers over
I put a hook down
Like you better pallow
Ride and swerve while my niggas follow
Hoes wobblin and start slobbin
Bobbin on the dick until they swallow

Speedometer, broken doors
Smokin body, dented windows
Tinted bended round the corner leanin
In the steamin screamin demons
Spillin liquor, yeah nigga
Blowin tall off the wall
Burning rubber leavin foul
Muthafucka how you ride
Choppin blades wit triple golds
Stay away from camilton rolls
Playa cause I'm riding old
It aint no thang to take them vogues
Jack it up, strip it down
Had the freshest car in town
Pimpin cuz I'm bout my crown

Hey shortay whats that knockin sound

Yeah, we ridin in them heavy Chevys, them heavy Chevys
On them D's and them Vogues
When we shinin on them hoes
Yeah, we ridin in them heavy Chevys, them heavy Chevys
Beatin hard in the park when we rollin wit the squad
(2x)

T.I.P and P.S is fresher than new S-S's
Triple doors and vogues shinin like some treasure chests
I got a fetish
I aint gettin in it boy unless it's
Got them little blue boxes off in the head restes

I bet it's wood in the dash
Duel in the ass
Get an Impala
Holla watch me (skirrrrt)
When I pass
I'm burin rubber in your yard
Diggin up ya grass
Drag racin four fifty four
Thats what make it fast

I hit the gas
And I mash on it in a flash
Throw it in the gutter
Buy another if it crash
That's petty cash

I parlay all day in a Cheverlay
Pearsjay wit a face bright as heavens day
I'm beatin fo' tens in the flo then
Hit the store then for some more Hen (Hey Dub)
Pull a hoe and four friends

Dubs still spinnin wit a gold grill in it
White leather guts
Wipe up wit ya spill in it
Still trillin out here

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(2x)

Yeah
T.I.P. shortay
PSC shortay
Pimp Squad
DP
Mac Boney, A-K
Big Kuntry shortay
Ya'll aint ready
We ridin in them Chevys
T.V's and DVD's in them Chevys
Come on and let the dish ride