

Box Chevy V

Yelawolf

[Verse 1]

I'm out the gate like a race horse, made in the A of course
That's A for Alabama, I'll be damned if I say Georgia
Tennessee in this bitch, I got some Hennessy that's paid for
Give me the big bottle, fuck it, if I break it, I'll pay for it
My ladies laying in the Chevrolet and I say "Lord
Thank you for giving me this baby girl on a suede horse"
Yeah, this ain't no gay Ford
I'm pushing bowties till I die and I'm gonna ride 'til my legs sore
Vogues I got a set "4", plus a Beretta sitting in the floor
Better protect yours

[Hook]

In my Chevrolet, My Box Chevrolet
Got that Glock laid in my lap
In case you want to play
In my Chevrolet, My Box Chevrolet
Let's go get you all cleaned up
And ride around all day

[Verse 2]

(Still) hitting them corners on the low pro's, girl
(Still) I'm an American Rock N Roll grand baby
Five generations of taking pictures with Grand-Am
The Chevrolet Slim Shady, there's no way you can save me
Bass boat flakes, you never seen such
Roll down my window like "Who I am doesn't mean much"
Burning tread off a thousand-dollar tires with a clean touch
Six hundred horses running behind the mean clutch
Bitch, I'm

[Hook]

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Got that Glock laid in my lap
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[Verse 3]

Yea, windows washed, looking like a glass house
Glaze on the dash, leather is smelling like Ralph Lauren
Feels like I'm watching television on a couch snorin'
I must be dreaming leaning back inside this chariot
Hitch on the back of this truck, my Harley I carry it
A chalice in wonderland, fill up my cup with
Jack D and take my fucking keys so that I don't, wreck it
Let me come sit on the passenger side and check it
How does it feel from over here? Oh, bless it
This is for all the Chevy's that are collected
Big trucks, low riders, whatever the best is
To you man I just want to give you a message
Uh', I used to sit on sidewalks like everyday
Watching punks and chumps in donks get hella paid
But I just focused on my vision and never quit n'
Now man I'm sittin' in my vision with a reason to celebrate
I'm

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