

# Field Mob, At The Park

(Hook - Chevy P aka Smoke)

Rollin slow on molten 30's gold over my pearlies  
See a lady I get flirty this is how we do it in the dirty  
At the paaarrkk  
Sunday at the paaarrkk

(Verse 1 - Shawn Jay)

Now what you gon go do after church  
Hit the mall snatch a hat grab a shirt  
Wash the 'Lac wax the 'Vert clean the truck  
We finna ball stash the strap and pass the purp  
Me and my dogs ridin old school whippin in the back street  
Lookin for the tickets on the strip like Zaxby's  
Now them hoes is out boy believe it  
When they be cute I have to stop em  
Love myself some Georgia Peaches and daisy dukes wit apple bottoms  
Police tell us leave we wanna chill  
Free plate took the cooked meat on the girll  
Shawty gon choose when she see me lean  
Make the draws drop fast like my TV screens  
So high think I might overdose  
Behind tint gettin bent tint smokin dro

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(Verse 2 - Chevy P aka Smoke)

I'm at the park tryna holla at every girl  
The paint on the Chevy drippin like a jheri curl  
We covered in candy on mustard and mayonnaise  
We ride 30 spokes while the others on fan blades  
We firin up the dro bumpin Frankie and Maze  
Top down sittin low chillin under the shade  
Watchin cars cruisin I should walk wit jewelry  
The broads they choosin baby how you doin  
Some barbequin playin cards they losin  
?? get stupid then they start to shootin  
Patron in the trunk wit the coolers of brewskis  
We dogs on the hunt for thick hips and the booty  
Fresh dressed like a million bucks  
You see me I keep cologne Red Monkey jeans cuffs  
Then I step out the car then I thought "oh no"  
I got back in I forgot my one zone

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(Verse 3 - Shawn Jay)

It's a ghetto fashion show who came the freshest  
Who donk the meanest who paint the wettest  
It ain't you thats why ya chick chose me  
I park a big body like Miss Monique  
Freak ho tight clothes showin off her belly ring  
Look like she twenty-five proolly only seventeen  
It's Shawn Jay yall know how I buy homie  
New antique tags 229 on it

(Chevy P aka Smoke)

Hard tops and drops halter tops  
Broads flop and jock we watch and clock  
Got a plate of macaroni pork and beans and ribs  
Two pieces of light bread koolaid to sip  
It's hotter than a sunny day in hell  
Can't wait to get to the park like its money in the mail  
We smokin drankin kickin it chillin  
Maxin relaxin celebratin yeah

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