

Field Mob, At The Park

(Hook - Chevy P aka Smoke)

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

(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 grill
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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