

Field Mob, Dead In Your Chevy

(Verse 1)

Damn you done came up short again ain't uh
Cause yo homeboy fought again ain't uh
but is you hoe ready for folk to kick in yo door
say that the jackers kickin yo hoe
please give me the reason I'm fiendin to know
why cheese missin in my flow
givin low Z's for the four when the price is usually eight
just keepin it real
you was gettin half off and still came up a few grands short
listen to you brag about yo days in the past
when you was gettin paid livin lavish
but that was way in the 70s
its the best you pay me my fetti
fore they find yo brain the a chevy
all over the radio and ceiling
and I'ma hate if for your children
when my AK sprays wit yo dome
cerebellum all over the passenger seat
leavin you dead
wit lead in yo head
in yo red candy apple capris

(Chorus 2X)

If you out there and you owe me
Or been scared to get my fetti
Or hate me cause I fuck and she wont even let you smell it
Or if you see me doin dirt and feel its best you tell it
You besta slow yo roll boy
Or be found dead in yo Chevy

(Verse 2)

Wuz up, big mouth, big talk, big game
I ain't pastor troy but it ain't no play it ain't no game
wit a nigga like you runnin around town actin bulletproof
be the one that get got get shot
I got a big ole gun and ill use it too
fool dont play dumb dont say Sean what you talkin about
cause I'm talkin about this hoe I'm fuckin
same hoe you lustin
you hate that dont ya ummhummm
damn let me bout to nut up
uhuh okay wuz up shut up
cause you ain't on my level
you cubic zirconia guess who the bezzle
she be lickin on the head and my peter
while you be beggin to eat her
better know yo role
when I get pissed off then the four four blows
and when the glock click hot shot spit
then these hoes know

(Chorus til fade)