

# Three 6 Mafia, Ridin' Da Chevy

juicy J

we finally gotta warm day it's clean in january  
see I hopped on out my drop-top once again we rollin'chevy  
pearl paint quater green top's and them goldies  
dirty bitches shoes and I can't go I just say hoe's please  
colla clean pass 'em on that tight to my woodgrain  
system bumpin' greatest weed smokin' saves my brain  
time to get it sprayed niggaz steal every color I get  
every time I make one of some fruit juice gotta come wit' it  
smokin' on a dime and a 4 instead of 35  
higher than mile above tha moon on tha black havin' side  
stereo illin' on some sacs lord knows I can't live without it  
everytime I flame through these tricks lil' gun I wanna shout about it  
but these niggaz kill me when that's all they wanna do  
pop these slugs up but they still wanna get fucked up youz a damn fool  
so I be like watchon' you foolz go downward every single day  
while I ride clean drop top's and mean chevrolet, bustaz

scarecrow

scopin' these niggaz out on the next block 'cause I know they hoe asses pushin'  
them pounds  
they boomin' whole sales fuckin' up my mail so I gotta close them down  
(will have rest soon!)

dj paul

is it that marijuana  
that got my mind clickin'  
could it be erk and jerkin'  
dippin' through tha greens  
you so clean paul  
you so mean  
a nigga drunk as hell, liqa flowin' through my blood stream  
flaggin' down hoes on tha road rolled to tha cut  
honey come hide out where them niggaz be smoked out on them  
malikai, you so high  
let me hit that grapefruit gin  
hopped back in tha pearl thang doin' about 110  
grin on my face  
'cause I know I'm 'bout to make it rich  
triple six mafia '95 and we runnin' shit  
niggaz know tha scope I'm tipped toes on these funky hoes  
everytime you see tha chevy ridin' it be full of smoke...