

# My Homeboys Chevy

Andre Nickatina

I'm on a block stacked up,  
got cromps(?) to kill,  
Gurpin' in my 74 Bonneville,  
no time to chill,  
I'm a grind for real.  
What you want?  
What you need?  
Tryin to find some pills,  
well come holla at yo neighborhood thug supply, got everythang a nigga love t  
o buy, It's me, MD  
skirtin from the killer whales,  
Black and White is always on a nigga's trail.  
but I'm hypo, nitro, keep the Chevy Vogue'n , floatin,  
from sack to oakland and the sack you smokin  
nobody does it better, get my money, kill a nigga and the bitch I sweat her,  
I gets my cheddar),  
ching ching and all that.  
put it in a backwood  
nigga roll that,  
It's nothing playa,  
let a game and muscle,  
it's all it takes to get a gang of hustlers,

I sit low in my homeboys Chevy, my Makaveli hat pulled down by my eyes,  
yo baby picture tryin to sell somethin that's an actual fact yo,  
if you can't mix love with rap,  
you better step back,  
my K Swiss, like the step on the gas,  
and if you knew how fast, you'd think I just might crash,  
I think I saw the devil roll up in my purple bag, and still I have to roll p  
hat,  
Can you believe that?

Can I believe that?  
Did you retrieve that?  
the money in the bag,  
homie i'm a need that,  
my blackberry cellphone confuses me,  
I got women talking about nikkigi(?) using me,  
I got coogi rap yo, in my speakers in the back,  
my car shine like a new gat, I'm with the genie of the lamp,  
comin off the exit ramp,  
I grab cash like a calf cramp,  
I like garlic butter with aleodo crab,  
my son had a fight,  
I told him work the jab,  
sometimes i'm very stingy,  
but yo i'm mostly greedy,  
man eatin onion rings.  
on Poke street, that be very greasy,  
man it's cracking like a flower seed,  
blowing my fuganga weed,  
not to be authority,  
picture for a more of me,  
racing through this shit like the olympics,  
running red lights,  
never caring about a witness.

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