

# My Chrome

Killer Mike

(You don't have to go home)  
One time, one time - one time, one time

Easy, that cush shit got me sleepy  
Rollin down 85, leaning but I ain't weaving  
Man you, should stay a day in the A  
A parade of them chevelots, the colors of flavor aid  
Can you, believe I got it made  
Impala in the garage, got Forces and all the J's  
I'm leaning back, ride shotgun in the chevy with the homeboy burning sacs  
We heading to the spot where we get down, nigga where the bitches at  
If they talking right, acting right, walking right  
Down to take flight, they ain't gotta go home, they can stay the night

You don't have to go home  
You can stay right here, put one in the air  
While we're bending corners on my chrome  
Same shit another year, in the southern hemisphere  
Wait a while, you don't have to go..

Nigga hold up, hold up  
Make sure they see you when you roll  
Hop out that truck all ready fucked up  
Toe up from the motherfucking blow up  
From the floor up, to the ceiling  
Smoke kiss in the walls in the top of the building  
Lile momma's on e, sitting next to me  
She's catching a feeling  
And I'm feeling, like I'm 'pose to  
I'm as fly as a Jordan poster  
I'm leaning and breathe smelling like hen and a mix of hydroponic  
By the the time my click find me in VIP I'm lost in a cloud of chronic  
Had sex with the best, got head from the rest  
Motherfucker believe I done it

Hot tub, tony sucka free and still bubblin  
Truck still rattling and bumping now move something

Hold up Big Boi! I'm still weed crumpling  
The sac keeps shaking and block keep jumping  
Lay back, lay back, treat this eight six cut like a Maybach  
Hey show these suckas that after 50 million sold  
Daddy Fat Sacs still where the hood at, hood at

Hood rats and decoy b-boys understood that  
Whether its creme de la creme, where the good at  
I got it in that 1.5, I had to put the swisha down cause my lugs got tired  
Now lets ride, lets ride

Back down 85, five  
With the click in the truck, full of chicks in the back of the 6  
Nobody going home tonight

You don't have to go home  
Straighten up your hair, you don't need a mirror  
You can fix your makeup in my chrome  
Same shit another year, in the southern hemisphere

Wait a while, before you don't have to go..

Ahh! It feels like ecstasy  
The sound, whoa! feels like ecstasy  
Oooh.. oooh! feels like ecstasy (feels like ecstasy!)  
The groove, takes control of me