

Chrome Wheels

Wu-Tang Clan

Woke up this morning, smoked some sticky green to get me started
Chocolate thai, all in my eye, I'm never broken-hearted
Bang us in ya cars, bang us in ya Jeep bang that shit retarded
Bob Digi, Sun Zeini, P Sunn, 12 O'Clock
Two On Da Road on this 12 O'Clock
I love my brother to death that old hip-hop
Catch this, Hot Nix', you know? Big tits

I love my brother to death, nigga pussy to the rest
Shared a pair of Guess and an Eddie Bauer vest
A bitch named Celeste, I met her when I was goin' to cash
Def Jam cheques, she had some big ass breasts
I had to catch her like a short stop on the Mets
I nigga high off a dime from Gates and Best

Remember grandmother leavin' new with Selects
I remember Dirty Dog crashed his white Lex
I remember me and Meth in a dice game against Ghost and Deck
I remember Portland had Clyde Drex', remember 12 O'Clock is a vet
Big Dogs we put 'em to sleep and keep 'em on a leash
I move like days in a week
Niggaz don't know to face the names on my teeth
Niggaz carry a cold piece and separate the heat
Ain't scared of the motherfuckin' police

Yo, yo, guns jammed up, I'm crammed up in my lab
Six niggaz, six bitches, two thirds of 8 eight bag
One toilet, three weedheads, an alcoholic
And two niggaz hooked on pussy
And in the corner, was this brother who would study his lessons
And learned how operate the Smith and the Wesson
Still cut class and played hookey
Two fresh men from garbage can gave him nookies

Rolled the back of the bus with a gun in his socks
Big forehead, had ears like Spock
He was mightier than a truck load of gats
And bound to make a bitch come in six minutes flat
What up kid? Stay livin'
Seen you look good, you look live in ya linen
And you survived ninth innin'
The hood got us off the prop without women
All my niggaz that provide and ride to the end of this

Ain't nothin' but the real, yeah
Ain't nothin' but the real
Ain't nothin' but the real, yeah
Million dollar deals, rollin' on Chrome Wheels
Yeah, uh huh, yeah
Ain't nothin' but the real
... word up? Yeah, uh huh

We gamble the dice, remain humble
Scramble through the jungle of life
While I rumble with the foul and trife
Shots fired on the block in threes like Glen Rice
Make men think twice about the sacrifice

Black or white, write it for the world to hear
Write it for my fam who not here, who do care
Glance and stare, why, when you can't compare?
From the bottom of my feet, to the end of my hair

Move rear, cop the blue steel bare, groove to the snare
Bass and drums, see my face in the slums
Pedia Brown, media surround my sound
When you see me in the hood of ya town, respect my sound
Sample with black, criminal, chemical rap
Assemblin' hat, laced in a suit from Phat
Two on da road, got them bitches screamin', "Who Dat?"
Two with the plaques, two with the gats, it's like that

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Bang us in ya cars, bang us in ya Jeep, bang that shit retarded
Two on da road, Bobby Digital, he's a gangsta
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, livin' it up, livin' it up, oh, no no no
Bang us in ya jeeps shaolin! Bobby Digital
Uh-huh, Sunn who? Yeah

Woke up this morning, smoked some sticky green to get me started
Chocolate thai, all in my eye, I'm never broken-hearted
(Get this money y'all)
Bang us in ya cars, bang us in ya Jeep, bang that shit retarded
(Get that money y'all, get that money y'all)
(Shout in pain)
Two on da road, Bobby Digital, he's a gangsta, no, no, no, no, no, no
(Seven days in a week, cocoa hazin', cocoa hazin')
(Seven days in a week, seven days in a week)