# My Chrome

## Purple Ribbon

You don't have to go home
One time, one time
Easy, that cook 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, 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 bad, ride shotgun in the Chevy
With the homeboy burning sacs
We heading to the spot where we get down
Where the bitches at, they talking right, acting right
Walking right, now 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 are in the, corners of my chrome
Same shit another year, in the southern hemisphere, wait a while
Nigga hold up, hold up
Make sure they see you when you roll
Hop out that truck all ready fucked up
Tore up from the motherfucking floor up
From the floor up, to the ceiling
Smoke kiss in the walls in the top of the building
Little momma's on [unverified], sitting next to me

She's catching a feeling and I'm feeling, like I'm 'pose to
I'm as fly as a Jordon poster, I'm leaning hair 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
You don't have to go home
You can stay right here, put one in the air
While we are in the, corners of my chrome
Same shit another year, in the southern hemisphere, wait a while
Hot tub tony sucka free and still bublin'
Truck still rattling and bumping now move something
Hold up Big Boi, I'm still weed crumpling
Sac keeps shaking and block keep jumping

Lay back, lay back, treat this eight six cut like a Maybac
Hey, show these suckas that after 50 million sold
Daddy fat sacs is still where the hood at, hood at
Hood rats and decoy b-boys understood that
Wheater its creme de la creme, where the good at
I got it in that 1.5, I had to put the swisher down
'Cause my lugs got tired, now let's ride, let's ride
Back down 85, five
With the click in the truck
Full of chick in the back of the 6
Nobody going home tonight

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