

# Chrome & Paint (Ft. WC)

## Ice Cube

[Ice Cube]

Yay yay! Cali-forn-yi-aye  
Sunday afternoon baby, pull it out  
Whip it out, pull it out, drive it out, drop it out  
You know! Let 'em know[Chorus: Ice Cube]  
I got chrome and paint  
Nigga what you thank, I got chrome and paint  
Bitch what you drank, I got chrome and paint  
Smokin' that dank in my chrome and paint  
Street lights, dance on paint  
Street lights, dance on chrome  
Street lights, get a nigga home  
You can die in these streets all alone[Ice Cube]  
I am the wrong nigga, too fuckin' grown nigga  
To go for that nigga, I ain't 'cha hoe nigga  
I got, a hair trigger, I am the dome splitter  
The deep-sea sniper, you got the wrong niggas  
Retire like Jigga, here comes the Attila the Hun  
Killin' niggas for fun, these rappers is done  
The bigger they come, the harder they fall  
I burn like the sun, continue to ball  
He's got nuts and plus the Don touch  
And split the fine dutch, Starsky call Hutch  
He's laid, with some sluts, up in some guts  
Just back, in the cut, he thinks he's King Tut  
Can't fuck, this nigga up, cause just, the nigga luck  
That niggas, really love him and tear the city up  
Uhh, even though I'm fuckin' with the po'-po'  
Them nigga know how I act in the low-low[Chorus][W.C.]  
I'm ghetto like grits, die before I snitch  
Off my ass khakis sag like cellulite tits bitch  
Under the suede, headliner and I ain't yo momma  
Play with my dollars on yo' ass they'll be layin' flowers  
I put a hole in your brain with these hollow hot rocks  
Hittin' the switch, makin' the fo' hopscotch  
Rollin up imperial in Dickie material  
All in your peripheral, throwin' shells at your vehicle  
Clipped up, pimped up, big chipped up  
Stacy Adams tips spiffed up, golf hat flipped up

I blow yo' ass off the map, fuck with Dub  
I'll have yo' ass rollin' home with windshield glass on your lap  
Fuck rap, I'm wearin' a creased tee, eatin' ribs  
Laughin' at you niggas on MTV Crips  
I got the chrome thing thing to make the dome stank  
Hood life forever bitch, chrome and paint, c'mon[Chorus][Ice Cube]  
Street lights (woop woop) [Repeat: x2]  
Even though I'm fuckin' with the po'po'  
Them nigga know how I act in the low-low  
Slow mo', nigga check out my promo  
You mo'fo's can't fuck with my mojo[Chorus][Ice Cube]  
Street lights [echoes]

Songwriters

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