

# Chrome & Paint (feat. WC)

## Ice Cube

Ya, ya, California

Sunday afternoon, baby

Pull it out, whip it out, pull it out

Drive it out, drop it out

You know?

Let 'em know 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 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 niggaz Retire like Jigga, here comes the Attila the Hun

Killin' niggaz 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, star sky 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 niggaz, 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 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 I'm ghetto like grits, die befo' 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 dickier 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 niggaz on MTV Cribs  
I got the chrome thang, thang to make the dome stank  
Hood life forever bitch, chrome and paint, c'mon  
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(Street lights, street lights)  
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 mojoI 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  
(Street lights)

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>