

Chrome Wheels (Background vocals by Madame D)

Wu-Tang Clan

[Hook: Madame D]

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

[Intro: 12 O'Clock (RZA)]

(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)

[12 O'Clock]

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 'round the corner cashin 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 Dirt 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 want to face the names on my teeth

Niggaz carry a cold piece and separate the heat

Ain't scared of the motherfuckin police

[RZA]

Yo, yo

Guns jammed up, I'm cramed up in my lab

Six niggaz, six bitches, six fifths, an 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 cum in six minutes flat

[Raekwon]

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 ride that provide to the end of this

[Madame D]

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

[Prodical]

Yeah, uh-huh, yeah (Ain't nothin but the real)

This one's on P. Sunn, word up? Yeah, uh-huh

We gamble the dice, remain humble, scramble through the jungle of life

While the we rumble with the foul and trife

Shots fired on the block in threes like Glen Rice

Made men think twice about the sacrifice

Black on 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, mechanical 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

[Hook]

[Madame D]

Two On Da Road, Bobby Digital

He's a gangsta, yeah

No, no, no, no, no, no

Live it up, live it up

Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no

[Hook]

[Outro: Prodical *over Madame D's singing*]

Bang us in ya Jeeps

Shaolin! Bobby Digital

Uh-huh, Sunn who?

Yeah

Haha! Yeah!

Get that money why'all
Get that money why'all
Get that money why'all
Shout in pain
Uh-huh, yeah
Weed blazin, cocoa hazin, cocoa hazi

Songwriters

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