

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 your cars, bang us in your jeep, bang that shit retarded
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
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 a Def Jam check she had some big ass breasts
I had to catch her like a shortstop on the Mets
A nigga high off a dime from Gates and Best
Remember grandmother live on Louis and Lex
I remember Dirt Dog crashed his white Lex
I remember me and Meth won a dice game against
Ghost and Deck remember Portland had Clyde Drex'
Remember 12 O'Clock is a vet Big Dogs we put 'em to sleep
Keep 'em on a leash I move like days in a week
Niggaz don't know the face and 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 fifths and eight bags
One toilet, three weed heads, 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
Threw fresh mens in garbage cans, gave 'em nookies
Rolled the, back of the bus with a gun in his socks
Big forehead, had ears like Spock
He was mightier than a truckload of gats
And bound to make the bitch cum in six minutes flat
What up kid? Stay winnin' 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
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
This one's on P. Sunn, 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
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, 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 your cars, bang us in your jeep, bang that shit retarded
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, yea, yea, yea
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 your cars, bang us in your jeep, bang that shit retarded
Two on da road, Bobby Digital he's a gangsta, yeah
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no

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