

# Wood Wheel

Ugk

Uh, whut

(Hehe)

Smoke somethin', bitch, smoke somethin'

I'm up early 'cuz my nigga don't sell dope after night time

Love choppin' blades, rollin' hooptie

'N move the dope through the pipeline

Pimp C, bitch, holla at yo' bitch, now yo' bitch on my team

Got her buyin' us sticky green, lace some with promythazine

Candy sweets, a candy bitch, you lookin' at a candy boy

I done came down Main and popped trunk

Hit the switch on my candy toy

We all young ghetto boyz, that's why we act this way

Tryin' to see a million dollars

Hopin' these niggas don't blast today

Pro smoke, pro choke, anti-broke, conservative liberal

Left-wing slangin', right-wing hangin' in criminal court, it's civil

In the middle of reality, unsolved mysteries riddle

Knockin' over fat cats, and gettin' my thoughts off bits and kibbles

On note pads I scribble, write rippers that'll make you think

Snap so hard it'll break your synchronicity

Fuck it, take it, trick, I fake it, blink 'n poof

We disappearin' into a shroud of dozier

Cloud composures, all-nighters like Folger's

But, bitch, I tried to told ya

Rollin' Seville

(Rollin' Seville)

Grippin' my steal

(Grippin' my steal)

My Tahoe real, man, I'm workin' wood wheel

Sedan DeVille

(Sedan DeVille)

House on the hill

(House on the hill),

Countin' up my scrill, bitch, I'm workin' wood wheel

Nigga, how you feel?

(Nigga, how you feel?)

I feel so trill

(I feel so trill)

Might pop me a pill, bitch, I'm workin' wood wheel

House on the hill  
(House on the hill)  
Marijuana fields  
(Marijuana fields)  
Grippin' my steal, bitch, I'm workin' wood wheel  
They tellin' me, "Bun, don't go there", but man, I just gots to bring it  
These niggas, they wanna hate on that Texas but scared to sing it  
They don't know what that star 'bout  
They don't know what that bar 'bout  
They don't know what that candy car 'bout or smokin' that joint 'bout  
All they know is what the fuck I tell 'em or what the fuck we sell 'em  
Smokin' Swishers, wood grain, and leavin' stains on cerebellums  
Rebellum, propell 'em, gel 'em from P.A. to Deep Ellum  
Tell 'em I tol' 'em, wrote 'em, fuck it, phone 'em to hell, to heaven  
I just spent 60 G's on a brand new Eldo-reeze  
Black-on-black, drop top 'lac, north star fifth wheel on back  
Sometimes I feel like Lil' Ke when my trunk steady hummin'  
Had to leave my bitch 'cuz I fell in love with my chrome plated woman  
I love my wood wheel Grant, '84 Cadillacs that slant  
Slowed down Screw tapes that knock, blowin' on Green private stock  
Bitch, I don't eat hamhocks, try 20 ounce Angus beef  
Hangin' with young niggas, that pack big triggas  
'N got big ass diamonds off in they teeth  
Fifth wheel and grill  
(Fifth wheel and grill)  
Candy Seville  
(Candy Seville)  
Might pop a pill, bitch, I'm workin' wood wheel  
(Workin' wood wheel)  
House on the hill  
(House on the hill)  
Flexin' mils  
(Flexin' mils)  
Countin' up my scrill, bitch, I'm workin' wood wheel  
Comin' down so trill  
(Comin' down so trill)  
Nigga, how you feel?  
(Nigga, how you feel?)  
Might pop a pill, bitch, I'm workin' wood wheel  
Grippin' the steal  
(Grippin' the steal)  
Nigga, I'm so real  
(Nigga, I'm so real)  
Bitch, how you feel? Nigga, I'm workin' wood wheel  
Smokin' on bionic, ubonic chronic, it's so ironic

Sippin' gin and tonic, supersonic like Johnny Mnemonic  
We crash your party, piss on your parade  
Sip syrup like it's Lemonade  
From Paris to the Palisades to the Promenade  
Bomb and fade, closes the car, break worlds, it's plain as day  
That's the game we came to play, it don't change, ain't a thang to say  
It's goin' down in the H-Town  
Young playa from the South 'bout to blaze a pound  
Tryin' to find me a bopp with some good mouth  
I know you freaky bitches know what I'm talkin' 'bout  
Ain't got no time to play, girl  
Let me get a little throwed off some good skunk  
Bitch, didn't you know who the fuck I was  
Off in the street, lookin' for the good stuff?  
Bitch, I don't give a fuck about yo' man, so  
Bitch tryin' to fuck fast, I'ma fuck slow  
How the fuck you're gonna out-fuck James, ho?  
Like Teddy Pendergrass, you better let it go  
Gettin' ready fo' head doctors, show shockers, body rockers  
Late night do' knockers  
Gotta break us off big pimpin', baby, we ho clockers  
Bitch bosses, takin' no losses, best go ask aks Lil' Wee-wee  
Baby brother, Sweet James Jones, guerrilla pimpin' at its finest  
Leavin' haters and ho-hustlers behind us, rewind us  
Touched like Midas, these bitch ass niggas they study and bite us  
Couldn't not recite us, come to our show  
And bitch niggas try to fight us  
Ho niggas scream and talk, trill niggas bust and leave  
How the fuck you're gonna go to war  
When you bitch ass niggas ain't got no cheese?  
Blowin' big kill  
(Blowin' big kill)  
Million dollar deals  
(Million dollar deals)  
Nigga, I'm so trill, bitch, I'm workin' wood wheel  
Uh, puttin' down one time for the king, Lil' J  
Smoke somethin', bitch

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