

# My Chrome

## Big Boi Presents

You don't have to go home  
One time, one time  
Easy, that cook shit got me sleepy  
Rollin' down 85, leaning but I ain't weaving  
Man, you should stay a day in the A  
A parade of them Chevelots, colors of flavor aid  
Can you, believe I got it made  
Impala in the garage, got forces and all the J's  
I'm leaning bad, ride shotgun in the Chevy  
With the homeboy burning sacs  
We heading to the spot where we get down  
Where the bitches at, they talking right, acting right  
Walking right, now to take flight, they ain't gotta go home  
They can stay the night  
You don't have to go home  
You can stay right here, put one in the air  
While we are in the, corners of my chrome  
Same shit another year, in the southern hemisphere, wait a while  
Nigga hold up, hold up  
Make sure they see you when you roll  
Hop out that truck all ready fucked up  
Tore up from the motherfucking floor up  
From the floor up, to the ceiling  
Smoke kiss in the walls in the top of the building  
Little momma's on [unverified], sitting next to me

She's catching a feeling and I'm feeling, like I'm 'pose to  
I'm as fly as a Jordon poster, I'm leaning hair breathe  
Smelling like hen and a mix of hydroponic by the the time  
My click find me in VIP I'm lost in a cloud of chronic had sex  
With the best, got head from the rest, motherfucker believe I done it  
You don't have to go home  
You can stay right here, put one in the air  
While we are in the, corners of my chrome  
Same shit another year, in the southern hemisphere, wait a while  
Hot tub tony sucka free and still bublin'  
Truck still rattling and bumping now move something  
Hold up Big Boi, I'm still weed crumpling  
Sac keeps shaking and block keep jumping

Lay back, lay back, treat this eight six cut like a Maybac  
Hey, show these suckas that after 50 million sold  
Daddy fat sacs is still where the hood at, hood at  
Hood rats and decoy b-boys understood that  
Wheater its creme de la creme, where the good at  
I got it in that 1.5, I had to put the swisher down  
'Cause my lugs got tired, now let's ride, let's ride  
Back down 85, five  
With the click in the truck  
Full of chick in the back of the 6  
Nobody going home tonight

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