

Chrome Plated Woman

UGK

Chamillion gave me the bitch, she was already a star
Now all these niggaz wanna fuck my car
She a video hoe, the bitch make big money
Like to let her hair down when the sky get sunny You can catch her in the Dub or the King magazine
Young red bitch, pussy wet, five screens
Now watch her fat ass drop
Fifth po'in' out and the trunk gets popped These niggaz schemin' on my young hoe
Niggaz so gung-hoe bitch can't let me go
I bring the bitch value up ten times
It's goin' higher every time I write another line I get my paper in the streets
Big cocaine, grip grain and pimp the lane
I really miss Robert Davis
I'm reppin' for ya baby leave these niggaz on the pavement I got the grill on the front, trunk steady hummin'
I fell in love with my chrome plated woman
The grill on the front, trunk steady hummin'
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The grill on the front, trunk steady hummin'
I fell in love with my chrome plated woman Well let me introduce ya to the baddest bitch alive
Can't nothin' fuck wit her when I put her in drive
Other hoes got fo' shoes, but mine got five
And got the hood buzzin' like a beehive She's immaculately dressed, with good hygiene
Take a bath everyday, 'cause she gots to stay clean
I wipe her down slow with a real soft rag
Now she lookin' so good a nigga gots to brag When we pull up my nigga we stop to show
You probably kill yourself when you see the suicide do'
In the summer time she might come outside without a top
And one look'll make a nigga mouth drop We don't stop, we keep it rollin' like a ball
With a bitch this bad, how could a nigga take a fall?
Naw she ain't for y'all, you gots to get your own
Just make sho' that she's covered in chrome, c'mon I got the grill on the front, trunk steady hummin'
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The grill on the front, trunk steady hummin'
I fell in love with my chrome plated woman On the highway livin' the fly way
Bitch on my hood, guidin' my way
Money on the nightstand, never did lay

True to the game, I put that on P.A.P.A. still gettin' sucked under the street lights
And nigga it sho' feel good when you're livin' right
Eatin' right, fuckin' right
Steady pimpin' bitches through my website So get your head right and get your bread right
'Cause baby girl'll hit you in your chest dead right
Have it on your mind 'cause she'll put it in your heart
The game'll be over 'fore the motor even start With the brand new parts got them boys eruptin'
But don't call it plastic surgery, it's body sculptin'
Take a old school give it new car sense
And then I don't regret one motherfuckin' dollar I spent, mayne I got the grill on the front, trunk steady hummin'
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