

W.C. "Chrome & Paint"

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Ya, ya, California
Sunday afternoon, baby
Pull it out, whip it out, pull it out
Drive it out, drop it out
You know?
Let 'em know

I got chrome and paint
Nigga, what you thank, I got chrome and paint?
Bitch, what you drank, I got chrome and paint?
Smokin' that dank in my chrome and paint

(Street lights)
Dance on paint
(Street lights)
Dance on chrome
(Street lights)
Get a nigga home
You can die in these streets all alone

I am the wrong nigga, too fuckin' grown nigga
To go for that nigga, I ain't 'cha hoe nigga
I got, a hair trigger, I am the dome splitter
The deep sea sniper, you got the wrong niggaz

Retire like Jigga, here comes the Attila the Hun
Killin' niggaz for fun, these rappers is done
The bigger they come, the harder they fall
I burn like the sun, continue to ball

He's got nuts and plus the don touch
And split the fine dutch, star sky call hutch
He's laid, with some sluts, up in some guts
Just back in the cut, he thinks he's king tut

Can't fuck this nigga up, 'cause just, the nigga luck
That niggaz, really love him and tear the city up
Uhh, even though I'm fuckin' with the po'-po'
Them nigga know how I act in the low-low

I got chrome and paint

Nigga, what you thank, I got chrome and paint?
Bitch, what you drank, I got chrome and paint?
Smokin' that dank in my chrome and paint

(Street lights)
Dance on paint
(Street lights)
Dance on chrome
(Street lights)
Get a nigga home
You can die in these streets all alone

I'm ghetto like grits, die befo' I snitch
Off my ass khakis sag like cellulite tits bitch
Under the suede, headliner and I ain't yo' momma
Play with my dollars on yo' ass they'll be layin' flowers

I put a hole in your brain with these hollow hot rocks
Hittin' the switch, makin' the fo' hopscotch
Rollin' up imperial in dickier material
All in your peripheral, throwin' shells at your vehicle

Clipped up, pimped up, big chipped up
Stacy Adams tips spiffied up, golf hat flipped up
I blow yo' ass off the map, fuck with dub
I'll have yo' ass rollin' home with windshield glass on
your lap

Fuck rap, I'm wearin' a creased tee, eatin' ribs
Laughin' at you niggaz on MTV Crips
I got the chrome thang, thang to make the dome stank
Hood life forever bitch, chrome and paint, c'mon

I got chrome and paint
Nigga, what you thank, I got chrome and paint?
Bitch, what you drank, I got chrome and paint?
Smokin' that dank in my chrome and paint

(Street lights)
Dance on paint
(Street lights)
Dance on chrome
(Street lights)
Get a nigga home
You can die in these streets all alone

(Street lights, street lights)
Even though I'm fuckin' with the po'-po'
Them nigga know how I act in the low-low
Slow mo', nigga check out my promo
You mo' fo's can't fuck with my mojo

I got chrome and paint
Nigga, what you thank, I got chrome and paint?
Bitch, what you drank, I got chrome and paint?
Smokin' that dank in my chrome and paint

(Street lights)
Dance on paint
(Street lights)
Dance on chrome
(Street lights)
Get a nigga home
You can die in these streets all alone
(Street lights)

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