

# Wu-Tang Clan "Chrome Wheels"

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Hook: Madame D]

Woke up this morning, smoked some sticky green to  
get me started  
Choclote thai, all in my eye, I'm never broken-hearted  
Bang us in ya cars, bang us in ya Jeep, bang that shit  
retarded

[Intro: 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)

[12 O'Clock]

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 'round the corner  
cashin Def Jam cheques  
She had some big ass breasts, I had to catch her like a  
short stop on the Mets  
I nigga high off a dime from Gates and Best  
Remember grandmother leavin new with Selects  
I remember Dirt Dog crashed his white Lex  
I remember me and Meth in a dice game against Ghost  
and Deck  
I remember Portland had Clyde Drex', remember 12  
O'Clock is a vet  
Big Dogs we put 'em to sleep and keep 'em on a leash  
I move like days in a week  
Niggaz don't want to face the names on my teeth  
Niggaz carry a cold piece and separate the heat  
Ain't scared of the motherfuckin police

[RZA]

Yo, yo  
Guns jammed up, I'm cramed up in my lab  
Six niggaz, six bitches, six fifths, an 8 eight bag  
One toilet, three weedheads, 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  
Two fresh men from garbage can gave him nookies  
Rolled the back of the bus with a gun in his socks  
Big forehead, had ears like Spock  
He was mightier than a truck load of gats  
And bound to make a bitch cum in six minutes flat

[Raekwon]

What up kid? Stay livin  
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

[Madame D]

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

[Prodical]

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 the we 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, mechanical 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

[Hook]

[Madame D]

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, no, no, no

[Hook]

[Outro: Prodigal \*over Madame D's singing\*]

Bang us in ya Jeeps  
Shaolin! Bobby Digital  
Uh-huh, Sunn who?  
Yeah  
Haha! Yeah!  
Get that money y'all  
Get that money y'all  
Get that money y'all  
Shout in pain  
Uh-huh, yeah  
Weed blazin, cocoa hazin, cocoa hazi

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