

## Killer Mike f/ Big Boi

### "My Chrome"

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\* first single; send corrections to the typist

[Killer Mike]

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

[Chorus]

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

[Killer Mike]

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 e, 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

[Chorus]

[Big Boi]  
hot tub tony sucka free and still bublin  
truck still rattling and bumping now move something

[Killer Mike]  
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

[Big Boi]  
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 lets ride, lets ride

[Killer Mike]  
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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