

Pimp C **"Woodwheel"**

Visit "[Woodwheel](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Uh, what?
Smoke somethin' bitch
Smoke somethin'

I'm up early 'cause my nigga
Don't sell dope after night time
Love choppin' blades, rollin' hooptie
'N move the dope through the pipeline

Pimp C bitch, holla at yo' bitch
Now yo' bitch on my team
Got her buyin' us sticky green
Lace some with promythazine

Candy sweets, a candy bitch
You lookin' at a candy boy
I done came down Maine and popped trunk
Hit the switch on my candy toy

We all young ghetto boys
That's why we act this way
Tryin' to see a million dollars
Hopin' these niggas don't blast today

Pro smoke, pro choke
Anti-broke, conservative liberal
Left-wing slangin', right-wing hangin'
In criminal court, it's civil

In the middle of reality
Unsolved mysteries riddle
Knockin' over fat cats
And gettin' my thoughts off bits and kibbles

On note pads I scribble
Write rippers that'll make you think
Snap so hard it'll break your synchronicity
Fuck it, take it, trick

I fake it, blink 'n poof
We disappearin' into a shroud of dozier
Cloud composure, all-nighters like folgers

But bitch I tried to told ya

Rollin' Seville
Grippin' my steal
My Tahoe real
Bitch, I'm workin' wood wheel

Sedan DeVille
House on the hill
Countin' up my scrill
Bitch, I'm workin' wood wheel

Nigga, how you feel
I feel so trill
Might pop me a pill
Bitch, I'm workin' wood wheel

House on the hill
Marijuana fields
Grippin' my steal
Bitch, I'm workin' wood wheel

They tellin' me, "Bun don't go there"
But man I just gots to bring it
These niggas they wanna hate on that Texas
But scared to sing it

They don't know what that star 'bout
They don't know what that bar 'bout
They don't know what that candy car 'bout
Or smokin' that joint 'bout

All they know is what the fuck I tell 'em
Or what the fuck we sell 'em
Smokin' Swishers, wood grain
And leavin' stains on cerebellums

Rebellum, propell 'em, gel 'em
From P.A. to Deep Ellum
Tell 'em I tol' 'em
Wrote 'em, fuck it, phone 'em, to hell to heaven

I just spent 60 G's
On a brand new Eldoreze
Black-on-black, drop top 'lac
Northstar fifth wheel on back

Sometimes I feel like Lil' Ke
When my trunk steady hummin'
Had to leave my bitch
'Cause I fell in love with my chrome-plated woman

I love my wood wheel Grant
'84 Cadillac "s that slant
Slowed down Screw tapes that knock
Blowin' on Green private stock

Bitch, I don't eat hamhocks
Try 20 ounce Angus beef
Hangin' with young niggas, that pack big triggers
'N got big-ass diamonds off in they teeth

Fifth wheel and grill
Candy Seville
Might pop a pill
Bitch, I'm workin' wood wheel

House on the hill
Flexin' mils
Countin' up my scrill
Bitch, I'm workin' wood wheel

Comin' down so trill
Nigga, how you feel?
Might pop a pill
Bitch, I'm workin' wood wheel

Grippin' the steal
Nigga, I'm so real
Bitch, how you feel?
Nigga, I'm workin' wood wheel

Smokin' on bionic, ubonic chronic, it's so ironic
Sippin' gin and tonic, supersonic like Johnny Pneumonic
We crash your party, piss on your parade
Sip syrup like it's Lemonade

From Paris to the Palisades to the Promenade
Bomb and fade, closes the car, break worlds, it's plain
as day
That's the game we came to play
It don't change, ain't a thang to say

It's goin' down in the H-Town
Young playa from the South 'bout to blaze a pound
Tryin' to find me a bopp with some good mouth
I know you freaky bitches know what I'm talkin' 'bout

Ain't got no time to play, girl
Let me get a little throwed off some good skunk
Bitch, didn't you know who the fuck I was
Off in the street, lookin' for the good stuff?

Bitch, I don't give a fuck about yo' man, so
Bitch, tryin' to fuck fast, I'ma fuck slow
How the fuck you're gonna out-fuck James, hoe?
Like Teddy Pendergrass, you better let it go

Gettin' ready fo' head doctors
Show shockers, body rockers
Late-night do' knockers
Gotta break us off big pimpin'
Baby, we hoe clockers

Bitch bosses, takin' no losses
Best go ask Lil' Wee-wee
BAND IT, Joe, and Cracka
Danja Ray, how 'bout Big Pee Wee?

Baby brother, Sweet James Jones
Guerilla pimpin' at its finest
Leavin' haters and ho-hustlers
Behind us, rewind us

Touched like Midas
These bitch ass niggas they study and bite us
Couldn't not recite us, come to our show
And bitch niggas try to fight us

Hoe niggas scream and talk
Trill niggas bust and leave
How the fuck you're gonna go to war
When you bitch ass niggas ain't got no cheese?

Blowin' big kill
Million dollar deals
Nigga, I'm so trill
Bitch, I'm workin' wood wheel

Uh, puttin' down one time
For the king Lil' J
Smoke somethin' bitch

Visit [Pimp C](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.