

## **Andy Griggs F/ Martina McBride**

### **"Chrome Wheels"**

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[Hook: Madame D]

Woke up this morning, smoked some sticky green to  
get me started

Chocolate 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 when I was goin to cash a Def Jam check

She had some big ass breasts

I had to catch her like a shortstop on the Mets

A nigga high off a dime from Gates and Best

Remember grandmother live on Louis and Lex

I remember Dirt Dog crashed his white Lex

I remember me and Meth won a dice game against

Ghost and Deck

Remember Portland had Clyde Drex'

Remember 12 O'Clock is a vet

Big Dogs we put 'em to sleep, keep 'em on a leash

I move like days in a week

Niggaz don't know the face and 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, two fifths and eight bags

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  
Threw freshmens in garbage cans, gave 'em nookies  
Rolled the, back of the bus with a gun in his socks  
Big forehead, had ears like Spock  
He was mightier than a truckload 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: Prodical \*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 hazin

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