

Barry Len

"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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