

## Lyrics by Swan Christy

### "Woodwheel"

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Pimp C:

Uh...whuuuut (hehe)

Smoke somethin', bitch...smoke somethin'...

Pimp C:

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 Main and popped trunk;

Hit the switch on my candy toy.

We all young ghetto boyz,

That's why we act this way.

Tryin' to see a million dollars,

Hopin' these niggas don't blast today.

Bun B:

Pro smoke, pro choke,

Anti-broke, conservative liberal

Left-wing slangin', right-wing hangin'

In criminal court, it's civil.

In the middle of re-al-it-y

Unsolved mys-ter-ies 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 composures, all-nighters like Folger's

But, bitch, I tried to told ya...

Chorus: (Pimp C)

Rollin' Seville (rollin' Seville),  
Grippin' my steal (grippin' my steal),  
My Tahoe real, man, I'm workin' wood wheel.  
Sedan DeVille (sedan DeVille),  
House on the hill (house on the hill),  
Countin' up my scrill, bitch, I'm workin' wood wheel.  
Nigga, how you feel (nigga, how you feel),  
I feel so trill (I feel so trill),  
Might pop me a pill, bitch, I'm workin' wood wheel.  
House on the hill (house on the hill),  
Marijuana fields (marijuana fields),  
Grippin' my steal, bitch, I'm workin' wood wheel.

Bun B:

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.

Pimp C:

I just spent 60 G's  
On a brand new Eldo-reeze:  
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 Cadillacs 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 triggas,  
'N got big-ass diamonds off in they teeth.

Chorus: (Pimp C)

Fifth wheel and grill (fifth wheel and grill),  
Candy Seville (candy Seville),  
Might pop a pill, bitch, I'm workin' wood wheel (workin'  
wood wheel).  
House on the hill (house on the hill),  
Flexin' mils (flexin' mils),  
Countin' up my scrill, bitch, I'm workin' wood wheel.  
Comin' down so trill (comin' down so trill),  
Nigga, how you feel (Nigga, how you feel)?  
Might pop a pill, bitch, I'm workin' wood wheel.  
Grippin' the steal (grippin' the steal),  
Nigga, I'm so real (Nigga, I'm so real).  
Bitch, how you feel? Nigga, I'm workin' wood wheel.

Bun B:

Smokin' on bionic, ubonic chronic...it's so ironic.  
Sippin' gin and tonic: supersonic like Johnny  
Mneumonic.  
We crash your party, piss on your parade,  
Sip syrup like it's Lemonade  
>From Paris to the Palasades 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.

Pimp C:

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, ho?  
Like Teddy Pendergrass, you better let it go.

Bun B:

Gettin' ready fo'...head doctors, show shockers, body  
rockers,  
Late-night do' knockers...  
Gotta break us off big pimpin', baby, we ho clockers,  
Bitch bosses, takin' no losses, best go ask aks Lil' Wee-  
wee.  
Baby brother, Sweet James Jones: guerilla pimpin' at its  
finest.  
Leavin' haters and ho-hustlers behind us, rewind us...

Pimp C:

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.

Ho 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?

Chorus: (Pimp C)

Blowin' big kill (blowin' big kill),  
Million-dollar deals (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.

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