

Ice Cube, Chrome & Paint

"[Ice Cube]"

Yay-YAY! Cali-forn-yi-aye
Sunday afternoon baby, pull it out
Whip it out, pull it out, drive it out, drop it out
You know! Let 'em know

"[Chorus: Ice Cube]"

I got chrome and paint
Nigga what you think, I got chrome and paint
Bitch what you drank, I got chrome and paint
Smokin that dank in my chrome and paint
Street lights - dance on paint
Street lights - dance on chrome
Street lights - get a nigga home
You can die in these streets all alone

"[Ice Cube]"

I am the wrong nigga, too fuckin grown nigga
To go for that nigga, I ain't 'cha hoe nigga
I got, a hair trigger, I am the dome splitter
The deep-sea sniper, you got the wrong niggaz
Retire like Jigga, here comes the Attila the Hun
Killin niggaz for fun, these rappers is done
The bigger they come, the harder they fall
I burn like the sun, continue to ball
He's got nuts and plus the Don touch
And split the fine dutch, Starsky call Hutch
He's laid with some sluts up in some guts
Just back in the cut, he thinks he's King Tut
Can't fuck this nigga up, cause just the nigga luck
That niggaz really love him and tear the city up
Uhh, even though I'm fuckin with the po'-po'
Them nigga know how I act in the low-low

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"[W.C.]"

I'm ghetto like grits, die befo' I snitch
Off my ass khakis sag like cellulite tits, bitch
Under the suede, headliner and I ain't yo momma
Play with my dollars on yo' ass they'll be layin flowers
I put a hole in your brain with these hollow hot rocks
Hittin the switch, makin the fo' hopscotch
Rollin up imperial in dickie material
All in your peripheral, throwin shells at your vehicle
Clipped up, pimped up, big chipped up
Stacy Adams tips spiffed up, golf hat flipped up
I blow yo' ass off the map, fuck with Dub
I'll have yo' ass rollin home with windshield glass on your lap
Fuck rap, I'm wearin a creased tee, eatin ribs
??? at you niggaz on MTV Cribs
I got the chrome thang thang to make the dome stank
Hood life forever bitch, chrome and paint, c'mon

"[Ice Cube]"

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Street lights (woop woop)
Street lights (woop woop)

Even though I'm fuckin with the po'-po'
Them nigga know how I act in the low-low
Slow mo', nigga check out my promo
You mo'fo's can't fuck with my mojo

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Street lights...