

Killer Mike, My Chrome

(Intro - Killer Mike)

(You don't have to go home)

One time, one time - one time, one time

(Verse - Killer Mike)

Easy, that kush shit got me sleepy

Rollin down 85, leaning but I ain't weaving

Man you, should stay a day in the A

A parade of them chevelots, the colors of flavor aid

Can you, believe I got it made

Impala in the garage, got Forces and all the J's

I'm leaning back, ride shotgun in the chevy with the homeboy burning sacs

We heading to the spot where we get down, nigga where the bitches at

If they talking right, acting right, walking right

Down to take flight, they ain't gotta go home, they can stay the night

(Chorus)

You don't have to go home

You can stay right here, put one in the air

While we're bending corners on my chrome

Same shit another year, in the southern hemisphere

Wait a while, you don't have to go..

(Verse - Killer Mike)

Nigga hold up, hold up

Make sure they see you when you roll

Hop out that truck all ready fucked up

Toe up from the motherfucking blow up

From the floor up, to the ceiling

Smoke kiss in the walls in the top of the building

Lile momma's on e, sitting next to me

She's catching a feeling

And I'm feeling, like I'm 'pose to

I'm as fly as a Jordan poster

I'm leaning and breathe smelling like hen and a mix of hydroponic

By the the time my click find me in VIP I'm lost in a cloud of chronic

Had sex with the best, got head from the rest

Motherfucker believe I done it

(Chorus)

(Verse - Big Boi)

Hot tub, tony sucka free and still bubblin

Truck still rattling and bumping now move something

(Verse - Killer Mike)

Hold up Big Boi! I'm still weed crumpling

The sac keeps shaking and block keep jumping

Lay back, lay back, treat this eight six cut like a Maybach

Hey show these suckas that after 50 million sold

Daddy Fat Sacs still where the hood at, hood at

(Verse - Big Boi)

Hood rats and decoy b-boys understood that

Whether its creme de la creme, where the good at

I got it in that 1.5, I had to put the swisha down cause my lugs got tired

Now lets ride, lets ride

(Verse - Killer Mike)

Back down 85, five

With the click in the truck, full of chicks in the back of the 6

Nobody going home tonight

(Chorus)

You don't have to go home
Straighten up your hair, you don't need a mirror
You can fix your makeup in my chrome
Same shit another year, in the southern hemisphere
Wait a while, before you don't have to go..

(Bridge)

Ahh! It feels like ecstasy
The sound, whoa! feels like ecstasy
Oooh.. oooh! feels like ecstasy (feels like ecstasy!)
The groove, takes control of me

(Chorus)