

UGK, Chrome Plated Woman

[Pimp C]

Chamillion gave me the bitch, she was already a star (star)
Now all these niggaz wanna fuck my car
She a video hoe, the bitch make big money
Like to let her hair down when the sky get sunny
You can catch her in the Dub or the King magazine ('zine)
Young red bitch, pussy wet, five screens (five screens)
Now watch her fat ass drop (drop)
Fifth po'in out and the trunk gets popped (gets popped)
These niggaz schemin on my young hoe
Niggaz so gung-ho bitch can't let me go (let me go)
I bring the bitch value up ten times (uhh)
It's goin higher everytime I write another line
I get my paper in the streets
Big cocaine, grip grain and pimp the lane (pimp the lane)
I really miss Robert Davis
I'm reppin for ya baby leave these niggaz on the pavement

[Chorus: Pimp C]

I got the grill on the front, trunk steady hummin
I fell in love with my chrome plated woman
The grill on the front, trunk steady hummin
I fell in love with my chrome plated woman
The grill on the front, trunk steady hummin
I fell in love with my chrome plated woman
The grill on the front, trunk steady hummin
I fell in love with my chrome plated woman

[Bun B]

Well let me introduce ya to the baddest bitch alive
Can't nothin fuck wit her (wit her) when I put her in drive
Other hoes got fo' shoes, but mine got five (she got five)
And got the hood buzzin like a beehive
She's immaculately dressed, with good hygiene
Take a bath everyday, cause she gots to stay clean
I wipe her down slow with a real soft rag
Now she lookin so good (good) a nigga gots to brag (I gots to brag)
When we pull up my nigga we stop to show
You probably kill yourself when you see the suicide do'
In the summertime she might come outside without a top (without a top)
And one look'll make a nigga mouth drop (ya mouth drop)
We don't stop we keep it rollin like a ball
With a bitch this bad, how could a nigga take a fall?
Naw she ain't for y'all, you gots to get your own
Just make sho' that she's covered in chrome, c'mon

[Chorus]

[singer] + (Pimp C)

On the highway (way) livin the fly way (fly way)
Bitch on my hood, guidin my way (uhh)
Money on the nightstand, never did lay (lay)
True to the game, I put that on P.A.

[Pimp C]

P.A. - still gettin sucked under the street lights (uhh)
And nigga it sho' feel good when you're livin right (livin right)
Eatin right (eatin right) fuckin right (uhh)
Steady pimpin bitches through my website

[Bun B]

So get your head right (head right) and get your bread right (bread right)
Cause babygirl'll hit you in your chest dead right
Have it on your mind cause she'll put it in your heart

The game'll be over 'fore the motor even start
With the brand new parts (WHAT) got them boys eruptin
But don't call it plastic surgery, it's body sculptin
Take a old school give it new car sense
And then I don't regret one motherfuckin dollar I spent mayne~!

[Chorus]