

# Chrome

Juice WRLD

Uh-huh, uh-huh  
Uh-huh, uh-huh  
Uh-huh  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, left, right

Diamonds they heavy, I don't got no balance (Yeah, yeah)  
I fuck on a bitch, I get up in her panties (Yeah, yeah)  
I do the Percocets, don't fuck with Xannies (Yeah, yeah)  
But kids don't do drugs, it will fuck up your sanity (Yeah, yeah)  
I love my shooters, they always protecting me (Grrah, grrah)  
Hand on the hammer then they get to hammering (Grrah, grrah)  
I got this cash to take care of my family (Yeah, yeah)  
Brother don't got to sell rock by the Dollar Tree (Yeah, yeah)

Oh, I'm in my zone, hand on my chrome  
Ain't want you wa-a-ant  
Oh, I'm in my zone, hand on my chrome  
Ain't want you wa-a-ant  
Oh, I'm in my zone, hand on my chrome  
Ain't want you wa-a-ant  
Oh, I'm in my zone, hand on my chrome  
Ain't want you wa-a-ant

Skrirt, dirt-bike city  
Pop a wheelie, bitch, but I ain't Meek Milly (Let's go)  
Tryin' to get rich, get to the nitty-gritty (Yeah)  
I sleep next to monsters and goblins, they with me (Eugh)  
I love her so I wrote her phrase on her titties (Yeah)  
No rubber, I wonder if we having kiddies (Slatt)  
Equip the thirty to the semi, semi  
If you want smoke, we got plenty, plenty (B-B-B-Baow)  
Walk around, sticked up (Yeah)  
Mix the Raf Simons with the Rick Owen (Yeah)  
One text, tongue emoji, now your bitch goin' (Yeah)  
I ain't give her tickets but the bitch front row (Yeah)  
Walk in the room, .30 out, gun showin' (Pa-pow)  
Make the wrong move, .30 out, gun blowin' (Yeah)  
I done took a few Perc' 30s, I'm gone (Yeah)  
Does anybody know what planet I'm on? (Yeah)  
Um, I'm on Venus givin' aliens penis (Uh-huh)  
Juice WRLD, Makaveli, I mean it (Uh-huh)  
Diamonds R. Kelly, wrist get to peein' (Uh-huh)  
Your thot from the block and my thot European (Uh-huh)  
The thot from the block but my thot Puerto Rican (Uh-huh)  
Cops on the block and I know that they see me (Uh-huh)  
See me parked in my spot, yeah, the car European (Uh-huh)  
With a bad girl inside, they mistaked her for RiRi (Yeah, yeah)

Diamonds they heavy, I don't got no balance  
I fuck on a bitch, I get up in her panties  
I do the Percocets, don't fuck with Xannies  
But kids don't do drugs, it will fuck up your sanity  
I love my shooters, they always protecting me  
Hand on the hammer then they get to hammering  
I got this cash to take care of my family  
Brother don't got to sell rock by the Dollar Tree

Oh, I'm in my zone, hand on my chrome  
Ain't want you wa-a-ant  
Oh, I'm in my zone, hand on my chrome  
Ain't want you wa-a-ant  
Oh, I'm in my zone, hand on my chrome  
Ain't want you wa-a-ant  
Oh, I'm in my zone, hand on my chrome  
Ain't want you wa-a-ant

I'm in my lane, swervin' (Okay, skrrt)  
I sip the syrup, I go berserk (Yeah)  
Fuckin' that bitch, I get under the shirt (Uh)  
R. Kelly with it, 'cause I love to flirt (Uh, uh)  
All of my niggas get money, for sure (Cha-ching)  
We get money, for sure (Shh)  
Fuckin' the bitch, I know she insecure (Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
So when I'm gone, she hit my phone like, "Brrt"  
Yeah, I'm cold (Uh)  
Diamonds on me, they like, "Burr" (Ghost, ghost)  
Fuckin' that pussy, I'm making it purr (Yeah)  
.40 on me, make an opp nigga scared (Grrah)  
Ayy, talk to the birds (Yeah)  
'Cause I know that the bird is the word (Uh-huh)  
While I get rich off these words (Yeah)  
So I don't got sell Perc's on the curb, uh (Yeah, uh-huh)  
I do not sip no Don Julio  
But with this codeine, I'ma splurge, uh (Oh-oh)  
Dread in my hair like I'm Coolio  
Got my gun cool-io on the purge, uh (Oh-oh)  
I think I'm running my city up, from the block to the burbs (Uh-huh)  
Dirt bike popping off curbs (Uh-huh)  
Cardi B chopper, okurrr (Baow)

Diamonds they heavy, I don't got no balance  
I fuck on a bitch, I get up in her panties  
I do the Percocets, don't fuck with Xannies  
But kids don't do drugs, it will fuck up your sanity  
I love my shooters, they always protecting me  
Hand on the hammer then they get to hammering  
I got this cash to take care of my family  
Brother don't got to sell rock by the Dollar Tree

Oh, I'm in my zone, hand on my chrome  
Ain't want you wa-a-ant  
Oh, I'm in my zone, hand on my chrome  
Ain't want you wa-a-ant  
Oh, I'm in my zone, hand on my chrome  
Ain't want you wa-a-ant  
Oh, I'm in my zone, hand on my chrome  
Ain't want you wa-a-ant