

## Chrome (Like Ooh)

Rapsody

Boys on the block told boys on the spot  
You gotta a shot youngin', you ain't gotta get shot  
Dangerous to measure a man by the size of his cock  
I was told to measure a King by the size of his flock  
Who your leader and where y'all going? My army big enough carry a boeing'  
Ride off to the Lox  
Hair braided, twisted, wind blowin' thru my knots  
9th, G, Jones, Khrysis, Amp, Kash, Nottz  
Mama got soulfood cooking in the pots  
You in a grave situation you should look into a plot  
Dirt on my name, boy I'm way too smart  
Chest full of a pride don't mean nothin' without heart  
One life to live so you gotta make a mark  
West side told one thang, don't never rock with marks  
I only rock with mark, that's my lil brother  
That's the big homie, daddy said always keep a G on me  
I got the dagger back that thang still sharp  
I really play the game y'all commentate behind doors  
Don't never say my name cause it might end yours  
I never been lazy but I seen a plenty Forest  
Whitaker, the with of her, good Lord  
Ain't got keys like Khaled but I still open doors  
A few in my crew flew the coop  
The day I fly the coupe I'll probably get woop woop'd  
Speeding thru the laney, what we call high schoolin'  
Painted that like Delaney, we see it in color too  
Synesthetic, know everybody won't GET it  
I'm patient though, no wonder they regret it

When I ooh  
Pull up in the coupe  
When the chrome coming?  
It's coming in June  
When the chrome coming?  
It's coming in June  
Ooh, ooh

Pull up on em  
Naw, hold pull back  
Don't show all your cards  
They ain't worth that  
Spoon feed these niggas  
Baby teeth these nigga  
Who they teethin' on?  
Me, my nigga

Chrome been spinning on my mind  
Hair, face new outfit, I'm fine  
Trips round the world with homies we all flyin'  
Everything they say ain't gospel, lames lie  
Boys always taught don't cry, but need to cry  
I was taught to respect the driver more than I do the ride  
Ride with me homie, ain't nothing to hold the wheel  
When I was hungry you looked out, you always got me a meal  
Workin on my glowup, they askin if I got mills  
I got family, I got stress, got success and bills  
Good God!

Put 20 inches on the axle  
We cop them classic ol' thangs in the Hill like Axel  
Lines better than all the rappers aligned if they ask you  
Ridin' Shotgun, sittin askew  
On the straight narrow  
I called up mama up  
Told her 'bout my summer reign  
She thought 'bout Carl Thomas  
I said no no no, no no I more like Giannis  
Must be real to get these honors  
That's why they put G's on us

I'm Real  
Represent where you from?  
Snow Hill  
When you gon pull with up new chrome on your wheels?  
Chicken chasin all summer, pocket muscle real  
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