

# Wheels Like Hill

Tech N9ne

I'll's my skill  
Tryna build my mills (Why'd ya, Why'd ya, Why'd ya)  
Kill my chill  
So I had to get wheels like Hill (Ay)  
Wheels like Hill (wheels)  
Wheels like Hill (wheels)  
Wheels like Hill (dear God)  
So I had to get wheels like Hill (Ay)

Got wheels like Hill on her  
Ran so far away now I'm Bill Croner  
I appeal to the mill, tryna steal  
Want a lot a bills so to get the skril I'm bout to peel on ya  
(Pewm)  
Like I got a rocket in my pocket  
Doing me wrongs while getting gone is the topic  
Stop it, you ain't gotta lie cred  
I know the woman wanna be sinning cause of my bread  
That's cool, I was the man even at school  
Fast shoes yes I been winning before the tattoos  
Way before my cash grew, I was dodging the fake  
It is not a mistake  
If you faulty I gotta skate, wait

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Ready set go-o-o  
Little work but feeling creds, know-o-o  
Everybody see my check grow-o-o  
So come a gold digger I'ma get low-o-o-o-o  
Speed racer, believe I'ma erase ya  
If you a cheese chaser and not a glee maker  
Make her pleased is what I feed faker  
She take a L to the hell I wouldn't pay ya to be my leave raker  
I ain't running cause I'm scared of you honey  
Running for happy 'cause you was always aware of new money  
And that's cold like blue bunny  
So from you I gotta shake  
Girl ya traits ain't too great  
Too late, I gotta brake, wait

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Rock with too few, I blocks a new boo  
Specially if she running with a prostitute crew  
Gots to lose you 'cause thoughts are boo-boo  
Poopoohead, she's a poopy face a cocky poo-poo  
If she come and try to get my money  
I'ma say the stuff to make her eyes runny  
I bet she get nothing but straight lies from me  
Wanna get with me 'cause they don't wanna die bummy  
I got it and I ain't giving nothing to y'all man  
I do the opposite of run the small pace  
Seein' nothing but dirt spunned in y'all face  
Got it but I ain't even begun to ball, wait

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