

# Chrome

Tom MacDonald

I been wild since my teen ages  
High speed chases, smoking weed in parking lots of police stations  
Couple CDs in my Discman, it was Pac or Nirvana  
Skateboard deck was painted with a topless pic of Madonna  
Fuck a rule, I'm the same young buckaroo  
Beat a dude's ass for a motherfucking Dunkaroo  
Fuck school, fuck the president and fuck the world too  
Fuck this, fuck them, fuck that, fuck you  
I'm a problem, been disturbing the peace  
Bourbon bottles and vodka, my Honda swerved through the streets  
Middle fingers been waving since I was barely 13  
And you might die tonight if you decide you're riding with me  
Still the illest cracker rapping, yeah they all been hating  
Losing space for tattoos on my face, my hair was always braided  
Mamma crying happy tears, her baby boy has finally made it  
Never look in mirrors, I get nervous seeing someone famous

I had a pack of cigarettes and didn't give a fuck  
Bitch, I was bad to the bone  
Drove a beater that you couldn't roll the windows up  
But the rims were chrome  
Flat broke, just a bunch of assholes  
Tryna see life like the glass half full  
Drove a beater that you couldn't roll the windows up  
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I was wild since a child, talk shit, I'm 'a lose control  
Young kid didn't have a car, fuck cruise control  
Always sitting passenger, my buddy drove a Saturn  
Roll up the weed, pass it  
Now we all laughing  
Smoke the blunt 'til it's gone, laps all ashes  
Jump out for fun, run up, get your ass kicked  
Soundtrack of my life, Old Dirty Bastard  
2Pac, Biggie, Nas, shit's all classic  
Every Tuesday, new CD out the plastic  
Ditched school, smoked weed, drink 'til I'm blasted  
Master T was killing it, Lil Wayne was little then  
East coast had it on lock like you can't get in  
I remember the first time I heard Many Men  
And I'd still be rapping if there never was an Eminem  
Shit, who the fuck you talking to?  
Fitter hats and Timb boots  
I'll kill any rapper and whoever fucking sent you

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Everybody heard of Nova  
Giving dirty looks and throwing shoulders outside bodegas like Mr. Buy Me Co  
ronas

The type to slick a wallet and the flip IDs  
I was two middle fingers sticking out a Slipknot tee  
And if you met me you either got robbed or bought weed  
The mall rat bum with cigarettes at entrance 3  
Skip so much that when I showed up they'd just call police  
'Cause I only went to school to settle beef  
I was a menace in a tattoo choke, a necklace, stuffing lip gloss in my pocket  
Shotgun in a stolen Lexus, reckless  
The plug for anything, I did it all  
If you can't find her, ask around and tell you who to call, meet me at the mall  
Tripping on 'shrooms, tripping off shoes, twisting up doobs  
Fuck everyone, I'm never gonna listen to you  
15 year old me would put a fist through a dude  
From group homes to infamy, fuck you

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