2 MPH

Chamillionaire

"Sippin, sippin on lean, sippin, sippin on bo'"

Comin down grippin grain, diamonds up against the wood
Tops drop, blades chop, trunk is popped, I'm lookin good
Swangin down the boulevard, chunky deuce, the fifth is shinin
The queen is ridin shotgun and Finger's behind me
So never you mind me, I'm just hustling, grindin
My pockets are heavy and my diamonds are blindin
My pistols are loaded and cocked so know that I'm ready
I'll die for my family dog but I'll kill for my fair day
R.I.P. to my baby bro, UGK until
It ain't no stopping this movement, you lose on the real
Cause we keeping it trill, that's from ashes to dust
We got paper to make and fake nigga's asses to bust
If you down for your hood, and you bangin that Screw
Put your sets in the sky, cause this one is for you
Keep on keepin it true, fuck haters and again
Cause we don't play the game to say we play, we play to win

Leanin to the side, you cain't speed through
Two miles per hour, so everybody sees you
Ridin by myself, with the pistol in the do'
"Sippin, sippin on lean, sippin, sippin on bo'"

Candy on my big wheel, yeah man I'm still a kid
Twenty-six, rims same age as me, can you dig?
Ridin down the block, knockin pictures off your wall
Just showin off my grill made by Paul Wall
Alpine speakers in my grill on blast
Like my boys in Texas, hittin corner on them slabs
Seat laid back, you know how us pimps be
Keep your head up Bun B, rest in peace Pimp C
A mill' on mine rolled back to back and young millionaires we haven't scratc
hed
Rhyme through the hood and habitat, candy paint look like some cabbage patch
Haters hot, they mad at that, Chamillionaire, how F.A.B. get that?
Two dimes in a car, how bad is that? King of the jungle, you an alley cat
Prince of the coast brought Cali back, just threw some D's on a Cadillac
Smoke so much, got cataracts, been rollin up for a matter of fact
F.A.B. get love where F.A.B. is at, from the Bay to the South where them sla
bs is at
Oakland down to Houston, only rollin with them savage cats

It's gon' be, F-A-C, T to the Feds gon' mess with me
And F-A-B, when they see, mixtape money yes they pay me
Mugabe, Inspector G, bring 'em all cause they cain't get me
Ten vehicles parked in the yard, pick your choice, I'll get that key
Take that jet out to West, let's swang and get our swerve on
Hit that strip in my whip, gon' strip and let them sexy curves show
Vehicle sittin very low, pimp that caddy very slow
They like "Yeah, Chamillionaire, the realest I done heard holmes"

I'm leanin to the side sideways, sittin crooked
My Jolly Ratchet paint got all of the people lookin
I'm beatin down the block, givin the streets an ass whoopin
Peep the way a player move, take notes lil young-un
I'm movin slow mo', leanin off a potent fo'
Pistol in my lap, plus another one in the side do'
You know I'm just a young hustler all about my doe
Gettin cake and stackin up that paper, I need mo'

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