

# Deep Off

Chamillionaire

"Hey man, what's wrong with you?"  
"Fuck you lookin at nigga?"  
"I'm still tryin to find out nigga!"  
"Hold up, hold up, oh, we got a problem here?"  
"We got a problem here, we got a problem nigga?"

It's the return of the trill niggaz, hide your stash (stash)  
We dressed in all black and got the hood on smash (smash)  
I Roc ya like Dame Dash (Dash), one shot, one kill [gun shot]  
Ask anybody (body) and they gon' tell ya Bun real (Southern Smoke)  
It's a done deal when I pull up on ya  
Calico get unleashed [gun shots], niggaz clearin the corner  
Perfect to me and ten (me and ten), we movin much weight  
And this one for Pimp in a penitentiary upstate  
Damn, come on Bun, wait  
Naw nigga, this one dedicated to Pimp in a penitentiary upstate  
'Til he come home, in his name we ballin  
We never forget the homies on lock or the fallen  
Band I.T., Young 'lo and Bad Azz Bam  
Sean Wee and Big Munst' and we ain't givin a damn  
If you need a kilogram, two, three or a dozen  
Come on down to Texas, holla at your country cousin

I can show you how to get stains, how to flip 'caine  
Show you how to grip grain, how to grip stains  
Bitch we deep off in the game (bitch we deep off in the game)  
Bitch we deep off in the game (bitch we deep off in the game)

We be creepin in your backdoors, cockin back fours  
Show you how to mack hoes, slammin 'lac doors  
Bitch we deep off in the game (bitch we deep off in the game)  
Bitch we deep off in the game (bitch we deep off in the game)  
Already

Yeah, I learned how to shoot a MAC-10 'fore I turned 12  
Hot shells burn, black skin turn pale  
You out to get mail?  
I show you boys how to sell yay and how to tell what it weigh without a scale  
Motel 6, hard blow sell quick  
And I ain't gon' sell shit  
You'll sell nicks and dimes, twenties, even three dollar club sacks  
Buy y'all private, guaranteed to come back

I, turn sand into rocks with soda  
No wrist, just a fog tryin to rock your quota  
Microwave on top of the stove, these hands is cold  
I, stretch the books, see how much water it hold  
Most niggaz think the water should be cold  
Really hot, keep it warm 'til the finishing lot  
Not cold nigga, listen and watch  
We takin bricks on the road, try to form your spot, nigga

Yeah (Southern Smoke), you don't hear how we gettin it, then you gettin in t  
he way  
I'm gettin rich, niggaz gettin pissed, cause most pussy niggaz play  
We can let that metal settle differences [gun cocked], let a clip set a date  
Point guard position, I'm assistin it, so an opponent better pray  
Of my environ-ment, yeah it's the Messiah  
So close to the truth than you, that your fiction cannot deny a  
Real nigga from gettin higher  
Don't believe me than check my prior  
Record, I said I'm on fire  
Your "poof" like your time expired, liar, haha