

Everything

Chamillionaire

This messed up in here right now, mayne

You got bars, wearing skinny jeans
bragging bout clothes like that's what that is, mayne
Smell like urnation around here, mayne
Sentation knamsayin?
I done peep the scene
Every Tuesday boys getting did with no Vaseline
So I already just do my solo thang (me too)
Other day it was a fighting population
This lil' dude try to shank me with a Popsicle stick
Almost got his face knocked out by this West Coast cat
(Texas Go Hard!)
Crooked I (Let's get em!)

Yeah, eastside of a red L.B.C.
Pumps in my trunk on my L.T.D.
Sippin' on that Hennessey it helps me breathe
Who's next on the west, might as well be me
Fast get mad cause I ain't drop a album
Ya favorite rapper hates on me how come?
A bet of questions how come I pull out guns on ya loud mouths
I can't leave the house without one? (BLAH!)
Keep it real I don't need imiations
Go guard your club, I don't need invitations
Your art is suck
Crooked go hard as fuck
Niggas go hard as nuts
I can see limitations (Ow)
Lyrical genius I pree in a faishon
Waiting to drop my CD but I'm patient
Fuck the industry if they want me to sell out
I can hit the streets for this cheese that I'm tasting (yeah)
Tony Touch told me not to conform
Now I coming at you like a tropical storm
And I knock it down every fuckin' obstacle
? Not to conforms like a Mormon who shoplift for porn?
After you rocking-me-ion
Gimme the mic, I'm a rock till the dawn
I'm a Big Poppa spit proper Big Pun
With a big gun treat me like Pac when I'm gone

Your everything I need (sup Chamillionaire?)
Everything I want baby everything I need
Do what'cha want me too (your all we need)
I would do, Everythang (Southwest connection)
When start money for you (Knamtalkinbout?)
Oooohhhhhhhh baby (R.I.P. Pimp muthafuckin' C) Yeah
What else is there to do? (R.I.P. Easy muthafuckin' E)
I don't know,
I don't know,
but I'll cry

Yeah

I know I'm sick enough to bless you Ha-choo!
The whole industry is gonna feel that flu
The industry is wanting me to sell out too I ain't goin lie
Vanilla Ice I wanna sell like you
Texas in my blood, Pimp C and Screw
Real close to my heart like a new tattoo
Everybody that I'm looking at ain't true
I guess I got a Crooked I and I'm just like you
Fans chat everyday about sells
Both in the sink you can save yourselfs
Show ya how to swim and I do it no help
Me and y'all can't talk if it ain't about mail
Last time I wore a backpack I was in school
Silly little trans try'na playa confused
Skinny little jeans y'all look like some fools I don't talk too much so they
say that I'm rude
Was a duece-duece now I'm on a duece-six
Money getting made and it look like you sick
Wanna take mine but there's nothing you get
And your wallet looking skinny as a F-ing tooth pick
Get rich, tick-tick-tick BOOM!
Sliver I never really seen that spoon
Plies ain't here so you can assume
That I'm the realest rapper that you seeing in the room
Got a deal with me, goin do the deal for free
Was getting currency since C was still with P (who?)
Currency I know you feel me G I ain't come with a army but never will retrie
ve
Ya girl's still a freak, that girl feeling me
I let her open the door and let her feel the seat
Drop another underground ya gotta hear me speak
Can't listen to a tape and not hear the street

Man another bites to dust, mayne
They goin have to step they game up, mayne
It's one percent two mayne [laughs]
One percent fruit juice, man
Man I need some perservates, man
(They starving us man)
? man [laughs]
Crazy