

# 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 Hennessy 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 imitations  
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 retrieve  
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