

From The South

Chamillionaire

From the South
I got the diamonds in my mouth

Hold up a minute, I'm the King of the Ghetto
Holding the rap game, like wood grain can't let go
You niggaz'll never see me, I'm on another level
Stay ready to dig a grave, keep a gun and a shovel
And pouring gas too, if there evidence
Saw me in the rear view, now you wonder where I went
I'ma get you if I owe ya, visit ya residence
Lay the merk game down, and then I'ma hit the fence
Better keep my mouth closed, so they can't see the shining
They think it was Z-Ro, cause all they seen was diamonds
I'm cold as a deep freeze, with bags of ice in it
My 3-57 pretty, but ain't nothing nice in it
Too many bitches, and not enough rubbers
Got so many, all my real niggaz under the gutter
Watch a nigga full of life, light close like shutters
God damn, staying healthy is hard as a mo'fucker

It ain't no lying or fiction, up in me please
I don't exaturrate the price, it was fifteen G's
When they ask, about the colored diamonds in the piece
Yeah I'm one of the richest, Southern niggaz in these streets
Yeah I'm candy flipper, you can have a picture
While I pose like a playa, by the candy with ya
Koopas never have no time, for no panty pinchers
My nigga, how come you ain't take me to Miami with ya
It's a couple haters out there, that won't let me be
I feel like yelling F' the radio, like SPC
The movie room in my crib, got a empty sweet
I'm with Sway, I'm getting interviewed by MTV
Yeah I'm ill at rapping, but I'm still not capping
Ain't touched a damn drug, and he still ain't trapping
I don't change don't sleep, cause Chamil' ain't napping
Stop acting like platinum, with Chamil' can't happen
I'm a Northside rider, ain't got to worry
Cause the major deal, is not about to turn me
Yeah the controversy, ain't about to hurt me
I don't play no games, like I forgot my jersey
Still ride around the city, with none of my niggaz with me
Still ride for H-Town, if don't none of these niggaz feel me
Ain't gotta like me, or have none of these niggaz hit me
I'ma be the MVP, if don't none of these niggaz pick me
A lot of rumors in the streets, ain't none of it really pretty
Getting money, makes all of the drama seem itty-bitty
Pick a click, I don't hang with none of these niggaz really
But I'm glad that the majors, is running up in the city cause I'm

Ever since 1999, I had diamonds in my grill
You just rapping that ain't platinum, homie you need to chill
Cause you embarrassing Texas, nigga you ain't trill
Nigga you been on my dick, way befo' you got your deal
These rappers finally get some fame, and think they got it locked

After your album flop, nigga you gon be on Koch
My gear clean, from my ear rings to my pinky ring
If you ain't spend thirty, boy tuck in your piece and chain (Southside)

Blucker-blucker-blucker, that's how my gun go
If I'm looking agitated, bitch you better run hoe
I use to do the baguettes, but now I'm VS-1's though
Princess cuts straight up and down, Johnny done those
I got loud ice, just like Paul Wall
Shining down South, brighter than all y'all
When it's time to get your jewelry done, who do y'all call
Cause you fellas ain't shining at all, check me out
On the first and fifteenth, I'm some'ing like a pimp
Even with a suspended license, still finna flip
Ain't no limit to this cash, ain't nothing I can't get
Five deuce Hoover cause, ain't nothing like a Crip
Ride with a Revolve', I don't fuck with clips
These roach ass niggaz, trying to make me bust my chips
But I'm not a bank, I don't even trust my bitch
I'm from the South, and I got diamonds in my mouth