

# Hip Hop Warning

Chamillionaire

I don't really know if it's dead or alive  
They called for an ambulance  
They said one of them won't be able to make 'til March 27  
But in the mean time I'll give it a check up

Hip-hop just died here's a warning  
(somebody ring the alarm)  
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Hip-hop just died here's a warning  
That revenge is coming (It's coming back for..)  
(It's coming back for revenge)

Man I don't even know if hip-hop is dead  
But I do know that some of the biggest retail stores is going out of business  
Record sales ain't doing what they use to do  
Remember when you use to be able to go 4, 5 million sold  
Now everybody having trouble to go gold man  
It's a lot of good music coming out the south  
And a lot of non-sense coming out the south  
But I can't blame no artist  
I blame corporate america for the downfall of rap

If hip-hop should die before I'm great (yea)  
I'ma do more than just murder a mixtape  
I'ma do more than just murder a mixtape  
I'ma do more than just murder a mixtape (chea)  
Pollution I smell that in the breeze  
But let's try not to get mad at the trees  
Tell 'em all not to get mad at the leaves  
Let's get mad at the idiots that planted the seeds  
When it come to mixtapes, I'm know as the Messiah  
I influence these other rappers to get tighter  
Go to every label and murder the checkwriter  
Who ever hired him, we should pray that he will get fired  
And soon as they kick him out on Broadway  
Show him how to make his hip-hop the hard way  
I bring the whole south with me, you should just call me  
And we can make a pinata out of him all day  
Chea, and I ain't even finna be gentle  
You can murder Seline for sending me the instrumental  
It ain't coincidental how they can get in your mental  
Then the minute you see it they tell you it was accidental (accidental)  
All rich rappers do is complain, everybody arguing to be on top of the game  
9 out of 10 rap about copping them thangs  
Or how the gat go braat, braat, braat, braat when it bang  
And it seems like H-town got that popular slang  
Platinum grills everybody else copping the same  
Platinum grills everybody else copping the same  
Then everybody run to that like it's the poppinest thang  
What is that man? Where the hell your swagger at?  
Who gon be the first to bring the old swagger back?  
Doing what I do seems like boys mad at that

You was sharp homie, where the hell is your dagger at?  
I was a fan sitting up in the stands  
When it was M-E-T-H-O-D MAN  
You hear M-E-T-H-O-D for Cham  
Rakim was still thinking of a master plan  
And it worked, and now I'ma fit up in my place  
Stay humble, stay focused, and show that I got grace  
You better not point the burner to my face  
Better load up the burner and then turn it to myspace  
The same rapper than die hard, Bruce Willis with a vest under the Izod  
Wanna beat you? Man I ain't got to try hard  
You getting beat by the Internet and your Ipod  
The label don't want you to be Master P  
Took the Master and put it right after P  
Bump it master, but I won't let it master me  
You're an idiot if you're giving up your masters free  
Corporate America is f-ing up the rap game  
While we argue about which rapper got the phat chain  
You real gangsta you pulling out your gat man  
The real gangsta who ever own the rap name  
Like Busta said "you should give a performance"  
That's the truth us rappers shouldn't try and avoid it  
If you're married the game go ahead and divorce it  
Especially if it's rap we ain't even enjoying it  
Yea I'am not going to point a "K" at a magazine  
Because of what someone say in a magazine  
I can..pull out my chain yellin 'Bada Bling'  
Or on a G4 plane sitting by the wing  
Telling you "the leather feel good don't it?"  
For 50 thou you'll have a real good moment  
The plane's landed by the pilot that flown it  
I am not an idiot cause I'm trying to own it  
Little kids look at me and say that "you best"  
1.3 million in the U.S. some label exec gettting in a new desk  
I get an award they tell me that I'm too blessed  
Honestly it just excited my family  
I just hide the medicine inside of the candy  
Get cured by the music blasting out of your camry  
If not I'll hide the medicine inside of your brandy  
Cuz I know that yall boys gotta be drunk  
To think that Chamillionaire gonna be a industry punk  
I'm a in-da-streets problem you will get stomped  
Get criss-cross off when the kid jump  
Some of them try to rhyme but they can't rhyme like this (Jump)  
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Some of them try to rhyme but they can't rhyme like this (Jump)  
Some of them try to rhyme but they can't  
Because I'm the miggity miggity mack that stacks the plat plaques  
But rap is so wack so I'm back to spit crack  
March 27th I'm back and that's fact  
So rappers that can't rap get ready cuz it's a wrap