

Mixtape Murder

Chamillionaire

Uh, mixtape murderer
Talkn bout murder

Yeah, they say they need part 6 but look at how i light up the city
It's that boy Chamilli, many say that they don't feel me
But they don't want it really, nothin gon move but the money
You know I know the drilly, my reality be showin like Flava Flav or Diddy
She got some back and some tittes, and man it's such a pity
She think I give her my hustle just cuz the fact she pretty
Really busy, chasin scrillies and countin all my millies
I'm really all about scrilly, and I mean that sincerely
Just like that VIC single, the game is gettin silly
But so much cheese is stackin like sandwiches in philly
Runnin around for the millies, I think I'm gettin dizzy
I'm notorious at doin it bigger like I'm Biggie
Join my fan club, you a hater, bring some backup
Let my lac up, and hit the switch and it ill back up
They can't stand em, make Bill O'reilly have a tantrum
Bet the grands come and if I'm on it, it's an anthem
Get the grand son and give a million to my grandson
Yeah we have fun, but told the chick that she can have none
I heard Plies say that he will never buy a Phantom
I make 28's fit on the ish, you better ask em
I attatch em, I love the dolla's I romance em
I just cash em, no homo but my money handsome
An assassin, be killin the mic with a passion
I just smash em, then I head right back to my mansion
They just actin, but real is my only reaction
Shoes on my whip, that's where haters jack their fashion
Swagga jackin, i'm swagga'd up you swagga-lackin
Swagga pass em, my swagga on inspite of lappin
Tell em don't listen, if you hate the way my flow is flippin
Still tippin, wheels glisten, my vouge's are swang and clickin
Brain n bullet equals pain, who wanna do addition?
Pop the clip in, get to trippin, you thinkin that I'm slippin
Believa, always an over achiever
Take a breather, your paper little just like ceaser
Have a seat bra, I make that hater have a seizure
When they see the number of coats that's on my Beamer
Lift the dough up and on her feet is where I leave her
Then I proceed to gettin my dough up like a Keebla
I don't need her, be Livin Single like Kadeeja
I won't even go send a cab to go retrieve her
Hustle been deadly before Fred ever met Betty
Spree-wellin like Latrelly on Spinners and Perellis
That was back before Nelly was ever seen singin on the telly
I been grindin gettin feti, underground Makavelli
My dictionary is missin, so what is competition?
Think he dissin, he ain't likin how much my pinky glisten
I ain't trippin I ain't missin, that diamond let it glisten
Pop my trunk up and the sign is readin, I'm gon fishin