

True Religion

Chamillionaire

They say "I know you don't do the freestyle thing no mo'
But since you do it better than e'rybody else
Well, you know, fo' sho'"
You know I gotta keep it Texas though
Uh, mix, tape, God, GO!

I know I'm not God, that's blasphemy, the good news is I don't
have to be (why?)
I woulda turned the world to a beach resort and kick all y'all
out and live happily (woo!)
You see how retarded these rappers be? It's like they get off t
he short bus after 3
Get Instagram, take pics with guns, snitch on yourself you rich
athlete
No snitch-agram cause I'm different fam, no Twitter Cham, I don
't need a mention
They always told me that money talks so that's who I want to pa
y me attention (uh)
Young don, never went to prom, genius kid that wouldn't leave d
etention
When the teacher said that I'd never blow I said don't count my
pockets 'til you see my pension
I was plottin moves, I was carvin scriptures into the desk
That was middle school so track down the desk and figure out th
e rest
(Oh yes) I must confess, I see you but I am not impressed
I see a lot of side-
talkin cats that ain't talkin when they see me in flesh
Cat caught ya tongue then cough up a lung, just stick out ya ha
nds and then hold your breath
If I want opinions I'll ask for that, just stay in your boundar
ies, don't overstep
Back on the porch we sat on the steps where we all would argue
'bout who the best
And now I sit behind suicides with the A/C on like I'm fresh to
death
They ain't stars, these rappers good for like eight bars
Rappers lookin like 8 balls, get in them pockets then take all
These activists ain't active to me, ain't standin up for yo' fa
ke cause
Most of y'all are suspect to me, as a pastor that just bought e
ight cars
The mixtape God you mixtape frauds, make sure you're hearin thi
s carefully (listen)
Even if you know that we was cool befo', you ain't got to come
and give dap to me (no)
It'll let them know they don't have to be the clown next to clo
wns cause that's ratchety

You could rap and model and own the masons, wouldn't give a dam
n 'bout yo' fashion G
You don't own the brand, you just clone the man, that you saw b
efore you with it on his hand
You a grown man? (Well) Why a grown man, starin at the logo wri
tten on some pants?
You ain't made it man, you couldn't make the band, I don't pay
for likes, I don't pay for fans
Won't buy your music cause you're popular, cause you're actin l
ike you're movin major grams
I say you're not, I don't believe ya, that's superstition
You say you're hot, well I know you're not, go prove it to me,
go do this mission
Go douse yourself in hot gasoline, go pump some gas without eve
n flinchin
If you make it back then I'll play your raps and won't tell you
're family I thought you was missin
Gave you the game, I thought you would listen, y'all got it twi
sted like a Jewish Christian
I taught you how to diss major labels when they told you bow to
they shoes and kiss 'em
When you tell the truth they'll say you was dissin; what's bein
dope, got to do with stitchin?
Just stay true and they'll praise you, now that's what the hell
I call "True Religion"