

# Chamillionaire, Go Head

(\*talking\*)

I'm the truest to do it, I'm the truest to do it  
I'm the truest to do it - 4x  
Yeah, you in the presence of the truest  
Chamillitary nigga, what up Rasaan let's get this mayn hol' up

[Hook - 4x]

Go-go, go-go  
Go-go 'head, go 'head

[Chamillionaire]

A Texas legend, with the most lyrical style  
Single hook is spitted, ain't always bout a freestyle  
We don't try to be pals, don't wanna holla at me now  
You should write a book, and call it how to be down  
You asking why do we clown, cause I'm the truth i look in the mirror and say thank ya  
For being the only rapper, that'll admit you ain't a gangsta  
I know you gon love, how vivid the picture is I paint ya  
You feeling like you a realer nigga than me in your heart, ain't ya  
I tried to warn him, but I kept getting the cold shoulder  
They thinking they flows colder, too late they got rolled over  
You Destiny's Child, now ya feeling it no soldier  
My nigga ya no Hova, you really got no flow brah  
For pumping that plastic crack, out of my trunk  
And I jump in when them majors tell me to jump, let it bump  
Yeah I'm valedictorian, nigga I'd never flunk  
Ashton Kutcher, pussy ass niggaz get punked ha-ha  
I was with the House, but I wasn't feeling the vibe  
You could interview me, I ain't got nothing to hide transaction denied  
I'm a flame-thrower, why do these suckers get fried  
When they ask him bout me, he must of replied...  
You gotta love me, nigga I swallow my pride  
Them records were dissing me, but I let beef slide  
I might let you slide, but watch yourself or we gon have to collide  
And that's the last warning, then I'll re-ride

[Hook - 4x]

[Rasaan]

Society said I'm a menace, but it isn't cause I'm O-Dog  
It's because my froze jaw, got your vision thoed off  
Show you how a pro floss, when it comes to the dentist  
Before I finish the sentence, they asking how much did them hoes cost  
I spit on Paul Wall, cause you know you so soft  
Friendly ass teddy bear, step up and get broke off  
You a bopper, why you riding niggaz dicks  
How you a "chick magnet", you no different from a bitch  
Hoe sider dick rider, you a Nawf and Southsider  
You a dick-sucker partna, open up your mouth wider  
We can go toe to toe, one on one with no gun  
Put your head in your glass, till you looking at the sun  
You use to read the bible, trying to give a nigga hugs  
Only punched me from behind, when you jumped me in the club  
Not a scratch not a scar, not a cut not a smudge  
Nigga use to go to church, now you wanna be a thug  
You went from Gulfbank to 4-4, to 5-9 Southlea  
Trying to fit in, so you grill and show your mouthpiece

(\*talking\*)

It's Rasaan boy, you know my brother told me to chill out  
But you way too fake for all that boy, you know  
I see you by yourself, and you ain't trying to do nothing  
You know I'm saying, I see ya in the club and you trying to jump me  
Know I'm saying ha-ha, with bout five other dudes with your boys or whatever

You know I'm saying, so the funny thang about that is  
This fool is only punching me in the back, like a lil' gal or some'ing  
You know I'm saying, and you been shooting too many slugs boy I hear you  
You know I'm saying so, you ain't shooting no mo' slugs this way  
Without taking no charge back, you feel me ha-ha  
Now you wanna be a G, now you wanna sip the bar and blow the dro  
And you was a grown man in your 20's, wearing Sponge Bob watches from Burger King  
I seen you in the Source man, don't try to front like you wasn't  
And all y'all old fans y'all know, this boy is rapping bout Gucci tampons  
And diamonds in his bugers, you know I'm saying  
And finally you a G, you use to claim the Northside  
Now you tal'n bout you on 5-9 of Southlea, no disrespect to Southlea  
You know I'm saying, but Paul Wall you a perpetrator, you ain't from there