

Chamillonaire, In The Trunk

[Intro]

This, is, the-the sound of revenge [repeat 2X]
You in the presence of the finest
Chamillitary mayne! This for the streets
Let's give 'em somethin they can bump (innnn the trunk)
At this point you should be turnin your speakers up
Turn your speakers up - Chamillonaire man!
Let it bump, it's a southern thing
Ha ha, Chamillitary mayne! (innnn the trunk)

[Verse 1]

I heard somebody say that the South ain't got no lyricists
Well 'bang bang' at the game like everyone down here is pissed
You lookin for the truth then look no further, here it is
Turn it up a notch so they can not say they not hearin this
They say Chamill is sick, click click, here's a clip
'Bang bang' at the rap game to make your spirits lift
And it seems to me the industry is all on Jigga's dick
Who? You, you, you, and you nigga - pick a click
Universal sent me to bring some realness to the industry
Got here, then I realized that ain't nobody real but me
Okay, a couple niggaz but none of 'em real as me
Tell your favorite rapper he should diss me if he disagree
I bet I'm actin like your favorite rapper isn't me
Tell your second favorite whose the best and show 'em a picture of me
He'd have to take me out to prove that he's as sick as me
So me verse me, the only battle that y'all gonna get to see
I'm plainly sayin what I'm sayin to make these haters mad
Perpetratin hatin ass, see me ridin candy slab
Disbelieve his ass, how many vehicles can he have?
I be losin count myself and I ain't even that bad at math
That's how we do it in Texas, poppin trunk and grippin wood
We reply to threats (how?) Nigga, I wish you would
You can keep on talking, but that's only if you could
Gotta turn my speakers up, can you hear 'em now? (No) Good!

[Chorus]

Ain't runnin from a thang, cause I ain't never been a punk
Drama ain't a thang, cause I can bring it if they want
I'ma let it bang, so they can feel it in the (innnn the trunk)
You bout it wit'cha game, decide your rep and throw it up
What you tryin to drank, cause I'ma bout to get you drunk
Keep it pimpin mayne, so they can feel it in the (innnn the trunk)

[Verse 2]

This for the street niggaz knowin they gotta pee in a cup
Know your peace officer tossin ya when he see the results
This for the G's, hate is what you see in the scope
Gauge gonna get sprayed like it's Raid when you see him approach
Tell you ahead of time, solo I can handle mine
You ain't too smart but play the part like you a pantomime
But you don't have a nine, I'll show you I hammer mine
Time to make you do the Running Man like it's Hammer Time
Shout out to the west and all my gangstas pack heat up
Actin up and pack enough heat to make you back it up
The hoes back it up, soon as they hear the back of the trunk
Now I'ma stock like New York slang (What you mean?) That's what;s up
Money stack it up when they feel they have enough
Get the chips and add 'em up, then she givin that to us
Don't put all that in cuffs, treat your money like a slut
Niggaz better share, hell yeah, cause I just wanna cut
A hater gettin cut, someone gon' get hurt (hurt)
Especially if you met me and was disrespect turf (turf)
(Houston, Texas) I'm the worst, ice looking like sherbert

Bouncin off my chest, you're starin at it like a pervert
Mixtape god, don't hate me, go to church first (why?)
Might as well since all the rappers wearin church shirts
Better think ahead of time, call yourself a nurse (nurse!)
Diss me in your second and you won't get to finish your third verse

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

You in the presence of the finest
The game is full of fakes, all these rappin niggaz front (front)
Controversy Sells , the industry givin 'em what they want (want)
See he ain't gangsta as he say, that's why they dress 'em up
Get a vest, a plastic gun and go pull a publicity stunt
Hoe act like she slow, don't know that I'm rich
And ignore the handles missing from the do's of my whip
But then she saw me on TV and told me pause for a flick
(What you tell her?) You can "106 & Park" on my dick (on my dick)
Can't speak about Texas and not mention me
Cause the world gon' have to see the truth come out eventually
I'll rip any gimmick rapper out from A to Z
934-829 to the 2 if you still disagree
We never marry a hoe, what I'ma marry you fo'
I'm too busy tearin my shows up and getting married to dough (dough)
Grave dig a nigga, (Whatchu mean?) I bury a flow
Run, go get your city, come back and then I'ma bury your area code

[Chorus]