

# Chamillionaire, Land Of The Slowed

[Intro: Chamillionaire]

They try'na say something bout'cha boy singing, but they ain't never goin understand  
We been parking lot pimpin since 98', knahtalkinbout?

I call it Texas talk

That Big Moe

That Trae, that Z-Ro

That Charlie

[Hook: Charlie Boy]

This is the Land of The Slowed down chop-chop-chop

Hit the button on the drop then recline (chop-chop)

From domestic to a form see the rims don't stop

[? ] In the screens glow when the trunk pop

From Bentley's to Escalades the corners keep bending

And them haters still hating

While the dimes keep grinning

From 6-4's to Benzo's rims keep spinning

And I'm riding on 4's them 84's extending

Elbows be poking as we gripping on grain

The sun beaming on the paint but the frame ain't tamed

The color chameleon unlike any other

Bang making my game platform

Click clan and studder

This is the state knowing for them great taste

Slanging in the deck, swanging lanes, sipping gray taste

That's the purple and we turning circles

If you wanna hate

You'll get rolled over and bounce, like I do my scrape plate

Sitting high on 24's, and my cuttly's to a rose

See nothing but gray smoke, when I open up my dows

No need to say mo, real G's get chose

When the top drop and the trunk pop, you goin see the gray blows

Mayne

[x2:]

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Hit the button on the drop then recline (chop-chop)

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[? ] In the screens glow when the trunk pop

[Chamillionaire:]

Southern playas get the doe, ain't trippin bout what the haters say

Hate started that my birth, my B-day is a hater day

Way before Mike Jones and Magno, I was grindin day-to-day

G-fo, in the air, like a F-ing fadeaway

Starts down to the floor, walk out lift my dow

Up into the sky, and the bet you goin reply with "WOOH"

I be jammin music that be choppin and be sign it slow

Every minute on the clock is money so I gotta go

Minutes addin up so you can say that I'm the Minute Man

Pulling up in my truck and all the slush like, that's him again

Season side the dooly classify as amfibian

Think that you can handle what I got, t hen come get in then

[Singing:]

I'm ridin good grippin grain

Doing my thang

Back to back cars dancing like it's Soul Train

Everybody on Swangs (swangs)

Lift up on swangs

Still bangin screw I let Charlie Boy sang

(Get em mayne)

[x2:]

This is the Land of The Slowed down chop-chop-chop

Hit the button on the drop then recline (chop-chop)

From domestic to a form see the rims don't stop

[? ] In the screens glow when the trunk pop

[Tum Tum:]

Yeah  
Gripping on the grain (grain)  
Candy stay in the lane (grain)  
The memory of Fat Pat (Pat)  
I swear I love it mayne  
Watch how I get it (yeah)  
Them flames I spit it (uh-huh)  
When tray's get broke we say Tum-ty did it (check it)  
I got a 80 delta in my yard  
Candy blue white rag top the bitch hard  
Same color spokes, ballin with my folks  
The fifty slab candy coke, we ain't no mothafuckin joke  
Caprices and ground sticks (uh-huh)  
Deltas and rolmels (what else)  
Trunks and leek baskets (uh-huh) some roofs are flow masters (yeah)  
Dirty South riders and them the boys from thirty third  
From the streets to the birds, I know all you niggas heard  
I show ya how to rang (grab a pen)  
I teach ya how to stunt (yeah)  
Get up all them forth and twenty's,  
I run that bitch, fuck a punk (woo)  
Seens slugs inside the grill (grill)  
I ball like Oseal (seal)  
Some drank and some kill  
And steals the round skill  
[x2:]  
This is the Land of The Slowed down chop-chop-chop  
Hit the button on the drop then recline (chop-chop)  
From domestic to a form see the rims don't stop  
[? ] In the screens glow when the trunk pop  
Chamillitary Mayne [x2]