

Chamillionaire, N Luv Wit My Money

[Chorus: Chamillionaire]

Big Swangaz and Vouges

Them 20 inches sittin low

We Ball 24's 7's all that we know

Screens and neon lights gon show

When my trunk unlock pop and show

Ya already know

Paint drippin off the door

Not Engaged with no lady, fall in love with em no!

You may think I'm crazy never knew this type of love before

I'm love with my foreign, yes I'm married to my dough....

I'm in love with my money... mmmm

[Chamillionaire]

You can catch me squeezing grain

Sittin crooked on D's and swangz

Color changin lizard he's insane

Ya womans missing then he's to blame

Charge it to the game keep the change

Most marriages blyossom and die...

When its over I'm tellin her bye

But she acts like I'm tellin a lie

While you fallin in love with a she...

I rather be dubblin a G

Could you see me in a car that rhymes with rent me and starts with a B

Could you see a Bentley

Parked in the crunkest spot in ya hood

Candy coat on top of the hood

And my fist on top of the wood

Sparkling good

say you ain't after my change I don't believe ya

If a skeezer ask me to feed her

With my visa then I'm gon leave her

Koopa don't want ya koopa don't need ya

{ But I Love You } Thats sweet

I rather be ridin on glass feet

With leather up under my ass cheeks

Its not like I changed over night

Been actin like this since last week

Better Ask P my money stretched like an athelete at a track meet

Seen him last week in a Jag Jeep

{ But they don't even make them yet 'causezin }

Ok I'm lyin I don't know what it was

but I swear that boi was sittin on buttons

I know you want a relationship with a balla but no thanx Look

I'd rather be shining my twanks

You must think this is a bank but it ain't

money increase and never would shink

hoes that be dikin even be fightin....

when I pull up on 20 inch titans

'cause I got what them girls be likin

them uhh...

[Chorus]

[Paul Wall]

Hold on hold up a second man

I never mack to a metro dame

You better respect the game

See my gecko chain and correct ya brain

I love my car like it was my girlfriend I like to carress the grain

Followed the wheel and I got aroused

swung in the ditch and I wrecked the frame
Broke up with my foreign car and fell in love with my cadillac
The Ringling Brothers enquired to how my trunk turns flips like an acrobat
I act a rat, 'cause I'm from the gutter
ya girl stutter when I pull up next to ya
You been with the girl 6 months Paul Wall
is the reason she won't give sex to ya
Why all that plex in ya
'cause a german company made my rims
My big body's pregant with twins I'm bout to induce a baby benz
Ya car was fly in the hood but my candy paint just wet ya flames
I'm sittin on 22 inch baby sitters babelous threatin ya name
Forgot to change the diaper so when I crept in the lane I left a stain
Everytime it rains, paint drips It makes a mess and I get the blame
My TV's are the pet I train I can make em roll over and play dead
My car was blue on the freeway
but when I stopped at the light it changed to red
You betta re arrange ya head thinkin I trick my cash to a broad...
Go ahead and ask ya broad I got more green than the grass in a yard
And thats so raw It ain't hard for me to get the class to applaud
I shine like a blasting star, glass on a car more blacker than tar

[Chorus]3x