

Chamillionaire, She Gansta

(*humming*)

[Chamillionaire]

Now she's mo-ving through the club, in her gangsta strut
Her weapon's loaded up, and now she's aiming to bust ow-ow
So gangsta, the way she shoots
You found a thug, I'm down with you
Instead of filling him up with lead, with gun shots to the head
She's at the bar she's getting him drunk, and he taking shots to the head
Now he's laying stiff off in the bed, but no he's not really dead
See that punk drunk and he passed out, while she dash out with his bread
You bum a clot see you done forgot, nigga you dumb you not
Suppose to go buy a mall for a hoe, cause she wanna shop
See ya not suppose to buy a car lot, cause she want a drop
Maybe not go buy a mountain, just cause that hoe wanted a rock
Niggaz better stick to the G-code, speaking to hoes with my teeth froze
I peep hoes like a peephole, cause I'm sneaky I sneak hoes
Like a thief out of the clothes, and they don't even expect it
One minute she's telling her friend I'm cute, until poof she's naked
Yes it's the thick hips and the big tits, and her lipstick and her cleavage
And her weave is weaponry, and security didn't see this
She is dressed to kill, you blind if you think she ain't a
Visual Soprano can't handle her, cause she's gangsta

(*humming*)

[Chamillionaire]

She cocks it back and pull and shoot, cause she can see I'm pulling roofs
Off the top of the new drop, but she forgot I'm bulletproof
My chest is a permanent vest, I guess I'm not who you thought
No matter how fine or smart, a girl can not damage my heart
Think you've guessed it right, she's trying to get you for your cream
But it's alright tonight, I've also got a scheme
To hear nice things, like I wan' get between them jeans
And then I'ma send you home, ain't nothing but wedding dreams
See every cent is equivalent to a bullet, so it ain't no
Damn hoe, giving me the shooter run out of my ammo
I'm like Rambo in the cruiser, I maneuver with a Ruger
Cause I'm sitting propped up on the non-stoppers, any jacker with a prover
Excuse her who you talking to sir, nigga I'm talking to you
See that hoe came in the club with me, how could she walk in with you
Nigga I don't know I ain't certain, you ain't gotta be no brain surgeon
If you got game then it ain't working, nigga getting two to the brain curtains
You seen that show t.v. Bachelor, how them ladies react
Well everyday Chamillionaire's life is like, a episode of that
Ha-ha her car break down on a hill, I bet she make you get out and push
Taking that chick to Foot Locker, she never leave without a Swoosh and that's gangsta

(*talking*)

[Chamillionaire]

Million tempted by female, them smelling so good
She get in bed he swelling, she tell him he sho' should
Sex and sweat and yelling, them can tell I'm so hood
So I think I'm bout to claim her, I'm bout to tame her
Danger, damage you better believe she ain't ya
Average type of gangsta, excuse me what is your name girl
Danger, she's dressed to kill she's gangsta
Looking like a model, while she's kissing trying to bang ya
Smoking holes in dead bodies, just pulling hoes with their bodies
Full of tattoos matter fact who, running with boo and nails prbably
A drug dealer or a thug nigga, with a couple rocks in his left shoe
Chopping up rocks till he get through, but he trying to get a knot to impress you
Tell me what the hell is his purpose, putting diamonds all on her fist

The reason you doing dirt kiss, money could buy that guy he's worthless
Game tighter than her skirt is, as she leaves him in pieces
Till she eases her cleavage out, and sees it's his weakness
Think, your body's tight the mood is right and if it seems
That you're not in love with my money, more than me
I'll be the king on the throne, you can be my queen
Baby let's get it on, come be on my dream team

(*humming*)

[Chamillionaire]

See I'm telling you fellas, she more gangsta than you'll ever be
She get cheddar can get a G, without cocking the desert E'
Never shot been on lock a lot, but it wasn't for felonies
Man fussing and handcuffing, he doesn't wanna let her free
Hispanic, Asian, Caucasian, even my Black queens
Not all of them are after do', though
Eighty percent of them, are only after that green
She wanna slam candy do's, and ride 4's
But, no-no-no-no
Baby I don't think so, I don't think sooo
She wanna slam, candy do's
Tell her I don't think so, I don't think sooo