

Chamillionaire, Somebody Gonna Get Hurt

[Chorus]

I get that paper, I do it major
I'm stayin sucker-free and, I'm shakin haters (OHH!)
I ain't really tryin to hurt nobody (say what?)
I ain't really tryin to hurt nobody (say what?)
I ain't really tryin to hurt nobody
Is somebody gonna get hurt up in here? Probably

[Chamillionaire]

My money get jealous, I keep the dough in check
The checks bounce, give me cash and give me mo' interest
Rick Rock, now I get the dough goin west
20 thou' on the ground, what'chu wanna bet?
If I lose I roll another bet to even up
Keep lookin for the dough like I ain't seen enough
Fully equipped the whip, that would be a plus
Hop off the you-know-what and I'ma leave it up
(Tell us what you leavin up) The dough on the Lambo'
Don't try to be a Rambo or be an example
Passport paper, ain't a place that I can't go
Haters gettin sick 'bout to +Earl+, like Kimbo (ugh!)
Go ahead man, smack yourself silly
Rubberbands never fit when I package my scrilly
Overseas but I'm still the man back in my city
Ugh, put the cream on the acne like Diddy (what'chu mean?)
Show you how to make 'em put the paper in your face
Let the yellow bones know that it's time to skate
Pillsbury dough sho' make a lot of cake
Time to show all of these suckas how to paper chase
The blueprint for the paper, just rewind it back
Yeah our money cash cars, I be rhymin that
Stay ballin on the base like a Diamondback
While you in the crowd gettin mad because the concert packed

[Chorus]

[Chamillionaire]

Two chicks talkin to me on the 3-way

Breeze blowin in the hair of my breezy
Woodgrain I'ma grab when you see me
Oakland in my hand like it's eBay
Both chicks beggin me to come to see A
No time like I ran out of prepaid
If you don't go and give this hotness to the DJ
You'll need a Doctor and it ain't gonna be Dre
Fans tryin to figure out and try to find who
the last verse of the last hearse applied to
I could tell you a lie and tell you it's not you
But like B on the ScanTron - not true
Cause y'all boys is costumes
I brush 'em off like the canvas in an art room
Bring it on boy, my victory's your doom
Your plan was to 'Samity Sam me but it's gone BOOM!

[Chorus]

[Chamillionaire]

Some people hate to see you spendin the new bucks
You better not show your animosity to us
Hit gon' have the three K's like Klu Klux
So bring 'em to the barber that'll give 'em a crewcut
Yup! That mean minus a couple

Need to be findin your mind instead of findin some trouble
Cause it's obvious you lost when we up out of the huddle
Ready to blitz, yup - I seen you in outer space like a shuttle
Ha ha; one mil', two mil', three, fo' mil'
Stayin hungry like I missed the past fo' meals
Half a mil' still tell a man "No deal"
Ridin with the type of bananas you don't peel
Yeah, the type of weapon that don't jam
Like most of these rappers in this game that don't man
Plus the homie ridin with me is no fan
Don't bring the drama wit'chu if you ain't bringin no plan

[Chorus]