

Chamillionaire, Southern Takeover

[Intro]

[Chamillionaire]

The sound of revenge, haha
Woo, tell em what it is mayne
Tell 'em what it is

[Pastor Troy]

Welcome to the New World Order
Atlanta, Georgia

[Chamillionaire]

Houston, Texas, he already know

[Pastor Troy]

The south is takin over

[Chorus x2 - Chamillionaire]

Just look over your shoulder
Shoulder
Let me see who just showed up
SShowed up
It's the southern takeover
It's over
You better tell em I got drinks that stand on top try and stop
Pop pop pop

[Mr. Mike]

It's the Mr. Falcon Toter, cook cook coke with baking soda
Blun roller, dro smoker, wood gripper, pistol whipper
Light your nigga if he figure fuckin' wit my click will make him
Richer, he should know instead of it will make him deader
Deader money, fucking with my money, get yo money
Stacked right out of Sunday School
On a bright and sunny sunday, this ain't fun
I ain't joking bout my coke and package from a shaolin
Might kidnap your wife and daughter, bury them down deep in Georgia
No D.A. or fucking lawyers prosecuting witnesses
We executing, start to shooting, starting to do this fucking violence
Start a riot, get this muthafucker crunk or as crunk you can get it
That that dro, I'm a hit it, out of line, nigga I spit it
Spit it, live it, cause I live it, you don't walk it, you just talkin
Pistol totin and they knowing that's my snow and got his dope and
I ain't holdin, steady slangin, right on your black-a-block
Hit your trap, set up shop, try and stop, blot blot block

[Chorus - Chamillionaire]

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[Chamillionaire]

This ain't about a image, this ain't about a gimmick
Cause you stand to the side and the game gotta diminish
I'm damn sure that this city don't think that he the realest
He whooping on his ass before he finishing his sentence
I've only got a minute to tell you about a digit
You looking at a nigga like I ain't about to get it
I'm looking at the money like I ain't about to finish
So you need to mind your business if you worried bout your business

Uh, I'm a H-Town Soldier, I'm a come
With the trunk up, and don't remind cha
If you say your getting it, shoulda told you bout a
Nigga named Chamillionaire that's fo sho a problem
You don't want no problem
Problem
Got amnesia gonna let the fo-fo remind 'em
Yeah you tip on and ride em, We ride 4-4s when the dough beside 'em
6'6 taller looking like he a sinner, 10 tattoos looking like he a killer
Skinny ass niggas don't fight with a nigga, Pull out a billfold, put a price on a nigga
It's kinfolk, put a knife in a nigga from his car to his pocket then right in his liver
It was a big boy to put a slice in the middle, ? Mr. Mike with the killer
Don't mess with the south, homie that's a dream, hallucinating or imagining
We so XXL with the gats I mean, something ready to blow in the magazine
You know that them southern cash is mean, front dents smile for me when I stash my cream
Pull up with the candy paint that'll match my green, Killer, Pastor, they just ain't imagining

[Chorus - Chamillionaire]

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[Pastor Troy]

Y'all know me as PT, well uh huh and all of that
Black on black with black tip, I can't help but represent
I content I wanna know who the fuck you take me for
Studio rappers without your boy's tape, drop my top and bust my ak
No more play in G-A, yeah that's a classic
Riding in the classic, totin' me a plastic
Send 'em to the casket, send 'em to the morgue
Slap me a nigga cause I'm muthafuckin' bored
Chamillionaire, I kinda fond of my surroundings
Get my Desert Eagle and get to muthafuckin' pounding
Up and down the street, throwin' heat out the driver seat
Riding to the beat, tell them niggas adjust they feet

[Chorus x2]