

Chamillionaire, They Ain't Ready Freestyle

[Chamillionaire]

The Buddhists they holla Buddah, make sinners say hollaluah
I'm the God of mix tapes, watch me drive the Impala through the
Ghetto twenty inch metal, go get your two college rulers
I'll teach you how to correct your speech, but I'm not a tutor
How you playas gonna deny the answer, to all your prayers
It's not fair, you can not compete Chamillionaire
Attitude stinky, from now on when I'm round y'all
Sniff I know you can feel me nigga, like a bloodhound dog
I done took over the streets, so they call me the groundhog
When these boys on a cold streak, I bring heat like a brown log
In the fire place you fired, I'm the boss you the maid
I would suspend you with no pay, but you never got paid
Don't talk down shut up, like a attic door on the ceiling
Boy I'm a villain, you ain't got no royal you's a kitten
Sipping on some sour milk, Color Changin' tower get crushed
There ain't a plane, that can wreck and crash harder than us
Seems like we beefing, but I ain't even know we had problems
Maybe cause our money's stacked, like Tetris rows in columns
Not a Saint I'm a lunatic, Nelly ain't colder than him
You going down down baby, speak on us again
You can't win won't say your name, unless you get rich off of me
Cause if I say your name, then that would be free publicity
Speak under your breath about royalty, is something you don't do
And I bet you think this song is about you, don't you