

# 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