

# Chamillionaire, Turn It Up Remix

Chamillitary, S.U.C. mix, hol' up  
This is the Sound of Revenge  
This for all my O.G. Screw Heads  
Rest in Peace to Fat Pat, DJ Screw  
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This is the Sound of Revenge  
This for all my O.G. Screw Heads  
Rest in Peace to Fat Pat, DJ Screw  
I'ma show ya, how to work a wood wheel  
Chrome lady, leaning over that grill  
Getting money, rapping for the hood still  
You know, I'ma keep it all the way trill  
Trunk pop, sitting crooked on 4's  
Hit a club, man we finna get thoed  
Got the world, body rocking fa sho so  
Tell the DJ, to screw it down for me real slow  
Making a good feeling grinning, gripping the wood wheeling  
Candy do's glassy 4's, sitting up under the hood bending  
You know how we live it, swangas under the hood spinning  
You could look at my five fingers, see it's nothing but wood in 'em  
Man got to do it, when I do it I do it big  
Them haters getting pissed, Chamillitary and Screwed Up Click  
Head out to the crib, stick ya fingers in the fridge  
Them haters getting pissed, Chamillitary and Screwed Up Click  
Head out to the crib, stick ya fingers in the fridge  
Something cold to get ya throwed, go on fill it up to the lid  
The multi-colored bling, raises up my self-esteem  
Got me feeling like the only thing, hot as myself is steam  
Don't mean to 'cause a scene, but almost every time I'm seen  
Looking like another scene, out of Johnny the Jeweler's dreams  
Out that Houston Texas, where we bigger but we badder  
I'm a Southern nigga, you could see it in my swagger  
I could go commercial, but I won't 'cause I would rather  
Keep heat and keep it street, 'Sound of Revenge', I'ma get at ya boy  
I'ma show ya, how to work a wood wheel  
Chrome lady, leaning over that grill  
Getting money, rapping for the hood still  
You know, I'ma keep it all the way trill  
Trunk pop, sitting crooked on 4's  
Hit a club, man we finna get thoed  
Got the world, body rocking fa sho', so  
Tell the DJ, to screw it down for me real slow  
I'ma show you boys, how to work a wood wheel  
First thing game face on, hand on a steel  
You gotta be ready, in the land of the trill  
'Cause if them jackers catch ya slipping, lil' man it's for real  
I'ma show you boys, how to work a wood wheel  
First thing game face on, hand on a steel  
You gotta be ready, in the land of the trill  
'Cause if them jackers catch ya slipping, lil' man it's for real  
Second thing dog, when your hands on the grain  
It never hurts to have a lil' ice in your ring  
Unless the boppers know, that you got a lil' change  
So they gotta come correct, 'cause you're not the one for games  
Third thang dog, man your trunk gotta knock  
So they hear ya ten seconds, 'fore you come around the block  
If you wanna square it off, stop and drop the top  
Chunk up the deuce, then let your trunk pop  
And when your trunk pop, man that bitch gotta glow  
Pay attention dog, I'm a break 'em off pro  
Ya tuned into the sounds, of that boy Lil' O  
'Da Fat Rat Wit' Da Cheeze' in the H, this how it go nigga  
I'ma show ya, how to work a wood wheel  
Chrome lady, leaning over that grill

Getting money, rapping for the hood still  
 You know, I'ma keep it all the way trill  
 Trunk pop, sitting crooked on 4's  
 Hit a club, man we finna get thoed  
 Got the world, body rocking fa sho', so  
 Tell the DJ, to screw it down for me real slow  
 Let's get it crunk let's make it jump, H-A-Dub on keep it pump  
 Smoke a blunt pop a trunk, I'ma teach you boys how to stunt  
 H-Town's my stomping ground, a legend from the underground  
 You heard the buzz in your town, a new king has been crowned  
 Turn it up a lil' bit, 'cause this jam is the shit  
 This is the remix and H.A.W.K. was the perfect fit  
 Now this is a smash hit, produced by Scott Storch  
 The effort I'm gon' put forth, I'ma blaze a track like a human torch  
 H-Town's my stomping ground, a legend from the underground  
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 Now this is a smash hit, produced by Scott Storch  
 The effort I'm gon' put forth, I'ma blaze a track like a human torch  
 In H-Town we do it up, Chop it up and Screw it up  
 Purple weed and purple stuff, now everybody doing us  
 Here's the deal, grab the wheel, at stop signs we don't yield  
 Swang left then swang right, don't let your damn drank spill  
 In H-Town we do it up, Chop it up and Screw it up  
 Purple weed and purple stuff, now everybody doing us  
 Here's the deal, grab the wheel, at stop signs we don't yield  
 Swang left then swang right, don't let your damn drank spill  
 The real deal ain't no bluff, am I the baddest sho' 'nuff  
 Now turn that damn music up, and make sho' it's slowed up  
 Screwed up or Slowed down, we representing H-Town  
 And if you ain't from around, this how it go down  
 Yeah E.S.G. now the king is back, Chamillionaire next up to bat  
 Get up in the cats we'll snatch your tracks, sit Lacs blue and the  
 Porsche is black, down here our music Slowed, don't prefer no 6-4's  
 Than a '66 Lincoln, with the suicide do's  
 Trunk glow sitting low, like my last name was Kennedy  
 Sound scan man, sold a million independently  
 O.G. like I'm Eazy, hot boy like Weezy  
 O.G. like I'm Eazy, hot boy like Weezy  
 O.G. like I'm Eazy, hot boy like Weezy  
 Got the hood saying yeah, like I'm Young Jeezy  
 Sipping on drank my bed is swollen, hotel suites with Kelly Rowland  
 Texas, Louisiana, Georgia drop top Cheve's rolling  
 "Wanna be a Baller" I wrote that, screw microphone I broke that  
 Get out of line, I'll send your ass where the Pope at  
 Bentley Coupe-a me and Koopa, tipping by them state troopers  
 Round here, boys disappear like it was a roofer  
 Land of the trill, got me grill grilling woman  
 Every summer dropping bombs, like we was out in London, yeah  
 I'ma show ya, how to work a wood wheel  
 Chrome lady, leaning over that grill  
 Getting money, rapping for the hood still  
 You know, I'ma keep it all the way trill  
 Trunk pop, sitting crooked on 4's  
 Hit a club, man we finna get thoed  
 Got the world, body rocking fa sho', so  
 Tell the DJ, to screw it down for me real slow  
 Respect the originator, rest in peaces, DJ Screw  
 Stay down and stay thoed, and stay true