

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
You heard the buzz in your town, a new king has been crowned
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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
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