

Chamillionaire, U Ain't Gotta Go Home

[Intro]

We have the elegant styles of Chamillitary... hmm? what?

We have the elegant styles of the Chamillitary Band

On the bass drum you have the elegant Bose the Bobo

"The Big Face Spender";, and on the bass guitar you have Tanto "The Human Bee

Give it up for Justo's Dirty South DJ of the Year

I'm sure y'all know the scratch patterns of uhhh...

uhhh... OG Ron C aka "The Jills in my Shills"; oh!, you on fire baby

So as we get on to the proceedings this evening, it's yours truly...

Chamillitary mayne

[Chorus - singing]

You ain't gotta go home (you ain't gotta go)

but you gotta get the hell up outta here

If you got someone (somebody)

then go get you a room at The Holiday Inn

You ain't got no one (nobody)

than go have some fun by yourself (ohhh yeaaaah)

But whatever you do

don't let the door knob hit you on the way out

[Verse 1]

Niggaz was throwin' rocks at the thrown and I got word of that

The sequel to The Messiah? For what, I already murdered that

Niggaz hatin' on me but look at 'em, the nerve of that

Nigga this ain't this type of beef you can't take the burger back

Burn it back, into my pocket I'm tryin' to stop it

unless your mouth keeps leakin'

Dick back in your socket

How does it feel, to know you wasted your whole lifetime

Livin' your whole lifetime just to worry 'bout mine

Gimmick niggaz was dissin' me, he was fake they was missin' me

Came to replace and make history, B I made 'em history

You could feel like you real because that feeling

eventually gonna shrivel up when reality turns it into misery

You niggaz is killin' me with your wannabe me's

You a artist, we bosses the one's that fund the CD's

All you gonna-be, wannabe, gonna punish me please

You got me laughin', I'm askin' if niggaz wanna be Steve

Harvey, no your hardly, funny at all

Runnin' the Game not at all, homie your runnin' your jaw

We grown folks, kiddie schoolers need to go run up the hall

Nigga's borin', just ignore 'em and the dummy will fall

My brother is my descendant, we runnin' a mile a minute

Hut, hut! it's time to win it, I'll see you behind the finish

If you get there, quit there

Got your swisha lit player?

Blow smoke in the air for the Color Changin' Click, chea...

{*applause*}

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Ladies and gentlemen, homie must be on heroine

Victory for me, but he thought he would have the narrow win

My aim is to blam', when I load it inside the barrel

and put the third eye on him and do a little more than stare at him

Poet, I know it I'm mister modern day Shakespeare

I'm a writer, survivalist; what it is? It ain't fear

The absolute truth is just something some niggaz can't hear

He don't live here no mo', he got convicted he ain't here

How the heck you set fiction on a table, put truth aside

What you speakin' my nigga, you can't look me into my eyes?

The good Lord spoke the truth and that just got him
crucified, y'all scared of the sharp dagger
Your tradin' your truth for lies
Look me in my eyes, nevermind I ain't tryin' to spook ya
Voice of the present, the past, yup I'm the future
Soon as you speak the truth all the hater'll try to
mute ya, but if you the truth arbitrators will call ya Koopa
Martin Luther King Koopa
Many of 'em will listen, but if you can't take the
heat than get ya hot ass out the kitchen
I heard words from Makaveli ridin' was the ambition
so I bomb first on fake niggaz like I'm in his position
"Aye Chamillion you trippin'", nuh-uh I'm handling business
Raise my hand to the man and my right hand as my witness
I got a fo' to the fizzle that's sure to damage your
fitness, but it ain't really even that serious to tan ya with stitches
P you actin' suspicious, you know me better than that
If it was for a false reason I would never react
But you know me better than rap, niggaz was tellin' me fact
So you could miss me with publicity if they tellin' me that, never that...

{*applause*}

[talking]

Thank you, thank you I appreciate the support
Everyone please take your seats, I'm not done...
there's more...

[Verse 3]

In this world of falsifying where niggaz be claimin' they real
Turn around and tell you a lie 'bout what he paid on his grill
Same nigga that talk big 'bout what he made on his deal
The same that ask me for advice like "They don't pay me Chamill'"
Rappers ain't really real only a few of 'em ball
pissy colored diamonds yup I'm one of the few of 'em y'all
Talkin' about yo' piece and chain and a few lil' cars
Four thousand to five thousand for what you do as a star
But keepin' money in the vault is the hardest part of the art
Knowledge got my crew smart even when my crew is apart
"Chamillionaire you did 'em wrong, why don't you get a heart?"
If I showed it to you would you see what it could do in the dark
Whether you like it or not don't really matter to me
'cause most of the love I normally keep inside my family tree
So you can gossip 'bout what really happened with
Hatta and me, or you can gossip how so and so way better than me
It don't really matter to me, because I'm done with it now
The maturity level that I'm at isn't even fun for a child
So set your mouse pad on the internet and punish my style
Or set your Reeboks on the streets of Houston runnin' me down
It's whatever I been better at provin' a nigga wrong
Tell Goliath I don't need rocks to prove a lil' nigga strong
So tell Watts, forgive me I'm groovin', I'm in my zone
Property of Mike who? He ain't here that little nigga gone

{*applause*}