

Big Pokey, Do Our Thang

(*talking*)

Hold up, it's the Mix Tape Messiah
Boy Pokey, know I'm tal'n bout
Rolling vehicles on swangs, diamonds on our chains yeah

[Hook]

Go on show em, how we do our thang
Throwing diamonds in my chain, show em how we do our thang
Rolling vehicles on swangs, go on show em how we do our thang
Throwing liquor in my brain, throw some dick off in your dame
And let my niggaz, do the same

[Chamillionaire]

Up on a hill, but Chamill time to chill
I ain't trying to sit still, just trying to peel
I put my hand, wrapped up around the wheel
Turned down one mill, and shining still
Not panicking, I'm landing in Nevada and five grand I spend
I'm mashing in you mad again, well I'm throwing sand in two tanned twins
Rims gigantic and, you pissed cursing and slandering
Cause I'm on the other side, of the planet and
You stuck watching, Making the Band again
Having sex with your hand again, keep sticking your dick in your stiff hand
Act like, you wannna plex with Cham
Cause your pockets, addicted to stick man
Don't forget to switch hands, can't knock us the top up
We fold up trunk locked up, unlocked up and popped up
You boys think I'm diabetic, I don't mess with you sweet cakes
I eat steaks and we chase, the green face like beef cakes
Chamillionaire, but they call me Pistol Pete in each state
For pete sake if he hate, my heat make his teeth break
Deface, he think we playing with y'all
And that boy, be able to taste his DNA in his jaw

[Hook - 2x]

[Mussilini]

It be the M-U double S-I, L-I-N-I
Me, Chamillionaire, Po-Yo be the billionaire, we be so fly
We gangsta with it niggaz roll in the gangsta city, stay gangsta fitted
Don't be in the gangsta bidness, you lil' wanksta niggaz
I keep a toll on the block, and I'm swanging thick
Head banging niggaz, blades swang at niggaz
Duke and jab in the Benz, so I break a nigga
South claiming nigga, here to slang a nigga
You can aim a nigga, and I'll tame a nigga
Pop game in the lane, with a gang of niggaz
Hot flame through the brain, of a laming nigga
My name stay the same, won't change a nigga
Bring pain through the game, like a famous nigga
Tote stainless niggaz, that's born to hate
Mad cause they gal, wanna fornicate
Better meditate cat keep your cool, cause Mussili' ain't make the rules
But Mussili', gon break the rules
And make them dudes, and waitress dudes
Like a And 1 Mix Tape, through the lane I'ma take these fools
Eight days in the game, we dynamite
Bout to line a pipe, and take a minor flight
Necks bling cause the diamonds bright, techs bring cheese finer life
Fresh thing on china white, da-da-da-la-la-la
Lo-lo and la-la-la, make them hoes say ma-ma-ma
We leave a hole in your eye dada, if you fuck with us

[Hook - 2x]

[Big Pokey]

Y'all know how we do our thang, hoe we from the clutch
Big rims wide bodies, 6-4's strapped doing double dutch
I'm the boss I could tote the bucks, line my ducks up in a row
Nigga out here getting stage money, buying birds pimp hoes
14-5 when I let em go, stop and go's when I'm on the move
Glock 4-5 in the pop spot snooze you lose, you know the rules
Old school like a eight track, my cake stacked like a brick wall
Put it up don't fuck with it, cause you don't know when you might pitfall
See the roof when the 6 crawl, hands free when I'm on the phone
Can't keep the same line, cause bitch niggaz keep talking wrong
Some hoes catch dial tones, hung up on what you talking bout
Baby you need to be saying something, for the simple fact we talk a lot
I'ma keep doing my thizzle, on the fa rizzle
On the grizzle, I got em for thirty fizzle a pizzle my nizzle
Everything I touch is fa shizzle, you know the dizzle
I'm either on the floss with my pistol, or a sizzle

[Hook - 2x]