

# Chamillionaire, Cadillac Freestyle

[Chamillionaire]

If I was kin to the fat rat  
I'd be the fat rat with the gat  
Fix ya act when I cock back  
my fifth talk back and get smacked  
I'm foul like I was playin' ball and hackin' at Shaq  
Gotta keep 2 straps, like a black back-pack on ya back  
I'm hot dog look at the foreign and tell me who's got the bread  
Speakers in my trunk hittin' harder then the force of a head  
Chord on the bed when fat people is sexin' in bed  
Screens keep fallin' like tryin' to sit on a chair with 3 legs  
If I was a old man about the height of Gary Coleman  
I'd still be chosen, cuz the hoes know I'ma throwed man  
I'm sittin' on butter, I got bread except no jam  
I'ma con and your dum like the damn trojan..  
Haha - condom get it? I'ma con and your dum  
Hock-heaters heat up the beef until that beef is full done  
Not Pimp C, but I'ma pimp see, don't act like your Bun  
If your not Bun-B you can bunjee, jump off a building  
With no chord, bogard yo braud cuz Koopa go hard  
If I'm surrounded by a bunch of ninja's then they ain't got no swords  
Cuz we on bike with loud pipes and they talkin' 'bout oh lord  
Yo squad can meet us in your ward, infront of yo yard  
Just got out the pen' now you and ya friend wanna begin to move birdies  
My street-smarts is to nerdy, you dropped out of school to early  
Twin and Twin runnin' up in, the skins of 2 girlies  
I don't live on the eastcoast but I'm always in a new jersey  
You should wear make-up cuz most of ya life is just made up  
We grade A thugs, you a Brandy's brother Ray J thug  
Ay-Hey cuz ain't gonna be none of the damn tape dubs  
Cuz if it ain't gotta hologram on it, then it ain't us