

Chamillionaire, Chamillionaire

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Miscellaneous

Chamillionaire

Nigga been sippin on that Hennessy and the gin again is in again we in the wind
Doin a hundred while I come from the block
And rollin another one up, we livin like we ain't givin a fuck
I got a revolver in my right hand, 40 oz on my lap freezing my balls
Roll a nigga tree, green leaves and all

Comin up pretty deep, me and my do-jo
I gotta get back to backstreets
Wanted by the six pound and I got heat glock glock shots to the block we creep creep
Pop Pop hope cops don't see me, on a low key
With no regards for the law we dodge em like fuck em all
But I won't get caught up and brought up on charges for none of y'all
Keep a gun in car, and a blunt to spark, but well if you want, nigga you poppin dark
Ready or not we bust shots off in the air Krayzie Bone and Chamillionaire

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Chamillionaire]

Do what you thinkin so, I tried to let you go
Turn up a blink of light and I swang it slower
A nigga upset for sure cause they think they know that they catchin me with plenty of the drinkin dr
So they get behind me tryin to check my tags, look at my rearview and they smilin
Thinkin they'll catch me on the wrong well keep tryin
Cause they denyin is racial profiling
Houston, TX you can check my tags
Pull me over try to check my slab
Glove compartment gotta get my cash
Cause the crooked cops try to come up fast
And been a baller that I am I talk to them, giving a damn bout not feeling my attitude
When they realize I ain't even ridin dirty bet you'll be leavin with an even madder mood
I'mma laugh at you then I'mma have to cruise I'm in number two on some more DJ Screw
You can't arrest me plus you can't sue
This a message to the laws tellin them WE HATE YOU
I can't be toss or tell em that they shoulda known
Tippin down sittin crooked on my chrome
Bookin my phone tryin to find a chick I wanna bone
Like they couldn't stop me I'mma bout to pull up at your home and it's on

[Chorus 2x]