

Chamillionaire, Come Back To The Streets

Come back to the streets, yea (x3)
Chamillionaire
Even when i'm not there and i'm here like air
(Keep sayin my name)
Fresh off the plane from Spain and uh
(Keep sayin my name)
Back to playin the rap game, its yours truly
Come on, say it with me
Chamillitary mayne
You should worry bout you while you worry bout me
At the top of the charts is where you know that I'll be
I got the streets on lock and I'm insertin my key
I got the game on smash
Come back to the streets (x2)

[Verse 1]

Had to make a couple trips to the islands
Now i'm internationally known
Had to make another switch with
My provider got the international phone
Had to add a little bit to the rider
First class have I asked to be flown
And they keep callin me, tellin me get back in your zone
These boys is cartoon characters, too much imagination
Just a little too much animation from the maker
They know Cham can erase them
Travelled all over the world
And my experience is
Yall experienceless, yall aint experienced shit
I grabbed the grammy, I hold the one
Got plenty strikes, way more than some
Hush your mouth please, hold your tongue
No obstacle could ever slow my run
When it come to rappin I'm the coldest one
Put my hand in the air and I froze the sun
Got the platinum plaque, not the golden one
And I look at yall like I told ya uhh
Been a boss, win them cars, pull up I bet ya that menopause
Yea menopause like women drawers
Yea I bet i show ya how to kill that noise
Phantom of the opera pass em by your copper
In the new phantom, phantom is a dropper
Cash I got a lot you mad cuz you are not the talk up in the streets
And mad cuz you are not, uh
They say its got to be street
They say its got to be street, don't go commercial Koopa
Its got to be street
Major label aint the only thing universal about me

Come back to the streets (x2)
And gimmick rappers they focus, most of these jokers is chokers
But I don't even play poker, pull em down your cheesy lookin posters
They look up to me like a bird
I look down on em like the curb
My movement lookin like its movin
Your movement look like a *screeeech*

They callin me
Come back to the streets
(Keep sayin my name)
They callin me, they callin me
(Keep sayin my name)
They callin me

(Keep sayin my name)
Come back to the streets
You should worry bout you while you worry bout me
At the top of the charts is where you know that I'll be
I got the streets on lock and I'm insertin my key
Come back to the streets (x2)

[Verse 2]

Yea, the life I live is just like a movie
Every corporation, they tryna sue me
Phony people be tryna glue me
Till they side they try stick it to me
Lucky for me I got the tooley
Not black and decker but its black I bet ya
Stay in the streets, do that for pleasure
So much paper they ask to measure
When the ruler or stackin moula
Is speakin to ya don't interrupt
Middle finga up on the ceiling
Somebody gon eff you up
Don't let the black tux fool ya cuz I am not the one
I come out the suit like Clark Kent to make sure your done
Rappers aint real, rappers they fakere and frontas
They caucasian in the winter then turn Jamaican in the summer
Flippin with Pitman and Straw you know they aint just some gunnaz
Personal trainers thatll brang a couple thangs and make you a runner
Gotta like the producers that made this track
The producers who made ya stacks
Some of you losers need ta face the facts
Put up the duece the ace is back
Take out the rappers you think are whack
Put Chamillitary in place of that
Watch how I erase em and take the plaques
Then I unloosen a case of *gunshot*