

Chamillionaire, Creepin

Venom

You don't grind and get to the money

And you ain't hungry, I won't feed ya

I ain't hangin' with no hater

No faker

No diva

I do it big and they say they did

And tryna take my credit like stole Visa

If it's lonely at the top (top), I'd rather be alone

'cuz the closest people to ya

The ones who gonna do ya wrong

Backstabbing me for a broad

I promise that I will lose no sleep

'cause Jenny Craig can be your freak

But my bank account gon' stay obese

[Chorus]

(Ludacris)

Say you what I'll be doing man

I be, creeping lower than low

Light another blunt, I'm smoking the dro

Chokin', lokin', never provoke him

And a drunk'll get popped and I'll open the do'

Lungs full of smoke

Got me slower than slow

Feel like I'm trapped and there's nowhere to go

So I, just pull out the bazooka (blah!)

Put a fuckin' hole in the flo'

Luda! I'm so dope wit' the flow

Trunk fulla speakers, pocket fulla ????

How much wood could a wood chuck chuck

If a wood chuck could chuck wood

Grippin' on the wheel

Turn it, turn it

Blow another stack

I earned it, earned it

Blow another amp

Pull another tramp

Light another blunt

Burn it, burn it

Flame it up, hear my flow, I changed it up

Everybody grab your gats and hold 'em

Load 'em, sock 'em, lock 'em, cock 'em and aim it up

Bang it up, off in the sky

Catch me rollin' off in the ride

26 inches

Leave 'em defenseless

45 always tucked in the side

Open your eyes, see me cruisin'

'cuz I keep winning and these boys keep losing

Plus I'm, the pimp of the year

Playas is hatin' and hoes is choosing

Look at all the hoes you losing

Then look at all the game I got

And you can catch me creepin' on the low-low

Luda ridin' solo, beatin' the block!

[Chorus]