

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]