

Chamillionaire, Creepin' (Solo)

[Chorus]:

In the streets, I'm peepin' game
I can't trust you, no no
All up in my business, mayne
I stay on the low-low
Say they really, really fake
Can't mess wit' you no mo'
Closest people to you hate
So I be rollin' solo
I'm creepin' on the low-low
Creepin' on the low-low
Creepin on the low-low
I be rollin', I be rollin' solo
I'm creepin' on the low
Creepin' on the low-low
Creepin' on the low-low
I be rollin', I be rollin' solo
I'm creepin' on the low

[Verse 1]:

Mo' money, yeah, mo' problems
What Biggie said it look like it true
Used to be my homeboy
But now I'm paid so they tryna sue
My garage got Jaguars
My garage look like a zoo
Middle finger up for the haters
Hope the hater here isn't you
Super-cool, that's real cool
You can feel like you gotta friend
But I ain't trusting my money counter
And that's the reason I count again
You saw the Forbes, yeah
I'm suspicious
Thinking everybody wanna take my riches
Can't take my money out my account
Cuz my bank teller get motion sickness
Back and forth, back back and forth
From in the streets or right back in court
Candy car built like a tank
And my crib built like a fort
Let's go to war
I ain't George Bush
I promise ya'll I'm gon' be prepared
Cuz I ain't trusting my weapon either
And that's the reason I keep a spare

[Chorus]:

In the streets, I'm peepin' game
I can't trust you, no no
All up in my business, mayne
I stay on the low-low
Say they really, really fake
Can't mess wit' you no mo'
Closest people to you hate
So I be rollin' solo
I'm creepin' on the low-low
Creepin' on the low-low
Creepin on the low-low
I be rollin', I be rollin' solo
I'm creepin' on the low
Creepin' on the low-low
Creepin' on the low-low
I be rollin', I be rollin' solo
I'm creepin' on the low

[Verse 2]:

I ain't hangin' with none of y'all
Win the Grammy, thank God and family
And all of you I'm gon' leave out
If you don't like it, then peace out
Look around and I see doubt
I been known to get to the president like Barack is on speed-dial
Yeah, it's all about me now
Don't want ya and don't need ya
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
Cuz Jenny Craig can be your freak
But my bank account gon' stay obese
[Chorus]:
In the streets, I'm peepin' game
I can't trust you, no no
All up in my business, mayne
I stay on the low-low
Say they really, really fake
Can't mess wit' you no mo'
Closest people to you hate
So I be rollin' solo
I'm creepin' on the low-low
Creepin' on the low-low
Creepin' on the low-low
I be rollin', I be rollin' solo
I'm creepin' on the low
Creepin' on the low-low
Creepin' on the low-low
I be rollin', I be rollin' solo
I'm creepin' on the low
[Verse 3 - Ludacris]:
I be, creeping lower than low
Light another blunt, I'm smoking the dro
Chokin', lokin', never provokin'
But the trunk'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 goods
How much wood could a wood chuck chuck
If a wood chuck could chuck wood, grain
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]:

In the streets, I'm peepin' game
I can't trust you, no no
All up in my business, mayne
I stay on the low-low
Say they really, really fake
Can't mess wit' you no mo'
Closest people to you hate
So I be rollin' solo
I'm creepin' on the low-low
Creepin' on the low-low
Creepin' on the low-low
I be rollin', I be rollin' solo
I'm creepin' on the low
Creepin' on the low-low
Creepin' on the low-low
I be rollin', I be rollin' solo
I'm creepin' on the low
Holla at me haters!