

Chamillionaire, Get Up Outta Here

[Hook]

You ain't gotta go home, but you gotta get the hell up out of here
If you got someone, then go get you a room at the Holiday Inn
If you ain't got no one, then go have some fun by yourself
But whatever you do, don't let the door knob hit you on the way out

[Chamillionaire]

Niggaz was throwing rocks at the throne, and I got word of that
The sequel to the Messiah, for what I already murdered that
Niggaz hating on me, but look at 'em the nerve of that
Nigga this ain't this type of beef, you can't take the burger back
Burn it back into my pocket, I'm trying to stop it
Unless your mouth keeps leaking, dick back in your socket
How does it feel, to know you wasted your whole lifetime
Living your whole lifetime, just to worry bout mine
Gimik niggaz was dissing me, he was fake they was missing me
Came to replace and make history, B I made 'em history
You could feel like you real, because that feeling eventually
Gon shrivel up, when reality turns it into misery
And you niggaz is killing me, with your wanna-be-me's
You a artist we bosses, the ones that funded c.d.'s
All your gonna-be wanna-be, gonna punish me please
You got me laughing, I'm asking if niggaz wanna be Steve
Harvey, no you're hardly funny at all
Running the game not at all, homie you running your jaw
We grown folks, kiddy schoolers need to go run up the hall
Niggaz boring just ignore him, and the dummy'll fall
My brother is my descendent, we running a mile a minute
Hut-hut it's time to win it, I see you behind the finish
If you get there quit there, got ya swisha lit playa
Blow smoke in the air, for the Color Changin' Click g'yeah

(*cheering*)

(*talking*)

Ha-ha thanks a lot, appreciate it 'ppreciate it
Hey mayn, shout out to everybody out there all the fans
That been staying down with a nigga, you know I'm saying
Through his whole career, watching him grow
Watch us make it to that next level, we on our way baby
You know I'm saying what up George Lopez, Juan Gonzalez
Sup mayn, y'all holding me down still mayn
Shout out to my niggaz out there on the West, what up Balance
Ha-ha yeah ha, shout out to my niggaz over there on the East Coast mayn
Selene what's up baby Garvey what's up dog ha-ha, Chamilitary mayn

[Hook]

[Chamillionaire]

Ladies and gentlemen, homie must be on heroine
Victory for me, but he thought he would have the narrow win
My aim is to blame, when I load it inside the barrel and
Put the third eye on him, and do a lil' more than stare at him
Poet I know it, I miss the modern day Shakespeare
I'm a rider survival is what it is, it ain't fear
The absolute truth, is just some'ing some niggaz can't hear
Mike don't live here no mo', he got convicted he ain't here
How the heck you set fiction on the table, put truth aside
What you speaking my nigga, you can't look me into my eyes
The good Lord spoke the truth, and that just got him crucified
Y'all scared of the sharp dagger, you trading your truth for lies
Look me in my eyes, nevermind I ain't trying to spook ya
Voice of the present the past, yep I'm the future
Soon as you speak the truth, all the haters will try to mute ya

But if you the truth, all pertrators will call you Koopa
Martin Luther King Koopa, many of 'em will listen
But if you can't take the heat, then get your hot ass out the kitchen
I heard words from Makevelli, riding was the ambition
So I bomb first on fake niggaz, like I'm in his position
Ay Chamillion you tripping, naw I'm handling bidness
Raise my hand to the man, and my right hand is my witness
I got a fo' to the fizzle, that's sure to damage your fitness
But it ain't really even that serious, to tear you with stitches
P you acting suspicious, you know me better than that
If it was for a false reason, I would never react
But you know me better than rap, niggaz was telling me facts
So you can miss me with publicity, if they telling me that never that

(*cheering*)

(*talking*)

Thank you-thank you, I appreciate the support
But everyone please take your seats, I'm not done there's more

[Chamillionaire]

In this world of falsifying, where niggaz be claiming they real
Turn around and tell you a lie, bout what he paid on his grill
Same nigga that talk big, bout what he made on his deal
This ain't ask me for advice, like they don't pay me Chamill'
Rappers ain't really real, only a few of 'em ball
Pissy colored diamonds yep, I'm one of the few of 'em y'all
Talking bout no piece and chain, and a few lil' cars
Four thousand or five thousand, for what you do as a star
Now keeping money in the vault, is the hardest part of the art
Knowledge got my crew smart, even when my crew was apart
Chamillionaire you did 'em wrong, why don't you get a heart
If I showed it to you, would you see what it could do in the dark
Whether you like it or not, don't really matter to me
Cause most of the love I know I'ma keep, inside my family tree
So you can gossip, bout what really happened with Hatta and me
Or you can gossip bout how so-and-so, way badder than me
It don't really matter to me, becuase I'm done with it now
Maturity level that I'm at, isn't even fun for a child
So set your mouse pad on the Internet, and punish my style
Or set your Reeboks on the streets of Houston, running me down
It's whatever I've been better, at proving a nigga wrong
Tell Goliath I don't need rocks, to prove a lil' nigga strong
So tell Watts, forget me I'm grooving I'm in my zone
Property of Mike who, he ain't here that lil' nigga gone

(*cheering*)

(*talking*)

Ha-ha ok we gon chill out, we gon chill out mayn
We gon try to just keep it moving, you know I'm saying
Focus on the music, give the fans some'ing to ride to
You know I'm saying, "The Sound of Revenge" will be
One of the best albums, to come out the South
And I put everything on that ha, let me give a couple shout out's
Shout out to Shahiem Reid, up there at MTV2 I appreciate the love
Flex, Ke'noe, Killa Mike, Big Girl, 'sup Nancy
We gon shake these haters off, know I'm saying ha-ha
Who am I forgetting, James Shepard 'sup up my nigga
'Sup my nig' ha-ha, O. Gizzle 'sup my nig'
I know somebody gon say I forgot 'em but man
I'll get you on the next go my nig', ha-ha