

Chamillionaire, How We Do It

Get love in your city, you'll get hate in your own city too

You know it's all cool, man

[Verse 2: ~Chamillionaire~]

Freestyle got better, jump shot got worse

So was basketball last and makin rap cash first

Doin rap concerts, that's what I call work

And soon as I hit the turf, the white girls go berserk

Really I ain't never had a whole lot of family

I had to go adopt a VMA and then a Grammy

Talkin to a person that ain't never met a granny

It's lonely at the top, you understand me?

But I still keep it movin, keep the money comin fast

They say the big challenge is to get the dough to mass

Savin money in my stash, movin like the Flash

But it seem the day is longer than the neck on a giraffe

Got Cokes in the cooler, headed to the Kappa Beach

Boys callin for a ride, why you actin like a leech?

1's on my feet, brand new chain and the piece

Every other stop sign I'm takin pictures with a freak, hold up

[Outro: ~Chamillionaire~ (talking)]

I'm-I'm-I'm-I'm-I'm the realest

I'm-I'm-I'm-I'm-I'm-I'm-I'm-I'm-I'm-I'm the realest

I'm-I'm-I'm-I'm-I'm-I'm-I'm-I'm-I'm-I'm the realest eva