

Chamillionaire, I Ball

[Lil Flip (Chamillionaire) - Talking]

What, Swishahouse, SuckaFree

Kiss a ass if you bootleggin'

(Hold up, Watts, bring that back)

(Chamillionaire, let me and Paul Wall get some of that)

[Chamillionaire]

Look

I'm not the type to brag about the size of my dick

'cause I would rather brag about the size of my chips

My dimes and my nicks and how I ride with ya sis'

with a diamond in my ear, bout the size of ya fist

Keep ya eyes on my wrist, while I shine and I glist

Don't sip-sip-syrup, I'm buyin the Cris'

I think some of yall niggaz, just tryin' to piss me off

'cause ya girlfriend dying to kiss this baller on the lips

I'm callin' it quits, ain't rappin' no more after this you wish

Get ya mind correct

Chamillionaire wreck a stereo don't even wanna let the tape out the deck

Throw up ya set, and take notes for my lesson

Everywhere I go I hear dumb ass questions

"Do you know Slim Thug, is he really a thug?"

"Is Ron C a DJ or does that nigga sell drugs?"

Get out my face, before I slap out the taste

I'm not really in the mood for catchin' a case

Haters get erased you can ask Ceas-a-Leo

Ya woman wanna be my queen, wanna be my Cleo

Patra I'll slap her, wrap her with a stack of

big faces go platinum and make em' put my plaque up

Don't bring good luck, I bring niggaz damage

Could make niggaz panic, when I chop it up in spanish;

No-No problemo', it's all to the bue'no

Not-Not Michael Watts gon' pass me a demo

Keep-Keep it real and keep the Chamillion on ya mind

Spit fire every line, now you can press rewind

(Track Rewinds then ends)