## Chamillionaire, I Know Ya Mad

[Repeat Chorus: (w/ ad libs)]

[Verse 2: ~Bun B~]

It takes a playa to know a playa, so let me greet ya

Welcome to & amp; quot; The Land Of The Trill& amp; quot;, I'm happy to meet ya

Bun Beeder the trill O.G. and not in the makin (makin)

You see this dough that I be takin and the broads' that I'm breakin (breakin)

We be bringin home the bacon, ain't no fakin over here though (here though)

Get mine in 2009 without dressin like a weirdo (weirdo)

It's real off in these streets but I don't never show no fear though

And it's still & amp; quot; UGK 4 Life & amp; quot;, in case it wasn't clear bro

Funny when you got nothin, nobody really cares

Like you don't even exist (huh), it's like you was never there (fo' real)

But soon as you get some bread, they lookin at you sideways

Askin 'bout a shortcut and if you got some side plays

Tell 'em & amp; quot; naw, it's hard work & amp; quot; (what?), they swear you lyin

And then you got to start the case, pleadin and denyin

Man you ain't got to explain yourself, don't tell 'em playa, show 'em (show 'em)

Then keep it movin G and act like you don't even know 'em

That's what's up

[Repeat Chorus: (w/ ad libs)]

[Break: ~Chamillionaire~ (singing)]

So you should love me baby (let's go), I'm puttin it down

I get love from ladies, they love that I shine (woo!)

I be hustlin daily, I stay gettin mine

So congratulate me (let's go) or hate me now

[Verse 3: ~Chamillionaire~]

Middle finger up to the industry, every person I pass is shady

Said I ain't commercial enough, my label still have to pay me

Fakers is fallin off (yeah), realness would gravitate me

My (Wheels) is of (Fortune), yeah Vanna White should congratulate me

She find out my worth and the pretty woman gon' have to hate me

Flirted with money, did it so well, that it had to date me

Police done got madder later, they see me and had to chase me

Trunk beatin so hard, pedestrians losin they balance baby

Pencil's a Desert Eagle, promise my lead is lethal

No we ain't equal, that's right, I'm hotter than desert people

Wallet's a scary movie, stackin the root of evil

Come back tomorrow, my bank deposit gon' get a sequel

I-I-I know ya mad