

Chamillionaire, Is Dat Yo Chic

(girl on Chorus)

Is dat yo chic the bitch grabbin
on that nigga dick is dat yo chic
x2

(Lil Flip)

The south bring alot of flow
ya know we got alot of hoes
we make them bitches drop that
shit own dont to tha floor
f**k dem whores who think they
run shit i make numba 1 hits
dey make flops they acutaly make
that shit that be called "not real hip hop"
T.I. be fellin on tha cops shake dem drades
like ya got tha mops for da heads ohhh

(Doe)

Ya know we back drippin stains
plus we be switchin lanes Maybach
do big things ohh f**k got my gat
loaded on my wasit we do that h-town stomp
then we 2 step to tha bass everybody in h-town
got that gat on they waist you know how we do
we aint no fools back again Loaded 4 10's
4-4 blow as high as the sky ya know im ride till
i die take yo chance and get a piece of da pie
every nigga gone ride till they die

(Chorus)

(Dj Drama Talking)

That was a hot freestlye but now we
got tha illest coming up the offical
king koopa changing color lizard he is
a rap god you know who im
talking about....

(Chamillionaire)

You know that feelin' you get when you in love, what do ya call it?
I don't know but I only feel like that when I open my wallet
Wanna be hard..retards actin' like they ain't fraud
Open ya mouth so I can drag ya feet and cut my yard
Broke niggaz always tryna tell ya how to get a dollar
Shut up when the heat holla, run hollow tips follow
Like prank callers..yall niggaz need to hang it up
no Biggie, I'll take his Shyne like ya nickname was Puff
Ay, controversy sells..and I know I was wrong
But you bia bia's need to listen to that Lil' Jon song
This ain't no sisqo thong song, we the voice of the streets
So in order to keep the peace, gotta keep a piece
Just kiddin', don't touch guns, guns will kill
And that's real, when you still use ya dumb tongue to squill
Don't get mad, don't take everything seriously
But if ya rappin and lookin' for a rapper to fear, it's me
Chamillion the Mixtape Messiah, get duct-taped and tie ya
to the table, open ya mouth and make ya eat barbed wire
sandwich, man this boy got to be signed
If he's not, then Russell want me to sign his dotted-line
Nope, maybe next bitch ass niggq, underground I'm found
Sharks swimmin' in the dark, ya talk down now drown
So I'ma continue, to rule move get out the way
While the chrome metal 'copter blades keep spinnin' for days

(chorus)

The block gets..bled red like a leg in a ant bed
My twanks make a crippled girl turn her damn head
Hakim' cause a scene when I drop my screens
Got more green then mean green sippin' a green cup of lean
in a green limousine, I impress myself
Might spit game to a nun just to test myself
Won't pour up a fourth
Sho' I'll throw up the fourth
Fa'sho I'll show up to four
And bleeh blow up the show
Whoa!, ice bright man
Like a night-light man
Ice white like the head-lights on a white van
As bright as a white man
With a light tan
Ice bright as the skin on Michael Jackson's right hand, nigga
Goddamn ohh! I impress myself
I'm so throwed I need a catchers mit to catch myself
How much you niggaz wanna bet you'll never get my wealth
I'll rather play a solo game of dice and bet myself
Whoa hold up Ron C I just won me a G
Lucky me I'm the nigga that wannabe's wannabe
i'm tellin' ya, ohh nigga I impress myself
So many hoes on my dick I gotta stretch my belt
Nigga ya better go handcuff ya honey dip quick
My lips don' touched mo' female lips then lipstick
My car got more butter then a bunch of biscuits
I get chicks while you get dissed and get dismissed
I get kissed like I was under missle toe on christmas
Paul Wall don' got diamonds imported on his kicks
Ron C is using platinum turntables for this mix
I walk around with a chain that's bigger then slick ricks
Warfare and lick 6 we never ride bareford
Ride Ac or Jag or maybe a black ford
Ridin' round with a gat on the damn dashboard
Oh No!, sab war comin' in through the backdoor
f**k dem whores you know how we get down ohhhhh nooo!