

Chamillionaire, Oh No

[O.G. Ron C - Talking]
Uh, Swishahouse

[Chorus - Chamillionaire]
(So throwed)

I swared we don' told y'all niggaz before
You must be deaf if you think we ain't gettin' no
With the remote screens fallin' trunk blows
Step up in the club starched down but stay flowed
From that North to the South Pole
Ron C chop it up, make it slow

-Check, Look

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 fo'
Sho' I'll throw up the fo'
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 done 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 embroidered 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 Rav 4
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