

Chamillionaire, Oh No! Freestyle

[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 do
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 gun 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 dump on 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 real quick
My lips don' touched mo' bigger lips then lipstick
My car got more butter then a bunch of biscuits
I get licks while you get dip and get dismissed
I get pissed like I was under missle toe on christmas
Paul Wall don' got diamonds imported on his dick
Ron C is using platinum turntables for this mix
I walk around with a stain that's bigger then Flip wrist
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!, that boy comin' in through the backdoor