

# Chamillionaire, Parking Lot Pimpin'

Chamillionaire, look  
Check..

[Chamillionaire]

Ladies and Gents, in the prince of all parking lot pimps  
Yes I'm the Grinch and I ride twenty inch, like it's a synch  
Might convince your woman, to let me leave my paw prints  
On her ass, take a pinch while you watch like a wimp  
Look it don't make sense, rims bigger than Shawn Kemp  
I maneuver the big body, like I'm parking a blimp  
I'm the thodest speaker, to ever speak through a speaker  
Talk down on Chamillion, I'll fix your face with my sneakers  
I get more green, than a whole forest full of reefer  
You just mad, cause you can't afford a smart beep-beeper  
I'm the crooked chrome creeper, from the gutter young thugger  
Chrome rims looking bigger, than your seventh grade brother  
Not a lover, she just trying to put me in a lip-lock  
I can't stay with you girl, I can only make a pit stop  
Big rocks what I rock, and I sip plenty of Henny  
While you losing your fame and game, like Penny and Lil' Penny  
Even Arsenio Hall, the Chamillion ball  
All them girls down South, is trying to give him the draws  
Just look at me dog, if she ain't wanna date me she would hate me  
If she ain't wanna rape me, she'd try to choke my neck and shake me  
Dumb nerd, scratch everything you already done heard  
I could go platinum if my album, was in mo' than one word  
And I'm throwed with no drank, is that dank nigga no thanks  
Don't think your girl see me on the streets, if she won't faint  
Look I never take her, to the mall and shop  
Some niggaz ain't tripping, but Chamillion ain't tricking  
Pulling something foreign, off the lot  
I'ma watch your lip hang, when I pull up on thangs  
If you gon get with me, you got to have  
Your own money, for a Prada bag  
Me and Pic, is hopping out a Jag  
Gripping wood grain, stacking our change