

Chamillionaire, Runnin' The Game

[Chamillionaire]

You can lick the dick on a stick
If you don't think that I'm the ish
You mad cuz you suck like some lips on a big tit
Hoe? No, I'ma laugh
Ice clearer then fiber glass
Bootleggers without a lab
Don't hide cuz we'll ya ass
Chamillion is kinda mad
I'm rich like I'ma crab
Make niggas rewind it fast
Tow-trucks wanna sign my ass
So much..ice on my chest
under my nose, on my golds
These hoes be thinkin' I was raised by rich eskimo's
I'ma walkin' Fort Knox
Oops, my fork dropped
It's okay, I ride more chops then chop-sticks and porkchops
At a chinese buffet, tricken' tricks you got to get
No respect, never let sooo you can't have her set
Her boyfriend talkin' bout, "Hey, where that bastard went";
When I grab ya ass and then act like it was a accident
I'ma walkin' accident cuz everywhere I go I wreck
I'm as throwed as what ya throw to your pet when playin' fetch
Wanna crawl off that wet, I see a goofy group of groupies
Cuz you wrapped in Coogi and Gucci don't mean you ain't a hoochie
Salute me when you see me, play fetch with fake breasts
All day at my rich swishahouse, niggas to raise the bets
Watch when Lil' Wayne get mad if I said I make fresh
give me all his beats, lunch money and paycheck
Yes, damn that was what I was gonna say next
But nevermind rewind to where I was talkin' bout fake breasts
Believe I keep heat and got bullets that heat seek
My beeper got more beeps then a Bentley horn, *beep beep*
My pager got more pages then a Webster's Dictionary
I pull more work in a busy gravedigger in a cemetary
Nigga you got beef? *Powww* we ate flesh
Nigga who that gotta deep-hole in ya A-Virex
Got her bouncin' like fake checks
So doin' the face sex
Cuz I'm the throwdest to ever wreck and kill tape decks