

Chamillonaire, Scratch That

Lookin for some ice baby, welcome to Alaska
(N Luv Wit My Money), I'm just tryin to kiss stacks (yep)
Tryin to date mine, I'm a tell the chick tax (yep)
Million dollar mack, have your mama on her back
Tap Tap for Revenge like the iPhone app (ha)
King of mixtapes, let 'em know that that's fact
I'm fittin to run rap, mess around and get lapped (lapped)
Round of applause for ya if I get jacked
I bet ya hear claps comin out the kid's strap (woo!)
Everytime they see me, they just call me "hachoo";
'Cause every verse sick enough to give ya that flu (flu)
Every stack I'm pickin up thick as Ragu
I'm pullin up in my dropper, they like "Koop, that's you?";
True, I just want my clout to last
And they say that money talks, so I'm talkin fast (fast)
Promise my vault is like Alcatraz
Ya break in, you're never gonna make it out with cash
Could get money out of Pamela Anderson (what?)
And her son, I'm the man with funds (funds)
Give me your account, let me manage one
I'm a gon' clean it out until the damage done
Let me be clear (yeah), no antenna
Hundred thou' stacks, that's a big man dinner
Pull up outside on some big chrome spinners
Hop out just to show you how quick I can get scrilla