

Chamillonaire, Shut Up

What, Swishahouse, Sucka Free
Kiss our ass if you bootlegging
Hold up Watts, bring that back
Chamillonaire, let me and Paul Wall
Get some of that..

[Chamillonaire]

Look, I'm not the type to brag about the size of my dick
Cause I would rather brag about, the size of my chips
My dimes and my nick's, and how I ride with your sis
With a diamond in my ear, about the size of your fist
Keep your eyes on my wrist, while I shine and I gliss
Don't sip-sip syrup, I'm buying the Crys'
I think some of y'all niggaz, just trying to piss
Me off, cause your girlfriend dying to kiss this
Baller on the lips, I'm calling it quit's
Ain't rapping no mo' after this, you wish
Get your mind correct, Chamillonaire wreck
The stereo don't even wanna, let the tape out your deck
Throw up your set, and take notes for my lesson

Everywhere I go, I hear dumb ass questions
Do you know Slim Thug, is he really a thug
Is Ron C a DJ, or does that nigga sell drugs
Get out my face, before I slap out the taste
I'm not really in the mood, for catching a case
Haters get erased, you can ask he's a Leo
Your woman wanna be my queen, wanna be my Cleo
Patra I slap a, rapper with a stack of
Big faces gold platinum, and make em put my plack up
Don't bring good luck, I bring niggaz damage
Could make niggaz panic, when I chop it up in Spanish
No no, problemo it's all to the bueno
Knock knock Michael Watts, go on pass me a demo
Keep-keep it real, and the keep the Chamillion on your mind
Spit fire every line, now you can press rewind

(*talking*)

Bring it back one mo' time
It's Paul Wall..