

Chamillionaire, Sittin Back

(*talking*)

Ha-ha aah, y'all know what it is
Now say it with me (tell 'em the name)
Chamillitary mayn, hold up y'all know what it is
Chamillitary mayn, yeah (hmmm)
Mixtape Messiah, told em

[Hook]

I'm sitting back in my Impala, wondering why niggaz be hating on me
And I figure that maybe it's cause, I'm the balling ass nigga that they know they wanna be
You got a problem with me then just holla, but better think again before you approach me
Just give me that give me that dolla, the mo' you hate me the mo' it motivates me

[Chamillionaire]

Mixtape Messiah 1, don't act like you ain't hear that joint
I'm like Young Buck with a knife, niggaz gon get my point
So point the hater out, who say that I ain't about
Whatever I say I'm bout, and that doubt I'ma fade 'em out
It's a class 1-0-1, number one less son
Never turn a one-on-one, to a one-on-guns
But if it's more than one, and you know that one more come
Make him shut his mouth like a nun, that don't want no tongue
Now he's done (uhh), I run from home to home
To hell with phone sex, I ain't trying to bone the phone
Trying to get inside her X, and Y chromosome
Turn a empty garage in her home, to a chroming zone
Yeah parked up in it, I just got a minute
When I spot the kitten, mayn I'm bout to hit it yeah
I told 'em I had it locked, they didn't believe me
Now they yelling (that's right), like Young Jeezy
Ha-ha, you better say it to a nigga face
Get up in a nigga place, with a mother's dinner plates
They ain't eating like we eating, that's why niggaz gotta hate
Delegate a weapon, that'll leave him with the Nelly face
(what you mean) Band-Aid on it, (first day pass it)
Telling you they sending you a medical, (that's it)
Forget a Throwback, Hardwood Classic
Lay you on your back on the hardwood, ass kicked
Looking for Koopa, don't look for me by your lonely
Cause homie I keep it on me, that's only to keep the phonies
Laying off in they place not my face, cause niggaz don't want me
To make the cake, be like the homie that's up at Sony
Bishop Don with the funds nigga, fix your grind
I show the green, like his pimping outfits was mine
And Slim Thugger that's my boy, so I can switch his lines
Forget cars, tell MTV to pimp your rhymes

[Hook]