

# Chamillionaire, Street Shit

Chamillionaire]

Nigga always talkin' drama like they want this piece  
As soon as I see em' in the streets all they want is peace  
It's strange how a piece-maker  
Faker turned peace-maker  
King Koopa the cocky copy-machine 'cause I keep paper  
And it's so gangsta, the way the funds stack up  
The way I spend it, it get low and it always come back up  
My niggaz will come back-up, me if ya dumb..act-up  
Rap sucks, act up to rap, and you'll get wrapped up  
That tough..nigga will be changin' his tune  
When his souls in a hole and they throwin' his chain in a tomb  
For the re-came yo explain "Oh, whatever you want poppy"  
But one of them clean cock see, the other one gon' watch me  
Guess the funs got me  
Ridin' in a sun-tippy  
Listen the gun's cocky  
Hate it? Then come stop me  
Sleepin' with the hammers, not sleepin' on no candles  
But still..I manage to keep the heat in the pajamas  
Police is tryin' to jam us

F-E-Dz tryna red-hand us  
Don't have us doin' anything illegal on cameras  
Can't grab us, I shoot you the police wouldn't ask  
whether I did it 'cause my jersey said that I'm back in the past  
Uh, 10 years in my Allen I  
Dr. Jay is my allibi  
Throw 50 at the judge and see how free time that'll buy  
And if that don't work nigga it don't matter my  
niggaz will show up at the judges house and give that a try  
The End, yes the Chamillionaire is raw  
Rewind to the last verse and all the images you saw  
It's gangsta gutta, I'm not a gangsta but dawg  
I did it to prove that I can rap gangsta better then y'all  
It's easy to put some words together and talk about ya guns  
Talk about how you gon' blast while all ya enemies run  
It be the same niggaz talkin' in-direct  
That don't never ever won't plex when standin' in-diflesh  
Look, don't act dumb nigga the King will come  
and bring it on, before ya labeled the Kingdom Come