

Chamillionaire, Street Shit Freestyle

[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 cuz 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 cuz 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