

Chamillionaire, Switch Styles Reloaded

Ha

Switch Styles

I'm the boss of the ballers

My business is to go get it

You getting money in the city, I make yo business my business

I got heat on the doe

I call it Dennis The Menace

You goin get greet with a smile, and get send straight to the dentist

Put them coats on the candy I call it quenched the thirst

Pop my car in your driveway, you'll think I send ya desert

Think I cooked up some fruit the way the orange is burnt

I'm talking bout my exergen my rims done already turnt

That means I got miles on it just call me when y'all want it

I turn on that navigation then enter in my opponent

Sound like that old Koopa, but look how that boy thrown it

That mean it already throwed if you see that I'm on it

Look at the lot I own it, and under that I bury ya

Got a coffin delivery let me call my carrier

And I ain't even heard of ya, my paper is thirtier

A living room looking striaght at a gallery furniture

I will murder a murderer I don't worry with worriers

I get further and further ya plus my whip look perverted, huh

Top taking off with that naked lady inserted her

Sexy frame on the fender, try'na get my doe like a burglar

Believe that I hurt you, you know the Beamer is purple

The TV screens in the Beamer goin hit the scene like it's Urkel

You gots to keep on falling but I'm a keep on ballin'

The groupies like bill collectors cause they just keep on calling

With all these car-loving woman I feel like double O seven

Can they just throw your car, shut the F up and go get em

I leave em stiff as a denim, I decorate em fasho

I'm a leave em stiff as a doe, and lay em out like a flo

Switch Styles

I pull up on em with the rag top leaning

Hit that button on the dash until it close (till it close)

The laws try'na pull my caddy thang over

But my pistol hitting somewhere by the flow (by the flow)

Oh, I'm getting that money and you know it

And I'll probably go and blow it on some jewels (on some jewels)

And you know this is true but'cha got me confused

I won't go broke I'm nothing like you

Switch Styles

Ay, stop talking bout what you finna do

You goin get the doe then go get the doe

I'm a ball all the way till I'm fifty-fo

And spend all my doe on gettin mo

Cause I'm way cooler than you dudes

And I'm way smoother than you fools

Yes the paint, then yes the shoes

I got a new whip I call it Blue's Clues

I'm the baddest rapper in the southern region

Been the hardest rapper out the forty-fo

You don't wanna be the one to go toe-to-toe

Cause I slow ya roll and you know it bro

Combo and I brought some doe

You already know I don't Converse

And if a hater try'na take my doe

Then I'll break his face with my Converse

Talk last and then bomb first

Like Machiavelli I'm having Fetti

Money power and fame cool but you get em all and you out a deli

Don't ever beg I feel that is petty

I don't wear J's I leave that to Nelly

You ain't even talk trash yet

But I'll raise your mind and I'm mad already