

# Chamillionaire, Talking That Talk

Ay!, Houston, Texas (Houston, Texas)

Chamillionaire, The Mixtape Messiah

Haha, I feel like niggaz need to show some respect off in here mayne

Tell 'em the name (tell 'em the name) - Chamillitary mayne

[Chorus: Chamillionaire]

I hear ya talkin' that talk, I heard you was talkin' bout me

Soon as I ask who you talkin' too, you reply wit' nah it's not me

No bite for all of that barkin', cow-mad that y'all ain't got me

They ain't keepin' it real like they talkin', pussy niggaz is all that I see

[Chamillionaire]

You could be hungry, ugly, chubby, homeless, crippled and blind

And still be better off than niggaz talkin' lip to a nine

I hit that track wit' David Banner, talk that lip to me now

Pussy niggaz like to hide, pop up on 'em surprise!

Tired of lettin' niggaz ride gave 'em too many times

I'm sick of tryin', sick 'em huh, flippin' and flyin'

Now they got me yellin' out WHAT! like a skit from Jon

Chamillitary ain't gon' ride, y'all need to quit ya lying

Cuz ya know that ya falsifying niggaz know they can't stop the giant

It just shows that'll stop the crying, move over this spot is mine

Take over it's about the time, I'ma put all these boys in line

Couldn't walk a inch in my shoes but you know can drop and tie em'

[Chorus]

[David Banner]

If it jumps off, it jumps off - let the front of the pumps off

sumthin' that'll knock ya fuckin' lump off

Think I'm bama, think I'm country well I'am bitch

And I got bullets I can share and I ain't selfish

Dirty boy I got just what you need

Them slugs that'll fly through trees and knock off knees

Knock off kids, knock off peers -

Got beats that'll knock by ?, wrong-buck get ya throat cut

Catch a buck 5th, watch yo chest lift

Dope rhymes, cuz the small lines take a sniff

Bitch I'm tryna make ya nose bleed

Like Russians bustin' the shit out Apollo creed

I'ma ride!

[Chorus]

[Chamillionaire]

Respect the messiah, ay where the hell is ya manners man?

Knock ya off of ya henges like you got hit wit a batter-ram

You'll be stupid for challengin', knock ya outta ya skeleton

You'll be down on the floor like a Lil' Flippa or Banner fan

The hustle man, I hustle a grand, that dude in Atlant' it

Then what I do wit it? Flip it, kinda like that dude that he mad at

I'm talkin' stops when I rocket, it's sendin' you out the planet

You'll be just timber-in-a-lake like that dude feelin' Janet

That could get you shot at damaged, I bet that you cry or panic

That could get you cut, beat the hell up, then goodbye or vanish

Put ya feet on the concrete, I hope that you got 'em planted

Now stand-flat, so I can blaah!, make you loose all your balance

Koopa

[Chorus]