

# 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 blaat!, make you loose all your balance  
Koopaa

[Chorus]