

Chamillionaire, That's Gangsta Freestyle

[Chamillionaire]

She callin' my hands-free phone
Talkin' bout gettin' her freak on
No you don't turn me on
Misses Poof-Pow Be Gone
If you got hatred on ya mind, I'm not the nigga to speak on
I'm as throwed as the pig-skin in the E-N-D Zone
I'm lookin' for a faithful, yellow-bone to cheat on
Latex when we bone, throw up the 4 while she moan
Yellow bellies I skeet on, better watch ya teeth jones
Cuz after the divorce, I'm movin into, the home
Bout to be ya step-father
Me and Lil' Flip flip harder
Then a hyper-active acrobat with hops like Vince Carter
8-Ball plus 8-Ballers, yes Koopa pimp harder
Mr. Jackson, don't like me, caught me kissin' his daughter
Damnit janet, we the throwdest muthafunkaz on the planet
Not enough room, don't panic I'll pull up and expand it
S.U.V., let you see, paint is wet as the Atlantic
Lug-nuts like some mechanic
Chome rims is like man it's
Chamillionaire.com, if you don't like it then sue me
Little Zane tryin' to sue me, cuz he's not in my movie
Can do nothing to me, introduced to my Uzi
Just cuz everybody else does, I don't like groupies
No not either, don't watch cartoons or like goofy
And I show damn don't like goofy groupies, sellin' tight coochie
Bout to be a..Jetson and I ain't talkin bout Judy
Look, I know they gon' get Miss Cleo
Not a slut, I'ma ill
I know they gon' see me with 2 twins in a trill
Shout-out to the flows partner ?? before I jill
(scratching until the song ends)