

Chamillionaire, The Truth Is Back

Southern Smoke..

[Hook]

You hear a lot of music, but it's boring
You hear a lot of flows, but don't enjoy 'em
You hear a lot of albums, and you snoring
But the truth is back, now they say where you been
Cause we ain't really seen you out performing
You back up in the streets, you hot you're boiling
Chamillitary click, is the click they wanting
You know that OG Ron C, gon screw it for them

[Chamillionaire]

A lot of DJ's, didn't wanna mess with the kid
But like dancers that love to strip, they back up on my dick
And of course, maybe it's because of the fact that I'm rich
And the diamonds up on my wrist, look like a package of piss
Looked like they pissed, in a ice cube tray
Put it in the freezer, so by the next day
They could put it on my wrist, so that I could display
Yellow ice looks like butter, but it isn't parquet
Hey, well let me tell you how I did it then
Stepped up the mixtapes, and put 'em in every city man
Send 'em Greyhound, in every other city and
Wallet the size of Guerilla Black's, or Biggie's hand (baby-baby)
And I got plenty mo' to do dog, that's true y'all
Chamillitary is the click, if that's what you thought
Yellow green red white blue, and my new jaw
Check out the paint, same colors cover my new car
When it come to getting fed, I'm the baker with the bread
Know exactly what they said, voices ain't just in my head
Get back up in the streets, so the rumors can be dead
Cause I'm the rapper that they dread, like Lil' Wayne's head
Bumba claat watch, now watch me I'm the one to watch
One with a lot of colored cubes, and a bunch of blocks
And the watch, and them girls that be coming out
The closet with a friend, meet her I just wanna watch
Chamillion-ator's on the way, that's who saving the day
After the math I bust a rhyme, rapping after you pay
Niggaz say they songs jamming, yeah that's just what they say
Like Part 2 of that Kelly song, they end up being gay
But it ain't Weezy, it ain't even B.G
Because how much I push the cash money, they don't believe me
Turn on the DVD, and the c.d
Don't watch me, homeboy watch T.V
Head rest, 7.5 Clarion
You ain't trying to see me shine, you could carry on
Haters hate, and that's the reason that I carry one
Make a home run and run home, like Barry Bonds
Yeah, I got 'em shook in a towel
Ron Artest of rap ha-ha, look at me now
Single handedly, handle the suckers up in the crowd
Fist to your lip you'll get whipped, while they kicking me out
Ouch, cause that looked like it hurt
And the worst part about it, is it looks like the dirt
Getting acquainted with your shirt, become one with the turf
As I watch you fall down, and tell you just what you worth
You no good, dirty rotten scoundrel
I pull these hoes, like promoters out of town do
I get mail, like workers in the color brown do
Chamillion you're the best, can't nobody out sound you
Chad Hugo to Pharrell, I'm the star on the track
Look at my diamonds, and see how many broads they attract
And it's true in the studio, they on my balls and my sack

Say it's a hit, before Chamillionaire even start on a track
I pull up in slow motion, like my car on a flat
Trunk going up, like directions that you saw on a map
I wear the multi-colors now, but that's part of the fact
That I stay throwing up the rocks, like the Carter was back
It's the Roc, psyche nigga it's not
But it's prolly a rock sized bullet, up in it's pop
Sorry mayn I forgot, to put the heater on lock
But didn't forget the underground, lock it up for my spot
I'm back, and I'm too hot

[Hook]

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