

# Chamillionaire, True

(feat. Lil' Flip)

(\*talking\*)

Here lizard-lizard-liazrd, uh  
It's the almighty King Koopa, Chamillionaire  
The color changing lizard, the Mixtape Messiah  
Please stand for the ghetto national anthem, let's go

[Hook - 2x]

Forget what them boys is talking bout, I'm true-I'm true  
You riding swangs you gripping grain, I do-I do  
You candy red you candy blue, you popping trunk you jamming Screw  
Don't know about you, but I'm true-I'm true

[Paul Wall]

Forget what these boys is talking bout, we wipe boys down  
In South Park on MLK, on Sunday we clown  
From the streets of Antoine, to the Homestead hoods  
From Mo City to Studewood, it's all good  
I'm riding on platinum grey, with Z-Ro and Trae  
Gon let the top down, it's a beautiful day  
Haters jealous on the sidelines, running they mouth  
Cause I roll with T.I.P., the king of the South  
Boys know I'm Paid In Full, so they clocking my dollars  
Me, Poppy, Joe and Fox all riding Impalas  
I'm breaking bread with Mike Jones, and Slim Thug the Boss  
It's Paul Wall, still representing Swishahouse  
I'm with my boy Big Kaila, I don't bar no hater  
I'm on the grind for paper, I'll holla at ya later  
Forget what they talking bout, I'm in love with my wealth  
I ain't gotta say I'm true, cause true speak for itself baby

[Hook - 2x]

[Chamillionaire]

They say I'm the greatest of all time, and I say who and they say you  
If she's a dime tell her I'm fine, and she'll say true-true  
Turn up the bang if you into, something color changing the rims do  
Sound like a train cause when I stop, they be like choo-choo-choo  
And I'm thugging too homie, the heater kinda like Al Bundy's hand  
Believe me everytime you see me, it's gon be in her pants  
If I do a crime and you snitch, homie the heater will snitch too  
Cause if the police come around, it'll be pointing at you  
Somebody give mouth to mouth to this mic, after it melt  
Cause the only rapper out rapping me is me, after myself  
I hope you internet thugs, that will swear that I ain't the tightest  
Have cyber sex with Cita, until you catch a virus  
Why is he saying this, to piss boys off  
I officially claim myself, the rap King of the South  
The say I'm the greatest of all time, and I say who and they say you  
And I say naw, give that title to the late great DJ Screw, rest in peace

[Hook - 2x]

[Lil' Flip]

The definition of a pimp is (me), cause I ain't doing shit for (free)  
I got my own label now, if you ain't heard it's (Clover G's)  
Now me and Will chasing the scrill, we pulling up on chrome wheels  
Nigga, your royalty check looking like my phone bill  
Quick to capping picture snapping, paparazzi follow me  
Yeah I'm platinum I'll slap him, if he smoke up all my weed  
I love to speed on dubs and Spre's, bitches leave the club with me  
Snitches mean mugging me, don't make me bust my fucking heat  
We popping trunks and smoking blunts, that sticky-ickie (ooh-wee)

Last year I did a mill, now I'm bout to do (three)  
I bring the heat on every track, it's five G's for every bar  
Just because I'm in a Porsche box, don't mean I like the spa  
That don't mean I like the car, you know I'm down to break your jaw  
Just because I burn rubber, that don't mean I like the tar  
We ghetto stars in every state, like Pimp and Bun we keep it trill  
And if you ain't heard, it's Lil' Flipper and Chamill'

[Hook]