

Chamillionaire, Ugly Freestyle

[Chamillionaire]

Smack the face off ya face, and that's all it takes
For me to make butter-boy, take my verse off his tapes
Koopas iced out, lights reflect off the face
Prolly could cough on a plate and make frosted flakes
Ladies like me, me speakin' like a walkin' baby
Yall niggas is lady-like like a walkin' lady
You may not watch MTV or Carson Daly
But you can watch them TV's in my car son daily
Caught ya baby, in a akward position
She was missin' but when you found her, her panties were missin'
Tried to snatch the chain like a ice crispy treat
And snap, crackle, pop til' ya drop and hit the street
Mmm, I don't think you wanna get faybe in a bad look
Get ya jag took, beef in a minute he's a bad cook
There will never be a true happy ending like a bad book
When you keep tryin' to subtract all my dollars like a math book
Act a ass, look..Me and Gu-U in a true blue;
Denali prolly while you probably lookin' for a new boo
Thuggin' wit Lewis too, not just cuz he can rap
But cuz he can wrap his knuckles around ya neck and snap
Oops call a ambulance
You boys don't have a chance
Bust shots at the ground just to make ya family dance
Sittin' crooked on my rims, damn..did I say rims
Damn..did it again, aww man watch you in

(Slim Thug - Talking)