

Chamillionaire, Victory Flow

(*talking*)

That's what it is, "The Sound of Revenge"
Summer 2005 nigga, whoooooo

[Chamillionaire]

Gimmick rappers, can't lie forever
But as long as I'm here, gimmick rappers gon die together
Told lil' mama I love drama, no one tried to tell her
She shoulda left the club, instead of trying to find a fella
The villain's born, dark storms that's my kind of weather
Sending gimmick niggaz to the mall, to go buy umbrellas
Like Eminem was telling them, that they should die it yella
Some of my fans they look like Cham, but say I am better
Picture the though of that, since no one spit a harder rap
I told 'em that I'm Jehova's lil' brother, the God of rap
Don't play me like you a atheist, face it it's more fact
Gimmick rappers have heart attacks, when you tell 'em that God is back
The problem is more than that, like Iraq when the gats in em
You diss me you gon be done, like a snack when the rats get em
After the baptism, the black in the black hit em
No need for that gat, cause fact is the raps kill em
Live your life like a mockery, niggaz will see the prophecy
Stare at a flight of stairs, 'fore you ever think you on top of me
Nigga how could you possibly, think that you could be stopping me
Destiny couldn't stop me, I move and that hoe be watching me
Fans are no longer crying to see, Jay-Z throw up the dynasty
Not big as that nigga Jigga, but nigga tell 'em it's time for me
Rap game is dying to me, I'm the rapper they trying to see
I could bring it back, not only force-ably but violently
Ladies and gentlemen, introducing from Houston
The truth and I'm in the booth, and your truth is a big illusion
What you choosing if you're choosing, to jump into the confusion
You losing and end up choosing, and cruise it into a bruising nigga

(*talking*)

I'm peeping out here in these streets, and I see these old
Record labels trying to advance, trying to drop old material
On a nigga, so instead of Controversy Sells we gon switch it up
Summer 2005, "The Sound of Revenge";

[Chamillionaire]

Then they said on the radio, I ain't beefing with rappers no mo'
But tell 'em to go correct it, cause rappers be acting homo
Came in and screaming duo, I'm leaving and screaming solo
Disrespecting the logo's a no-no, I'll leave you rojo
Hey that's red in Spanish, real niggaz'll never vanish
We rise up and then we ride up on haters, prepare to panic
Put ya teflon on, you better go get it plant it
Rip off your chest piece, to make niggaz remember Janet
Ay log on the net, type in "the villain" and search
And realize why gimmick rappers is hurt, cause the truth hurts
And you jerks (you jerks), is a package of skirts
Put your little advance, back in your purse ha-ha
That nigga say he don't like me, he acting like he a wifey
Ain't held a pistol, acting like he the type that'll snipe me
You don't like me invite me, you don't like me come fight me
And if you can't afford the flight, and you don't like me then write me
I ain't concerned, with any of your concerns
I'm trying to stack, plack on top of plack like gum germs
I got enough tongue twisters, to make the tongue turn
Make the sun burn, I'm so hot I could give it sun burn
So call up, Kay Slay and ask him who is
The trillest to spit it, then call up DJ Whoo-Kid
DJ Drama, Vlad Green, Lantern and Kool-Kid

Tell 'em it's time to switch they playlist up, with the new kid
What's his name, Chamillitary mayn

(*talking*)

Yeah, the hardest rap nigga and if you beg to differ
Step to the mic, and spit some'ing sicker nigga
Ha-ha, Chamillitary mayn