

# 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