

Chamillionaire, Waiting 4 My Downfall

(*talking*)

Ha-ha, I know what y'all thinking mayn
Naw, it's not gon happen homie
Y'all already know what it is, Chamillitary mayn
Most hated and most anticipated, in the streets
Know I'm saying yours truely, (Southern Smoke)

[Hook]

Keep waiting keep waiting, if you waiting for my downfall
The album's coming, and revenge'll be the sound boy
Haters keep waiting, if you waiting for my downfall
The album's coming, and revenge'll be the sound boy
Keep waiting keep waiting, if you waiting for my downfall
The album's coming, and revenge'll be the sound boy
They pray and pray, for my downfall
You can pray and pray, for my down naw

[Chamillionaire]

If you can bet a big fold, you better bet a big fold
Cause I know my album better, than whoever thinks no
For them Screw Heads, said they like it better when slowed
Get blowed, if you the type that like it better when thoed
Yella thick hoes, with them yellow kit toes
Love the way my necklace looking, like the yellow brick road
So they tip-toe, to my hotel tell me no
Dorothy don't wanna click her feet, then Koopa tell her get home
Wanna stay with Chamill', cause it's real it's not a tail
No imaginary drug scale, or made up client-tail
Whack weak is sorry, then the question asked is who
Could it be it's not me, cause King Koopa is the truth
Ain't gotta be a Sherlock, trying to figure out a clue
Since it's not me, the evidence will probably point at you
Sound of Revenge get it right, I put that life back in your life
Probably drop it now or later, put that life back in it twice
Uh-uh, I'm so cocky it's irritating
But it wouldn't be irritating, to any nigga that isn't hating
This is not a imitation, plexers get a invitation
Chamillitary radio, if you don't like it switch the station
But you won't cause you do, so just admit it while I bring it
I'm the best rapper, not a punchline that got meanings
Uh niggaz hating, I ain't even really tripping
In the South, when they open that mouth I zip em
But sometimes, I be in a tough position
Cause the track listen'er, might tell you that I'm still dissing
Even when I'm not dissing, but I'm like so what
They can feel the way they feel, as long as they just keep it shut
But what-what, I see the new Source and open it up
And I'm like what hol' up, I don't mean to interrupt
But let me stop myself, before the drama turn to havoc
I get back in the streets, and let these stunting faggots have it
Go back to what you doing, riding dick and tossing salad
While I'm crawling like a crab, and yelling balling is a habit baby

[Hook]