

# 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 youy 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]