

# Chamillionaire, Who They Want

Attention, we gotta thang for cotton-candy rappers  
That gotta be in the bed before 9:00  
Cover ya ears, its 'bout to get ugly baby

[Chorus]

Now who they want?  
Me (6x), King Koopa  
That's what I give em'  
(The, Color Changin' Click)  
(Chamillitary man)  
Now who they hate  
Dike (7x), then I'm gon' get em'  
Real niggaz ain't jammin' no  
(Dike Jones, Who?, Dike Jones, Jones)

[Verse 1: Chamillionaire]

Yeah, I handle heat like a pizza man  
you want beef I'll unpack it for ya  
Mike Jones, is a wack rapper but he isn't a bad promoter  
You don't know want problems my nigga  
my stats is way past a quota  
Cuz I'm gettin' what Flippa says in the initial that's after Clova, G's  
Nigga please, them commercials ain't even right (why)  
Texas niggaz be pourin' purple, we bend and remixed that Sprite  
Okay Koopa stick to this Dike, you right if he wanna fight  
But this ain't no Lil' Flip beverage he won't have a Lucky Night (nah)  
He lucky if he have a life, sayin' Cham' ain't gon' get a deal  
Ain't no rhymers you's a vagina, it's time for some Vagisil  
Want problems then Crank It Up, ain't no Static or Banner here (nigga)  
I crush that lil' man career, like a Budweiser can of beer  
Bout to dig up a deep hole, so ya album can rest and sleep  
You can put all ya lyrics in it the gimmicks can rest in peace (Who?)  
I bought ya CD, you was sayin' how you the best in the streets (Uh-Uh)  
So I had to go get my quarterback like niggaz who step in them cleets  
Hut 1, Hut 2, now you in some trouble fool  
And my brother don't like you now, you got trouble in doubles dude  
And you won't get to guzzle juice, no opening for ya food  
Cuz the only way to shut you up, is a muzzle to muzzle you  
Watch the punisher punish WHO?, nah, I don't have to ask ya  
You said it, now you gon' get it, and I ain't gon' have a hassle  
You ain't the King, I should know I'm the nigga that built the castle  
I pull my back-hand and slap you, turn you 'to a dizzy rascal (WHO!)  
That ain't hip-hop, I swear that garbage gon' get stopped  
I'ma kill the tick-tock you got in your flea-market wrist-watch (Fuck that  
nigga)  
He said I fell off, and Koopa could never get hot  
Can't pull my dick out, cuz he got my dick in a lip-lock  
Man, I'm just sayin' though get off my genetalia  
Get off my nuts, I'm bettin' ya, no you ain't no competitor  
Mo' money and mo'record sales, etcetera etcetera  
So I'ma delete you, and put Magno back there instead of ya (OH!)

[Chorus]

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...Now who they hate  
Dike (7x), then I'm gon' get em'  
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