

Chamillionaire, You've Got Mail

You've Got Mail

[Chamillionaire]

A walkin' holiday, my nickname is Ballaween
whistles plop, watch out for the fallin' screens
Got more green then a seattle supersonic sweater letter
Ice is nothin' but light like the weight of a feather
My ring is a prostitute, my princess cut slut
Stick ya finger in her butt and it'll cost 10 bucks
Ice crushed like a slush but it ain't nothin' to we
If a nigga walk into a store and spend less then a G
Like shaggy, it wasn't me, that's somethin' you'll never see
See I see more ice then crushed ice in a icee
Matter-fact if my rap were wack, I'd still make stacks
Could go platinum if I dissed every city on every track
If I was born with a mean midget attached to my arm
I'd still be the one that hoes wanna take to the prom
Mad 'cause you get as many girls as a gang full of gay boys
My trunk got more bump then a ass full of himroids
I'ma, trade in a benz for a pinto with no rims
And ask the hoes again "You still wanna be friends?"
It seems like all them haters been hatin' us lately
Because we get more icing then donuts and pastries
100 G's or 8 G's, don't matter I'll make G's
We make more dough then Keebler elves in bakery's
Don't hate me, hate the game
Don't hate that we make change
Chamillionaire came through and I'll correct your brain