

# The Truth

## Chamillionaire

You hear a lot of music but it's boring  
You hear a lot of flows but don't enjoy 'em  
You hear a lot of albums and you snoring  
But the truth is back, now they say where you been  
'Cause we ain't really seen you out performing  
You back up in the streets, you're hot, you're boiling  
Chamillitary click is the click they wanting  
You know that OG Ron C gon' screw it for them  
A lot of DJ's didn't wanna mess with the kid  
But like dancers that love to strip, they back up on my dick  
And of course, maybe it's because of the fact that I'm rich  
And the diamonds up on my wrist look like a package of piss  
Looked like they pissed in a ice cube tray  
Put it in the freezer so by the next day  
They could put it on my wrist so that I could display  
Yellow ice looks like butter but it isn't parquet  
Hey, well, let me tell you how I did it then  
Stepped up the mix tapes and put 'em in every city man  
Send 'em Greyhound, in every other city and  
Wallet the size of Guerilla Black's or Biggie's hand, baby, baby  
And I got plenty mo' to do, dog that's true, y'all  
Chamillitary is the click, if that's what you thought  
Yellow, green, red white blue and my new jaw  
Check out the paint, same colors cover my new car  
When it come to getting fed, I'm the baker with the bread  
Know exactly what they said, voices ain't just in my head  
Get back up in the streets so the rumors can be dead  
'Cause I'm the rapper that they dread, like Lil' Wayne's head  
Bumba claat watch, now watch me, I'm the one to watch  
One with a lot of colored cubes and a bunch of blocks  
And the watch and them girls that be coming out  
The closet with a friend, meet her I just wanna watch  
Chamillion-ator's on the way that's who saving the day  
After the math I bust a rhyme, rapping after you pay  
Niggaz say they songs jamming, yeah that's just what they say  
Like Part 2 of that Kelly song, they end up being gay  
But it ain't Weezy, it ain't even B.G  
Because how much I push the cash money, they don't believe me  
Turn on the DVD and the CD

Don't watch me, homeboy, watch TV  
Head rest, 7.5 Clarion  
You ain't trying to see me shine, you could carry on  
Haters hate and that's the reason that I carry one  
Make a home run and run home, like Barry Bonds  
Yeah, I got 'em shook in a towel  
Ron Artest of rap, look at me now  
Single handedly, handle the suckers up in the crowd  
Fist to your lip you'll get whipped, while they kicking me out  
Ouch 'cause that looked like it hurt  
And the worst part about it, is it looks like the dirt  
Getting acquainted with your shirt become one with the turf  
As I watch you fall down and tell you just what you worth  
You no good, dirty rotten scoundrel  
I pull these hoes, like promoters out of town do  
I get mail, like workers in the color brown do  
Chamillion you're the best, can't nobody out sound you  
Chad Hugo to Pharrell, I'm the star on the track  
Look at my diamonds and see how many broads they attract  
And it's true in the studio, they on my balls and my sack  
Say it's a hit, before Chamillionaire even start on a track  
I pull up in slow motion, like my car on a flat  
Trunk going up, like directions that you saw on a map  
I wear the multi-colors now but that's part of the fact  
That I stay throwing up the rocks, like the Carter was back  
It's the Roc, psyche nigga it's not  
But it's prolly a rock sized bullet, up in it's pop  
Sorry mayn, I forgot, to put the heater on lock  
But didn't forget the underground, lock it up for my spot  
I'm back and I'm too hot  
You hear a lot of music but it's boring  
You hear a lot of flows but don't enjoy 'em  
You hear a lot of albums and you snoring  
But the truth is back, now they say where you been  
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