

You Got Wrecked (mike Jones Diss)

Chamillionaire

I step in the club, and I'm throwin' up my set
Cup-cup purple barre, and my car candy red
I got special effects surroundin' my neck
No-no you don't nigga, Dike Jones just got wrecked
When I step in the club, you breakin' yo neck
You know why I'm here, to take my respect
You can't get next, I came to plex
So call up Dike Jones and tell him he just got wrecked
Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you
(All them hoe ass niggaz)
Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you
(I tryed to let that nigga slide man)
Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you
(Got respect for Watts and the House man)
Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you
(But nah man)
Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you
(Hoe ass nigga)
Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you
(Niggaz gotta get dealt with man, out there bumpin' they gums)
Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you
(Talkin' all that noise nigga)
Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you
(It's King Koopa, ay)
I got 'em scramblin', I know he feel the pressure to cheat
But I can handle him, that hoe gon' show respect to the chief
He the King of who?, King of what?, Sesame Street
I lay you out over some beef like some sesame seeds
Meet you half-way, it's like I'm interceptin' ya beef
Await on my front-lawn, like I'm expectin' ya beef
I know that Dike Mike, wanna turn the plex into peace
But I can't, why? I threw away my weapon receipt
I'm 'bout to get him, just when he thought Koopa was in neutral
Scrap or keep it on wax, don't matter whatever suits ya
I don't know Dre, but ay I wouldn't introduce ya
I drop a beat down on ya ass like a producer
Future, nah 'cuz I won't let you have next
I bet he E-mail me and try to send me Internet threats
Go and pop some damn X, go and pop some Zanex

Do something better with ya life and go and have some hand sex
You ain't bringin' Cham' plex, you on a pharmaceutical
What type of fool is you? I'ma suit you for your funeral
A bunch of niggaz hit me sayin' what they wanna do to you
Don't worry, I won't let 'em shoot at you, until I through with you
I step in the club, and I'm throwin' up my set
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So call up Dike Jones and tell him he just got wrecked
Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you
(All them hoe ass niggaz)
Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you
(Shoulda known that nigga was fraud man)
Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you
(Niggaz was tellin' me that that nigga was fraud)
Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you
(And I was defendin' that nigga man)
Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you
(Shoulda known better man)
Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you
(Should seen it, should seen it comin')
Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you
(Fraud ass nigga)
Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you
(Gotta new name nigga, Dike Jones)
Yeah, Chamillionaire the biggest threat to any nigga that think he doin' it
I gave you life, but I'll take it back, before your through with it
I gave you plenty chances, but now it's over you ruined it
Swisha House before you, and Koopa was your influence, kid
You was on Tidwell, tryna slang me your raps
Got in the game, and then you switched it to slangin' some crack
I ain't a pussy trust that, it ain't no thang to attack
And it ain't no thang to react, the heater sang and go clap
Ain't no explainin' for that, you get lit up like a candle
Give you more then a sample, bet that nigga get trampled
Make that dike an example, kiddie clubs gonna ban you
They gon' have to cancel his show on the Disney Channel
He hated on Magno, see people never noticed him
He talked down on his boy to me, while doin' shows with him
Said the streets ain't feelin' him, how could you even know it
When you got your wack ass rap style from Nickolodean

Who? Dike Jones, who? Dike Jones
Wrote his name and his number on his Swisha House thong
Who? Dike Jones, who? Dike Jones
Ain't with ya team but still the King of the Swisha House throne
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