

I'm Da King

Chamillionaire

Mix Tape Messiah

Da king is here, nigga

Ay what these other niggaz talkin', I don't believe that shit

I'm da king 'cuz I said it and I mean that shit

Ay I'm da king 'cuz I said it, I'm da king 'cuz I said it

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Ay what's so special 'bout him, he ain't all that, shit

I set the city on fire and you seen that shit

Stupid you runnin' around like the Messiah isn't a force

Then tell me how did my first album even get on The Source

I was sittin' next to pimpin' Ken, was he pimpin', of course

But I was thinkin' 'bout gettin' with Trina and tryna pimp me a Porsche

I can't hand a nigga the rap game now 'cuz I'm usin' it

Ain't a underground rapper gon' have it 'til I through with it

I don't burn bridges nah, other rappers'll ruin it

I just jump over the bridge and pimp-slap 'em for doin' it

I'ma embarrass ya so bad, that ya label won't say they know ya

You's a good ass promoter, but the fat lady say it's over

Mixtape Messiah 2 is the bullet I'm savin' for ya

And I can pop trunk pumps on ya coffin' and raise it for ya

And I ain't the only person who sick of ya voice

I kill a rapper with one verse and the real niggaz rejoice

But I was forced do you feel any remorse? Of course

That's why I'ma show up at his funeral and pop trunk on his corpse

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Yeah, you'll never get on my level, no need to go get a ladder

You better run when I come like a pitcher that hit the batter

You paid in full, nah, but I got alot of respect for Hatter

Even though niggaz be ignorin' my questions bout business matters

Cat tell me to call Hatter, Madd Hatter said call Cat

I call niggaz about some business, and I never get a call back
I just wanted my songs back, but they act like I'm on crack
To drop another Cham' and Paul, we ain't even on contract
Parta' the game is that, I keep gettin' reminded daily
Labels ahead 'll screw you, that's the business out of it baby
Nigga was grindin' daily, but suspicions was kinda crazy
I had to pretend like I was broke, just to get paid in full to pay me
It's crazy, for the label with the reputation for actin' a ass
Like Rap-A-Lot, what's the label that was always on time with cash
Gave 'em my price, they didn't try to make me go down a tag
So for J.P., Tom, Rad, and Chief, it's done they ain't gotta ask
Ain't a nigga who can persuay me to go back to House
So I can hear Dike Jones tell me he got platinum in his mouth
That nigga soft, he ain't never move no crack in the South
Was in packagin' soft, and he said he stack more stacks then the Boss
Sure you do, I hope that's not a story they told to you
You need to pimp-slap that sick pup and maker who controllin' you
You ain't runnin' nothin', only you would go vote for you
'Cuz my pockets got more G's, then a G-Unit quotable
G-G-Geez, you's a pee-on please
Why is he here somebody please, tell this pee-on leave
Air-condition on my wrist, I stay with free-on sleeves
Ya stay on D, like defenders durin' three-on-three's
My momma moved out the hood to a 5 bedroom home
Rasaq moved off to solo and got a lil' crib of his own
Then I bought a Ninja bike and another whip on chrome
My money long, I stand on top of the world and spit on Jones
Your album, so what we heard you was comin' soon
Yeah, the song with Alicia Keys, or maybe you said it was Loon
I can fit your crib inside my truck, and I'd still have leg-room
Then I can park that whole truck inside my Master Bedroom
Saw ya DVD you talkin' that ridiculous noise
Sister got kids with baby cribs bigger then yours
Danny DeVito duckin' down couldn't even fit through your doors
You gotta be Kiddin' me boy, is you Kiddin' you sure, sure
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