

Cadillac Pimpin' (Flow) (Chopped & Screwed)

Chamillionaire

[Chamillionaire - Talking]

Uh-Huh, (G'-G'-G'-G'-G'Yeah G'Yeah)

Color Changin' Click cutty, (G'-G'-G'-G'-G'Yeah G'Yeah)

(G'-G'-G'-G'-G'Yeah G'Yeah)

It's that..damn..Ro' (Ay, Look)

Lew Hawk (G'-G'-G'-G'-G'Yeah G'Yeah)

Koopa baby (G'-G'-G'-G'-G'Yeah G'Yeah)

Tell em' mayne (G'-G'-G'-G'-G'Yeah G'Yeah)

Yeah (G'-G'-G'-G'-G'Yeah G'Yeah)

(G'-G'-G'-G'-G'Yeah G'Yeah)

It's..King..Koopa-Ay, Ay

You say that you want fire, come hire the messiah

You say that their's one higher then Koopa, there's none liar

I got athletic compadre's that'll run by ya

And pitch that white thing in ya hand like a umpire

Come try a nigga like me, the flow is so complex

If you hatin'..don't come 'cause after that comes plex

in the form of 2 ladies who act like they want sex

Put her tongue in ya mouth no, put the heat to your chest? yes

I call em' ho watts, take orders like robots

Then come home with all the dough you got hiding in yo socks, G'yeah

(Hold up, my mind movin' to fast for me..lemme catch up with myself, yeah yeah)

Head-bustas lurkin' while I lurk

Put a squirt in that guys shirt

'cause they know how much I'm worth

And go bankrupt if I'm hurt

A laundromat holder to go put that iron to that guys shirt

Don't matter where you plant your foot on the earth you on my turf

Got boys in Oakcliff, that's deep in that drug zone

That'll go put that glove on, then go put that snub on

Then put it to your dome, and won't miss you when you're gone

"It's So Hard To Say Goodbye's" in there song

So don't think it's gon' be no apology

My dough alot of G's plus I know alot of G's

Better do it D'Bo style and snatch yo Impala keys

No back talkin' nigga just unload ya pockets please

Do I look like Al B.Sure to you?

Keep a gat and next time I'll be sure it's 2

I'll have ya matchin' the blue view a little more then who

That nigga Killa hit a nigga and that boy 'll be blue
Like the color blue you know I'm royal
Something for you, I'll destroy you
Heat so far in ya cheeks the lava in ya cheek 'll boil
And I hope ya tongue burn, gon' learn that no perm
Can get ya head hotter then what I got if my dough turn-up
missin', I'm wit 2 cheeks and I ain't gon' leave no firm
I get in hoes like dudes with a handle on a low turn
Yeah, if I turn rapper or run with a hyp deal
Lose the right, or move not Chamill just a (King Of The South)
G'Yeah G'Yeah(T.I. - Talking)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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