

# Breathe

## Chamillionaire

One, two, three (yeah), breathe (yeah)  
[Verse 1 - Chamillionaire] Tell me how you wanna floss (floss)  
Universal, I'm the boss  
Trust me that Chamillionaire is not the one to come across  
Flooded thoughts (woo!)  
They tryin to tell ya it's a drought  
Until I pull something out, to show you what a leak about (show you what a leak about)  
We the south (south) and y'all is just the heirs to air  
'Cause when ya open up your hand, nothin but air is there (air is there)  
Tryin to tear tags like the old Air Jordan pockets (why?)  
'Cause soon as I saw it, I just knew I had to pop it  
With a Rocket (woo!), 'cause Houston gotta cheer my name  
And if they don't (what?), I'm a make 'em fear my pain  
I'll explain (explain), 'cause I just put the madness on the pad  
And everybody that think I'm talkin 'bout 'em gettin mad  
Get your ad (ad), run along, take your little swag (take your little swag)  
I'm quick to tell a chick, she ain't the (Best I Ever Had)  
Picture that, invisible visual, so Kodak  
Y'all need to come out the closet like old throwbacks  
You're so whack (whack) and I am so exact

My dough thick, I'm so sick like it's no ex-lax  
If I wanted to it's true that I could probably peel panels (true)  
But snitches got the Federales tryin to feel flannels (woo!)  
Yeah Radio One but I'm a start a ill channel  
Channel set, diamonds make a fan call me "Clear Channel" (haha)  
You get that love and they can't crack your nuts  
I'm GTing in the streets, they like "that's what's up!" (what's up?)  
Peep sideways towards the God, it's really blasphemy (yeah)  
They on my website daily to stay attached to me (yeah)  
They tellin lies, they livin somewhere in back of me  
Actin like a groupie, super fruity, no daiquiri (no daiquiri)  
Haha, you know a boss could spend  
For every dollar that I spent, I swear I lost a friend  
Caucasian Maserati and a awesome Benz  
One white the other white, they the dopest twins (oh geez!)  
Just follow me, no Twitter, I'm so realer (realer)  
Bang, bang the rap game, I'm so Killer (Killer)  
Mike/mic in my hand, I'm feelin like Godzilla

I'd still feel cooler than y'all with no scrilla (scrilla)  
No gilla, gettin lost I'm never that, get a map  
The jungle is crazy, so get a strap  
It's a fact, the Benjamins' everywhere that I'm at  
If he every disappear, I promise I'll get 'em back

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