

# Relax (Feat. J Holiday)

## Chamillionaire

Shit.Chamillionaire:  
Come let me tell you, man,  
Relax, relax. (J. Holiday: From Texas to DC, baby.)J. Holiday:  
It's goin' down.  
Come here now, J. Holiday.  
That's the reason I come home, baby.Chamillionaire:  
Relax, relax,  
(J. Holiday: Let's go, whoo!)How could you be lonely,  
They don't really know me,  
Comfortable as ever like my hustle got us cozy,Bottles lookin' rosy,  
Bags meant to go G,  
Poppin' tags while we Photoshoppin' like Adobee,Cool as Obama,  
All the drama was the old me,These walls could talk,  
They would say how they don't know me,Always on the road,  
No home could ever hold me,Success is like a drug,  
And I feel like I'm 'bout to OD,Nah, you don't run around,  
Actin' like you own me,Wait til I get home,  
Then you gonna put it on me,Look at how we ballin', bitch,  
One or two of colby,Look at how they callin',  
Voice matters what they owe me,But they just some rookies and you know that you were OG,  
After o'clock you know exactly where I'm gon' be,You know how the road be,  
groupies hoppin' on the sack,  
But guess who's back to give you the business.J. Holiday:  
When I'm in the streets, on ma' grind,  
You got me, and we gon' shine,  
Plus I know you gon' go down home, and let me get mine,  
One more reason to come home,  
Off the streets,  
Girl when I come home,  
Off ma grind,  
Relax, relax, relax.Chamillionaire:  
I got to be in the twelve,  
Got the Beamer as well,Grindin' like it ain't illegal,  
And I ain't seein' a jail,On the chase for the paper,  
I'm on the tip of the tail,I'm the Clyde to your Bonnie,  
And we ain't leavin' a share,My fat ex-girlfriend, was tryin' to see me get mailed,  
The UPS in the downs, and you still seem to appear.You ain't breakin' a sweat, put your feet in the air,  
And while I ride presidential, I'll let you be my Michelle,In this life all these of troubles, I know it's easy to fail,  
But when it's us against the world, me and you like "oh yeah",It'll take a lot of hustlin', it's easy to tell,

That I am always on the hustle, never seein' a chair, See in my stare, I ain't easy to scare,  
Put a king with a queen, and they can see we a pair, Soon as I get a full house, it'll be easy to share,  
All of the royalties and riches, just for keepin' it player. J. Holiday:

When I'm in the streets, on ma' grind,  
You got me, and we gon' shine,  
Plus I know you gon' go down home, and let me get mine,  
One more reason to come home,  
Off the streets,  
Girl when I come home,  
Off ma grind,

Relax, relax, relax. Chamillionaire:  
We livin' the life, and this is payback,

For the days that you used to say that, Maibach, wasn't something that your sights was aimed at,  
Made that, money stacked up enough to pay that,  
May stacks, but you told me that I should saved that, Ain't that somethin', we grind to get stacks,  
As soon as we get stacks, it's harder ta (J. Holiday: relax, relax), So let your seat back, and let's repeat track,  
Relaxin' in the sun up, 'n we chill 'til we see the black c'mon, In the streets 'n I'm hustlin' daily (J. Holiday:  
daily),

You don't need to be stressin' that, baby (J. Holiday: baby), I get home 'n I know you'll be waitin', yeah (J.  
Holiday: yeah yeah),

You ain't mad at the money I'm chasin', And you know that ma lifestyle's crazy,  
But you always gon' be ma first lady, yeah (J. Holiday: Woo!). J. Holiday:

When I'm in the streets, on ma' grind,  
You got me, and we gon' shine,  
Plus I know you gon' go down home, and let me get mine,  
One more reason to come home,  
Off the streets,  
Girl when I come home,  
Off ma grind,

Relax, relax, relax. Chamillionaire:  
Come let me tell you, man, In the streets 'n I'm hustlin' daily,  
But you always gon' be ma first lady, yeah (J. Holiday: Yoa got a Texas in the building.).  
Oh yeah,

(J. Holiday: Chamillionaire, what's up, baby?)

Take it away, Jay. J. Holiday:

Yeah,  
Just relax,  
No, no no no no,  
Go!

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

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