

100 Million

Chamillionaire

[Intro - Chamillionaire - talking]Haha, a wise man once told me keep me your friends close and keep your
enemies closer

And he only got close enough to tell me that because, well he was a enemy
Shout out to all my frenemies, haha, Major Pain boy
Yeah, yeah!

[Verse 1 - Chamillionaire]I'm in first place, in this wonderful World chase

I'm a current case of a rapper that won't break
Playin dirty (yeah), I'm too sick with the word play
I make words that don't rhyme start rhyming like "you're gay"
Be on your way, I'm a mercy mercy
You be workin hard, she givin me your pay
Women walk up to me, "it's nothin" that girl say (yeah)
Stick money on my shirt like it was my birthday (hey!)
Let's go, rest mo', get slowed
I'm like "f hoes", they metroed, I'm petroed
Get blowed by your girl like red nose
And every single day I'm catchin a head cold (hachoo)
"Pimp Mode", Katt Williams, yeah them know
Put it on a tape and call it the "Best Show"
Koop' versus Chamillionaire, which is the best flow?
You'll probably see a tie like NBA dress code
Be the best to' (woo), jump up and get squashed
Just thoughts, just talk your lip gloss
'Cause you spit soft, thick bosses get off

And I know what you're thinkin, I hit ya with this pause (haha)

They say you shouldn't throw stones at a glass house
Got my money up and I throw out of my stash house
What your cash 'bout? I ain't takin the tag out
Ask me why I bought it, my wallet just passed out
Rapper ran mouth and I bet he get ran out
I bet another sucker gonna follow that man route
I'm a bad cough, that sick, big, bad boss
See me and they bow like "wow, Chat Moss" (haha)
Tryin to say that you ain't real if you got it
Yeah I'm on the internet because it fill up my wallet
Uh, street money helped me get into college
I bust you in your face, log on and Twitter about it (woo!)
Uh, the audacity, run 'em over like athletes
Self serve means I'm the only person that's gassin me

You should ask of me, money lookin like math to me
One plus one equals equity, what it has to be
Uh, better come at your boy carefully
Or get shown the definition of real reality
Who's as bad as me? Any other name is calamity
'Cause I be flippin the G's daily like Vanna be
Wanna challenge me? What a beautiful day that that'll be
You could battle me any Sunday through Saturday

You a cavity, too sweet to even handle me
I'm insanity, not sane, my brain out of me (woo)
Take a budget, turn it into confetti
If I start another label I'm a call it "Machete"
Nah, won't drop an album 'til I'm motherf'in ready
Was gonna call it "Venom", when I'm strikin I am deadly
Don't know me Mister, don't ask me about my sister
They don't really know me but label me like a risk a
You can have all the swagger, you can have the charisma
If I want your opinion, I'll log on the 'net and Twit ya (Tweet)
It's the Mister "Sicker Than Every Pic Ya Makin"
But it's no hate and they waitin to get ya issue
And it's official, I'm so official

Turn my iPhone towards me and I take a picture (cheese!)
Women say you real and say that they wanna kiss ya
Haters see it happen, that day they gonna wanna diss ya
Promise it's a myth, you need to know I will get ya
Richer, so I call up my lawyer before I hit ya (uh)
You mess with me, impossible gonna be possible
What you think we even look at the Oscars for?
Hang with me to hear product 'cause he a gossip
Thought that we was fly but ain't like a ostrich bro (woo)
That's why I say no way, Larry King of this thing, my pay stay okay
Mixtapes in the street and pass A plus K
Aunt Jemima plus vagina, you a sweet pussy
Every verse is a better verse, you know what it's worth
Since my birth been blessed with a curse, realest on the Earth
It's a curse, get another nurse, in a mini skirt
Make her work 'til her feet is hurt, open up your purse, Captain Kirk
I can't ever be, she'll be payin me (me)
Walkin through the mall like we on a shopping spree (spree)
Open up the garage, yeah everything you see, black on black like the NAACP
Gettin money, yeah I let the cat out
I get any sicker then I'm probably gonna pass out
In the studio 'cause they sleep on me like the black couch
Still got mad clout, that's what haters is mad 'bout

Here we go, here we go, I'm in the studio
My whip got me feelin like my name was Domino
'Cause it's a big six with me everywhere I go
Your chick is still tryin to get me in a figure four
Lookin for some hotness, let a heat seeker know
George Bush, one push, let a heat seeker go
Hit the studio, there goes another heat seeker "whoa!" (whoa)
But I don't know why they doubt 'cause I've done this before (whoa)
[Outro - Chamillionaire - talking]I want a hundred million dollars, hundred million dollars
Hundred million dollars, hundred million dollars
Try to get on my level, try to get on my level, let's go, um

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