

# Switch Styles

## Chamillionaire

As we get on the proceedings this evening  
Ha-ha, it's Koopa nigga, it's Koopa nigga  
Ay man switch styles man, stay switching styles  
You know I'm tal'n 'bout, switch everything niggaPaint switching, no teams  
We ain't switching teams baby, ha already  
It's Color Changin' Click, hey Mix Tape Messiah  
Let's go, let's go, let's go yeahI was at Stokers in ATL, and they was showing Cham and sluts  
My nigga Killa's Klan with us, and did some sh, I can't discuss  
They was bad they was yellow, they was saying can you handle us  
Pull the door knob on the ceiling, 'cause I'm about to handle upShowing up at the hotel, now is this chick a fan  
or what  
If she sipping that's a plus, but not that Crys' 'cause that's for us  
Come to the hotel wondering if you stripping, that's a must  
Make a meal out of my nuts, and open up a can of suckControversy sells, I swear I spit a rhyme that'll shock  
I wreck so I get respect in the digital underground, like I'm Pac  
Labels scheme and they plot, they telling me sign on the dot  
I cracked a platinum smile and he knew, that was a sign I would notNo warrants when the laws pull up behind,  
I'ma stop  
Princes cuts the size of a window, I'ma wind down my watch  
Pussy passenger still mad, 'cause I'm rewinding on chops  
Tossed his work inside my lap, and said that I got the rocksScreens fall like rain, while my trunk shaking like  
thunder  
[Incomprehensible], my verse sound like a mumble  
Onlookers wonder, if I'm level headed or humble  
Till I get to speaking bout drama, then I end a sentence with uh-uhBack that I'm Israel, I'm Istanbul I'm  
thinking Pakistani  
Foreign cars no I'm dressing up, 'cause the only gator comes after Navi  
Students getting out of barber school, graduating they getting happy  
All my hoes got longer hair, than 'cause of it on the Adams FamilySixty inch TV screen, I could view from the  
side angle  
In my crib you'll get lost, it's like the Bermuda Triangle  
Said I'd knew you'd be a king, so Hakim is what I named you  
I told my mama thanks, now the king is what I claim foolWhen it comes to this rap game nigga, passionate for it  
brah  
Your CD packages showing up, laughing after it's blowing up  
Think I'm playing by my pistol, until I'm smacking it over ya  
Shooting spiders off my rims, like I got arach-a-naphobiaSt. Lunatics say it's tipped, for me that pimp is the drill  
While she tasting my testicles, see the tip of my steel  
Know you getting that scrill, pulling up on whips with the grill

And if that slab only got fo' you know, it's missing a wheel'Cause I'm a Texas tycoon, flat TV screens in my  
room  
So many flakes in my paint, say I need Vidal Sassoon  
Fish in the fish tank gon' sip drank, yeah they'll be leaning by noon  
And the two Brazilian beauties, come in to clean my lagoonWon't see no damn silver spoon, inside my mouth  
just my kitchen  
I'm popped up with the trunk up wreck, in other words we tipping  
Looked in my garage, noticed a couple cars is missing  
Let me see one two three, my bad I'm trippingKinda look like I'm crippling, when my paint change to blue  
By the way my paint change to red, you would swear I'm claiming that too  
Yeah, they be banging that Whoo Kid, and be banging that Clue  
But down in Texas the changer, ain't never changing from ScrewSeen the slugs that you spittin' at me  
I mean the slugs that you missin' at me  
Seen you and you ain't getting at me  
Man the game is really getting crappy  
ATL with Killa Kill, Status Quo and that Lil' Scrappy  
I don't wear no throwbacks, 'cause the trend is really getting tackyCommercial won't hurt you, 'cause that's  
gon' get you mo' cash  
But spend that cash on security, 'cause we gon' whip your ass  
Music slower than a running turtle, tell you what they sip in my circle  
Samuel Jackson, Whoopie Goldberg, Oprah Winfrey the color purpleHa-ha, that was a good one  
That was a good one, ha-haI told you you don't want problems, you didn't believe it  
Go get a bodyguard, 'cause you're gonna need it  
We're gonna bomb you, worse than Osama  
Get it in your head, nigga I tried to warn yaAll these boys acting like, they be getting do'  
But you can't hide the truth, a real baller gon' know  
All these boys acting like, they ain't really hoes  
But you can't hide the truth, a real nigga gon' know  
All these boys acting like, they can call a stone  
Let's break these boys off, and let 'em know we got it sowedMix Tape, Mi-Mix Tape, Mi-Mix Tape Messiah  
Mix Tape, Mi-Mix Tape, Mi-Mix Tape Messiah  
Mix Tape, Mi-Mix Tape, Mi-Mix Tape Messiah  
Hey I'm fins to do my thang, hey I'm repping Color Change  
Hey we fins to do our thang, hey I'm repping Color ChangeWe gon' slap box, soon as we done  
That shit was no test, let's see who gets the most hits to the head  
I'ma slap the shit out you watch, wish a nigga would  
Let the motherfucker touch me, I'm gon' smack the shit out of him  
I ain't no fucking punk, nigga you better get that, aah hold up  
Oh shit

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