

# You Got Wrecked (Chopped & Screwed)

## Chamillionaire

I step in the club, and I'm throwin' up my set  
Cup-cup purple barre, and my car candy red  
I got special effects surroundin' my neck

No-no you don't nigga, Dike Jones just got wreckedWhen I step in the club, you breakin' yo neck

You know why I'm here, to take my respect

You can't get next, I came to plex

So call up Dike Jones and tell him he just got wreckedHoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you  
(All them hoe ass niggaz)

Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you

(I tryed to let that nigga slide man)Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you

(Got respect for Watts and the House man)

Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you

(But nah man)Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you  
(Hoe ass nigga)

Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you

(Niggaz gotta get dealt with man, out there bumpin' they gums)Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you  
(Talkin' all that noise nigga)

Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you

(It's King Koopa, ay)I got 'em scramblin', I know he feel the pressure to cheat  
But I can handle him, that hoe gon' show respect to the chief

He the King of who?, King of what?, Sesame Street

I lay you out over some beef like some sesame seedsMeet you half-way, it's like I'm interceptin' ya beef  
Await on my front-lawn, like I'm expectin' ya beef  
I know that Dike Mike, wanna turn the plex into peace

But I can't, why? I threw away my weapon receiptI'm 'bout to get him, just when he thought Koopa was in  
neutral

Scrap or keep it on wax, don't matter whatever suits ya  
I don't know Dre, but ay I wouldn't introduce ya

I drop a beat down on ya ass like a producerFuture, nah 'cuz I won't let you have next  
I bet he E-mail me and try to send me Internet threats  
Go and pop some damn X, go and pop some Zanex

Do something better with ya life and go and have some hand sexYou ain't bringin' Cham' plex, you on a  
pharmaceutical

What type of fool is you? I'ma suit you for your funeral  
A bunch of niggaz hit me sayin' what they wanna do to you

Don't worry, I won't let 'em shoot at you, until I through with youI step in the club, and I'm throwin' up my set  
Cup-cup purple barre, and my car candy red  
I got special effects surroundin' my neck

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You know why I'm here, to take my respect  
You can't get next, I came to plex  
So call up Dike Jones and tell him he just got wreckedHoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you  
(All them hoe ass niggaz)  
Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you  
(Shoulda known that nigga was fraud man)Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you  
(Niggaz was tellin' me that that nigga was fraud)  
Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you  
(And I was defendin' that nigga man)Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you  
(Shoulda known better man)  
Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you  
(Should seen it, should seen it comin')Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you  
(Fraud ass nigga)  
Hoe ass niggaz, guess I gotta remind you  
(Gotta new name nigga, Dike Jones)Yeah, Chamillionaire the biggest threat to any nigga that think he doin' it  
I gave you life, but I'll take it back, before your through with it  
I gave you plenty chances, but now it's over you ruined it  
Swisha House before you, and Koopa was your influence, kidYou was on Tidwell, tryna slang me your raps  
Got in the game, and then you switched it to slangin' some crack  
I ain't a pussy trust that, it ain't no thang to attack  
And it ain't no thang to react, the heater sang and go clapAin't no explainin' for that, you get lit up like a candle  
Give you more then a sample, bet that nigga get trampled  
Make that dike an example, kiddie clubs gonna ban you  
They gon' have to cancel his show on the Disney ChannelHe hated on Magno, see people never noticed him  
He talked down on his boy to me, while doin' shows with him  
Said the streets ain't feelin' him, how could you even know it  
When you got your wack ass rap style from NickelodeanWho? Dike Jones, who? Dike Jones  
Wrote his name and his number on his Swisha House thong  
Who? Dike Jones, who? Dike Jones  
Ain't with ya team but still the King of the Swisha House throneI step in the club, and I'm throwin' up my set  
Cup-cup purple barre, and my car candy red  
I got special effects surroundin' my neck  
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You know why I'm here, to take my respect  
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So call up Dike Jones and tell him he just got wrecked

Songwriters

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