

# Swagga Like Koop

## Chamillionaire

[Intro/Chorus - Sample of M.I.A.'s "Paper Planes" 4X]"No one on the corner has swagger like us"

"Swagger like us, swagger-swagger like us"

[Chamillionaire - talking over Intro/Chorus]Chamillitary mayne!

You know I had to do it

Mixtape Messiah 5, that's right

Somebody need to give me a solid definition of what swag is

Is that when ya bank account get built up so high  
that everybody come out tryin to sue you so they can get their piece of the pie?

Is that swag, huh?

Or maybe it's when a major label call you and ask you when your next  
mixtape droppin

'Cause they know you gonna have the streets on smash, is that swag?

Or maybe it's just a whole bunch of punchlines

Braggin about how ya ball with no purpose at all

You already know I could do that, I could do that

Chamilli! (Chamilli!), uh! (uh, uh)

[Verse 1 - Chamillionaire]Let me start like this

Tried to put on skinny jeans and couldn't zip my zip (haha)

Nah, let me be blunt real quick

I don't wear skinny jeans 'cause my dick (dick) don't fit (woo!)

Always keep a Maggie close to me like Lisa

Known to keep a lot of cheese on me like pizza

Hakeem, y'all backwards like Meekah

Y'all better keep your eyes on me like features (like features)

Never be mislead

I don't care what any side switchin fickle fan said

Yeah, still Street like Greg (Greg)

Hit you with a speaker they gonna call you bass head

Bought a motorcycle 'cause I'm normally one deep

(Crocodile) on the seats, you could call it (Dundee)

Kickers in the trunk tryin to do the Chun-Li

Yep, yep, bet the wallet do the Gumby (woo!)

Stretchin my green, stretchin, stretchin my cream

(Cash Rules Everything), I'm the Meth' of my scene (yeah)

Come to Texas, we can bet that I'm king

I'm the best in real life and nothin less in my dreams

Cars got the screens that they have in homes

Cribs got the same size pillars that they had in Rome

Travelled way to Rome just to grab a phone (okay)

I ain't even turn it on, haha  
Paris Hilton got a man named Benji and she loves him  
I'm in Paris with the benjies man and we hustlin (uh)  
Meanwhile I'm in customs  
Chain so big, we lookin like we munchkins

Ask your bank teller (yeah), bet she know a playa (yeah)  
Money over here (woo!), you way over there  
You got swag? Tell me why I'm supposed to care?  
M.O.E. is me, you are more like money over where? (ha)  
She say she independent like she signed to Koch (Koch)  
I told her time is money, so she grabbed my watch  
Got stocks, got rocks, got glocks (glocks)  
Grammy isn't dusty 'cause I still ain't took it out the box  
I keep a big whip like Indiana Jones (woo!)  
And big sized rims what I'm a have it on (have it on)  
I be terrorizin every jammer's song  
Y'all on T-Pain dick, leave that man alone (whoa)  
Act like you don't know me, I mean the new me, forget the old me  
I dip a bullet in syrup and you can OD  
On chopped and screwed bullets, competition die slowly (yeah)  
I'm like the the (Man) named (Pac)  
On a whole 'nother level, plus I'm eatin that's fact (that's fact)  
Matter of fact you can take swag back  
That's a word rappers sayin when they know they can't rap (can't rap)  
But your confidence higher than a stewardess  
Just wanna laugh when I ask you who your jeweler is (haha)  
H-A-L-M-OH!, so humorous  
Been gettin paid (been gettin paid) don't believe me, you can google this  
Got a major deal

Winnin Boston green diamonds, while you waste your skrill  
I buy green diamond, it's a baseball field  
Nothin Little League about me, I got major bills  
Money like Mutombo (yeah), tall like this (yeah)  
Money got a mumble and it [mumbled] - talk like this (haha)  
If money talks baby, pardon my lips  
Ben Franklin always with me like he part of my clique  
And I don't be in the strip club every night (right)  
But I tell her keep the tax like you Wesley Snipes (Snipes)  
Even the white girls tryin to get the pipe (why?)  
All up on the nuts like a Nestle bite  
The industry ain't somethin that I feel is fair  
Don't care if you well rounded, they just fill the squares  
So I don't care unless it about a million shares  
Standin on a million, lookin up like it's a billion where?

And I am so sincere  
I'm the baddest rapper here, let's just get this clear  
And I wish a major would kick me out my deal  
'Cause I'd be the richest independent you should fear  
No one on the corner move mixtapes like me  
But I won't tell ya how many and incriminate thee  
M-I-X-T-A-P-E, street money make me sound like Lil Boosie  
Can't get no money 'cause he don't move no birds  
Can't get no money 'cause he don't usually curse  
Mixtape Messiah 5, baby you deserve  
Some alphabet soup so you can eat your words

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>