

H-Town To A-Town

Chamillionaire

"Oh! " Heeey, you know how we do it shorty

Heeey

This for the hoes

And the rich ass niggaz

And the entrepreneur niggaz man(Southern Smoke)Yeah, I got a lot of vehicles, you see my whole gang

On the feet are and we hoggin up the whole thang

The way they dancin got it lookin like it's "Soul Train"

Steady tippin toward niggaz on them vogues and swangs

Extended out, six inches past the side of the vogue

Get on your knees, the decision she decided was "no"

Got the deal, now the dirty chick decided to blow

Can't see the dirt that she doin from outside of the O

A little slow or screw it, yeah, the windows what I mean

We foggin up all the glass, like the windows isn't clean

Either you do or don't know, there is no in between

Flick sucks, I pick up, the remote and switch the screens

Steppin out the velour like she want me to do her

Like she want me to pull a weapon and do somethin to her

Ger her wet, them channel says by King Johnny The Jeweler

My band's invisible nigga, it's King Koopa The Ruler

A little cracker disease (southern Smoke), keep a couple of clips

Ain't trippin so we just show our love to the chicks

By sayin I got no beef, but please show me your tits

Your backstage, I'm the one that you should lick, lick, lick

Don't spit and you legit, I'm feelin your race

Can't really tell what you are, but still feelin your face

You fine, go get another chick with similar traits

I got somethin I'm not really sure that'll fit in your waist

Yeah I'm cocky, but I will right hook you like Rocky

And knock me, a nigga to the moon, you got me?

With your chick in the men's bathroom at the Roxy

She like "Papi, last time this how my man caught me"

Jacki-O chick "Pussy" had you whopped like boxing

"I'll Na Na", you have that ass whopped like Foxy

I must be the black Hugh Hef of the pop scene

I pop bottles, got a lot of hoes, and got cream

Now Jessica Simpson, Jessica's pimp son

Get a couple chicks and tell Jessica - pick one

Both of y'all come with me, do it 'til the dick done

After you done, move over there and switch hun (southern Smoke)
Hahaha, hold up boy
Back up off that CD player mayne
Right now your listenin to the number one DJ in the South - DJ Smallz
You my dog man, you do it big like that
Chamillitary mayneThat's it (that's it), a nigga just tryin to get rich (get rich)
Stuff my pockets 'til my pants can't fit (can't fit)
Money, power, fame, and then fuck a bitch (fuck a bitch)
Yeah, shorty that's it, my nigga that's it (that's it)A nigga just tryin to get rich (get rich)
Stuff my pockets 'til my pants can't fit (can't fit)
Money, power, fame, and then fuck a bitch (hey)
Yeah, shorty that's it, my nigga that's it
I'm havin dreams of hoes and fancy clothes
But a young nigga know, which way to go
I ain't stuntin, your whack bitch cause I'm out the door
If you ain't gettin money, what you want me for?
I ain't tryin to talk to you, while I'm rollin the dro
I can't wait to you blow, you can leave me alone
My clique don't drink Goose, cause we off Patron
I know a lot of hood niggaz, so I'm puttin them on
I got beef with shorty (southern Smoke), but it's okay
I beat your ass, then fuck your bitch the same day
The niggaz that know me, know I don't play
Before I clear the case out, throw that up in your face
Between hoes and money, I paper chase
That'll show you how much a real G can make
I ain't only feedin me, I got to feed my baby
Just like God can judge me, he the only one can save me
And the nigga George Bush want to take me to slavery(Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh)
You know how we do it shorty
I'm just tryin to get rich y'all, I'm sorry
I'm drunk, in the studio, smoke, you know
Naw I'm not drunk, I'm high, my badChamillitary mayne
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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