

# Realest Niggas In It

## Chamillionaire

Excuse me for not introducing myself correctly  
I am the Man on Fire, A.K.A. the Mix Tape Messiah  
A.K.A. the Chamillinator, Smallz let's get 'em  
You know what time it is, H-Town, stand up, you know who I am  
Said it then I meant it, I'm the realest nigga in it  
Said it then I meant it, I'm the realest nigga in it  
Realest nigga in it, realest nigga in it  
You know that Texas, what it is, and I'ma represent it  
Aye, Koopa it's been a minute fool  
But the streets of the South say they feeling you  
Tell me what you wanna know and I can lyrically give you an interview  
Koopa it's been a minute fool but the streets  
Of the South say they feeling you  
Tell me what you wanna know  
And I can lyrically give you a interview  
Well, one, why do these wanna be  
Ass suckers, be on your dick?  
'Cause being fake is in they blood  
Can't stick with one click, so they switch  
Two, why the hell these boys keep talking like you gon' fail  
'Cause they think that bar been raised  
So high that I can't match them sales  
Well, can you? Yeah, nigga just wait and see  
You got property, you better watch for me  
'Cause I buy that land that you living on  
And sell it right back to you like monopoly  
Question three, who producing your album man?  
Scott Storch, Beat Bullies, Mannie Fresh, Cool and Dre  
And the list goes on pimping  
I'm coming down, hundred miles and I'm gunning  
Loud ass speakers growl when they humming  
Chamillitary the sound that they summing  
One and nothing, talking down when I'm not around  
Got nothing but bad words  
You thinking you bad but Cham worse  
You couldn't even F' with a damn verse  
Plus you must be on that stuff, got 'em pissing they Pampers  
See me pull up on 24's, your hoe horny like antlers  
They messing with you my nigga but I ain't gotta tell you that

You already know that, tell 'em who you is, the Mix Tape Messiah  
Okay, tell 'em what you represent, Chamillitary mayn  
Already, H-Town, stand up, let's go  
Said it then I meant it, I'm the realest nigga in it  
Said it then I meant it, I'm the realest nigga in it  
Realest nigga in it, realest nigga in it  
You know that Texas, what it is, and I'ma represent it  
Realest nigga in it, when I'm riding it be tinted  
And the trunk looks like it's dented 'cause the bass is at it's limit  
Them niggaz they be talking, but them niggaz they don't live it  
Said it in a sentence, they might say how they distribute  
When you see 'em, they be timid, they ain't even independent  
They be living with they mama, man, these niggaz full of drama  
They might smoke some marijuana but won't get up off they ass  
Till I come down in my slab, posted up behind that glass  
Texas what it is, light reflection on my wrist  
Looking like a section of the complexion on my chick  
I don't need a click, all I need's a extra clip  
Let them twenty bullets rip and twenty niggaz flip  
In this verse I'm so legit, I don't care what nigga you with  
When you speak talk with a purpose or don't open up your lip  
Boys is out of line, this how we gon' do it in 2005  
We coming nigga, whoa, you all listening to the Man on Fire  
DJ Smallz, Chamillionaire callabo, you already know  
I might be moving too fast for 'em, so let me slow it up  
So, they can catch up with me, that's what it is  
Said it then I meant it, I'm the realest nigga in it  
Said it then I meant it, I'm the realest nigga in it  
Realest nigga in it, realest nigga in it  
You know that Texas, what it is, and I'ma represent it  
Houston been doing it back, since Screwed Up rap wasn't rap  
Now, Chamillionaire is back, to put that fact on the map  
Lil' flicking ass niggaz, fix your act or get slapped  
We keep hollows up in them holsters, get a package of blap  
You could tell by the way the Texas logo, sit above the brim  
I'm quick to tell a chick, to go and get another friend  
If her attitude is right, she can have some fun and swim  
Or I'll send her back board like the glass above the rim  
Yeah, I gotta keep it in control  
New Yorkers say I'm nice, Texas niggaz say I'm thoed  
From Blue-Blues to Saigon, to Joe Budden and Southern Flows  
Don't matter what I'm sold, the streets saying that I'm cold  
Down here the music slowed, po' a fo' in that cola  
Fifth wheel falling back, my bumper kit in a coma  
Couple friendly ass suckers, getting boulder and boulder

They telling me that they ready to get 'em  
Like Pimp C, I'm like hol' up, hol' up  
Yeah, it's Chamillionaire, the Mix Tape Messiah  
And right now, I am the Man on Fire  
Representing for Houston Texas, invading the air waves  
On the official Chamillionaire mix tape  
This a Fear Factor Music, slash Southern Smoke  
Slash Chamillitary, slash, Beat Yo Ass production man  
'Bout to take it to the next level on this one  
Ay Smallz, let's give em another exclusive to brag about man  
You ain't ready, I run these streets

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