

# Get Ya Umbrellas Out

## Chamillionaire

[Intro - Chamillionaire](Cheah, cheah, cheah, cheah)

(Chamillitary mayne)

We just warmin up though

(Cheah, cheah, cheah, cheah)

(Chamillitary mayne)

Yeah, yeah, let me get ready

(Cheah, cheah, cheah, cheah)

(Chamillitary mayne)

Mixtape Messiah Part 2 is what you tuned into

Until we get to Mixtape Messiah Part 20, lets go

[Chorus - Chamillionaire - 2X]I'm like a legit criminal doin dirt in the underground

Everybody smilin, I'm knowin it's cause I run it now

'Bout to bring the rain, just so they know how the thunder sound

Cheah, cheah, get ya umbrellas out

[Verse 1 - Chamillionaire]You ain't never been a baller, ya always livin to be

Money ain't tall. all of y'all is my Mini Mes

Picture y'all, ever doin it big as me

Slimmer than the chances of y'all gettin rid of me

Uh, uh, take it easy on 'em (take it easy on 'em)

Uh, uh, now "Don't Hurt 'Em Hammer" ("Don't Hurt 'Em Hammer")

Uh, uh, now take it easy on 'em (I cock the hammer, bam)

Uh, uh, now "Don't Hurt 'Em Hammer"

Yeah, the Air Forces with the suit, but does that make me a weirdo

Took out the grill, they no longer see how the grill glow

I hear ya talkin but it's hard for me to hear though

Hearin gettin blocked by this 10 karat earlobe (woo)

You know me, got "Revenge" and that was last year

Criminal, all the awards gettin snatched, cheah (cheah)

Comin with Ultimate Victory, now it's clear

That Chamillionaire comin with Heat like I'm Shaq's peers (haha)

I shoplift a rapper for his "Number 1 Spot"

Trespass for the cash and stack up a whole knot

And then I mash on the gas, gotta go, here come cops (pppum)

[Break - Chamillionaire]We outta here (uh, take it easy on 'em)

Mixtape Messiah Part 2, we almost there baby (Uh, uh and "Don't Hurt 'Em Hammer")

Until we get to Mixtape Messiah Part 28 (Uh, uh, take it easy on 'em)

Y'all know what it is, Chamillitary mayne (Uh, uh, "Don't Hurt 'Em Hammer")

[Verse 2 - Chamillionaire]Lookin at my cars and my clothes, black on black's the new thing

"What you lookin at nigga?" startin to be the new slang  
Black on black crime and black on black rhyme, all the same  
Realize through seein eyes that we F'in up the game  
The originators didn't survive, rappers really your bastards  
And the Phantom Rolls Royce is really your caskets  
A bunch of babies and ladies, period rappers  
The naggin keeps goin and goin with no period after  
Hall pass, pass, pass, Screw too it's a shame  
Some say the purple syrup was the root of the blame  
Some call it a Screw, so people remember the name  
The rest sellin tapes screwed, tryna eat off his fame  
Now I use half of my mind capacity, smarter people just have to be  
Sarcastic critics ain't gettin it, if you laugh at me  
I'm from the south, where your mouth will make you a casualty  
Criticizin me, but your snap dancin to "Laffy T"  
Yeah, yeah, anywhere on the planet  
I seen you all doin that Joc dance dammit  
One day I'ma make a classic, if I haven't  
Hater is a hateration, the Me-ssiah won't have it  
Kill you, they gonna say he was an idiot man  
I spit a verse by doin it, the streets give me your praise (haha)  
Fans love you in mysterious ways  
Major labels callin 'em artists but they really are slaves  
Pick a grave, cause every damn one of 'em's like a graveyard  
and your just an item on sale like it's Kmart  
And the budget you workin with is your pay card  
If your budget's low, don't worry, don't even pay for it  
Just take it, I hope that you can run quick  
I'm a "Undaground Legend" like Hump and Lil' Flip  
Money is the case, yeah, usually when it's switched  
It's Chamillitary mayne, now say it cause it sticks  
Even with Paul, I never tried to steal all his glory  
Never begged Swishahouse niggaz to make a hit for me  
Naw, I ain't tryna copy his story  
Naw, history is me, yeah  
[Chorus]

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