# Hip Hop Warning

## Chamillionaire

[Intro]
I don't really know if it's dead or alive
They called for an ambulance
They said one of them won't be able to make 'til March 27
But in the mean time I'll give it a check up[Chorus - 2X]
Hip-hop just died here's a warning
(somebody ring the alarm)
Hip=hop just died here's a warning
(somebody ring the alarm)
Hip-hop just died here's a warning
That revenge is coming (It's coming back for..)
(It's coming back for revenge)[Chamillionaire talking over chorus]
Man I don't even know if hip-hop is dead
But I do know that some of the bigest retails stores is going out of business
Record sales ain't doing what they use to do
Remember when you use to be able to go 4, 5 million sold
Now everybody having trouble to go gold man
It's a lot of good music coming out the south
And a lot of non-sense coming out the south
But I can't blame no artist
I blame corporate america for the downfall of rap[Chamillionaire]
If hip-hop should die before I'm great (yea)
I'ma do more than just murder a mixtape
I'ma do more than just murder a mixtape
I'ma do more than just murder a mixtape (chea)
Pollution I smell that in the breeze
But let's try not to get mad at the trees
Tell 'em all not to get mad at the leaves
Let's get mad at the idiots that planted the seeds
When it come to mixtapes, I'm know as the Messiah
I influence these other rappers to get tighter
Go to every label and murder the checkwriter
Who ever hired him, we should prey that he will get fired
And soon as they kick him out on Broadway
Show him how to make his hip-hop the hard way
I bring the whole south with me, you should just call me
And we can make a pinata out of him all day
Chea, and I ain't even finna be gentle
You can murder Seline for sending me the instrumental

It ain't coincidental how they can get in your mental
Then the minute you see it they tell you it was accidental (accidental)
All rich rappers do is complain, everybody arguing to be on top of the game
9 out of 10 rap about copping them thangs
Or how the gat go braat, braat, braat, braat when it bang
And it seems like H-town got that popular slang
Platinum grills everybody else copping the same
Platinum grills everybody else copping the same
Then everybody run to that like it's the poppinest thang
What is that man? Where the hell your swagger at?
Who gon be the first to bring the old swagger back?
Doing what I do seems like boys mad at that
You was sharp homie, where the hell is your dagger at?
I was a fan sitting up in the stands
When it was M-E-T-H-O-D MAN
You hear M-E-T-H-O-D for Cham
Rakim was still thinking of a master plan
And it worked, and now I'ma fit up in my place
Stay humble, stay focused, and show that I got grace
You better not point the burner to my face
Better load up the burner and then turn it to myspace
The same rapper than die hard, Bruce Willis with a vest under the Izod
Wanna beat you? Man I ain't got to try hard
You getting beat by the Internet and your Ipod
The label don't want you to be Master P
Took the Master and put it right after P
Bump it master, but I won't let it master me
You're an idiot if you're giving up your masters free
Corporate America is f-ing up the rap game
While we argue about which rapper got the phat chain
You real gangsta you pulling out your gat man
The real gangsta who ever own the rap name
Like Busta said "you should give a performance"
That's the truth us rappers shouldn't try and avoid it
If you're married the game go ahead and divorce it
Especially if it's rap we ain't even enjoying it
Yea I'am not going to point a "K" at a magazine
Because of what someone say in a magazine
I can..pull out my chain yellin 'Bada Bling'
Or on a G4 plane sitting by the wing
Telling you "the leather feel good don't it?"
For 50 thou you'll have a real good moment
The plane's landed by the pilot that flown it
I am not an idiot cause I'm trying to own it
Little kids look at me and say that "you best"

1.3 million in the U.S. some label exec gettting in a new desk
I get an award they tell me that I'm too blessed
Honestly it just excited my family
I just hide the medicine inside of the candy
Get cured by the music blasting out of your camry
If not I'll hide the medicine inside of your brandy
Cuz I know that yall boys gotta be drunk
To think that Chamillionaire gonna be a industry punk
I'm a in-da-streets problem you will get stomped
Get criss-cross off when the kid jump
Some of them try to rhyme but they can't rhyme like this (Jump)
Some of them try to rhyme but they can't rhyme like this (Jump)
Some of them try to rhyme but they can't rhyme like this (Jump)
Some of them try to rhyme but they can't
Because I'm the miggity miggity mack that stacks the plat plaques
But rap is so wack so I'm back to spit crack
March 27th I'm back and that's fact
So rappers that can't rap get ready cuz it's a wrap

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