

True (Remix) - Feat. 50/50 Twin & Lew Hawk

Chamillionaire

Forget what them boys is talking bout, I'm true-I'm true
You riding swangs you gripping grain, I do-I do
You candy red you candy blue, you popping trunk you jamming Screw
Don't know about you, but I'm true-I'm trueForget what them boys is talking bout, I'm true-I'm true
You riding swangs you gripping grain, I do-I do
You candy red you candy blue, you popping trunk you jamming Screw
Don't know about you, but I'm true-I'm trueForget what these boys is talking bout, we wipe boys down
In South Park on MLK, on Sunday we clown
From the streets of Antoine, to the Homestead hoods
From Mo City to Studewood, it's all good
I'm riding on platinum grey, with Z-Ro and Trae
Gon let the top down, it's a beautiful day
Haters jealous on the sidelines, running they mouth
'Cause I roll with T.I.P., the king of the South
Boys know I'm Paid In Full, so they clocking my dollars
Me, Poppy, Joe and Fox all riding Impalas
I'm breaking bread with Mike Jones, and Slim Thug the Boss
It's Paul Wall, still representing Swishahouse
I'm with my boy Big Kaila, I don't bar no hater
I'm on the grind for paper, I'll holla at ya later
Forget what they talking bout, I'm in love with my wealth
I ain't gotta say I'm true, cause true speak for itself babyForget what them boys is talking bout, I'm true-I'm true
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You candy red you candy blue, you popping trunk you jamming Screw
Don't know about you, but I'm true-I'm trueThey say I'm the greatest of all time, and I say who and they say
you
If she's a dime tell her I'm fine, and she'll say true-true
Turn up the bang if you into, something color changing the rims do
Sound like a train cause when I stop, they be like choo-choo-choo
And I'm thugging too homie, the heater kinda like Al Bundy's hand
Believe me every time you see me, it's gon be in her pants
If I do a crime and you snitch, homie the heater will snitch too
'Cause if the police come around, it'll be pointing at you
Somebody give mouth to mouth to this mic, after it melt
'Cause the only rapper out rapping me is me, after myself
I hope you internet thugs, that will swear that I ain't the tightest

Have cyber sex with Cita, until you catch a virus
Why is he saying this, to piss boys off
I officially claim myself, the rap King of the South
The say I'm the greatest of all time, and I say who and they say you
And I say naw, give that title to the late great DJ Screw, rest in peace Forget what them boys is talking bout, I'm
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Don't know about you, but I'm true-I'm true The definition of a pimp is (me), cause I ain't doing shit for (free)
I got my own label now, if you ain't heard it's (Clover G's)
Now me and Will chasing the scrill, we pulling up on chrome wheels
Nigga, your royalty check looking like my phone bill
Quick to capping picture snapping, paparazzi follow me
Yeah I'm platinum I'll slap him, if he smoke up all my weed
I love to speed on dubs and Spre's, bitches leave the club with me
Snitches mean mugging me, don't make me bust my fucking heat
We popping trunks and smoking blunts, that sticky-ickie (ooh-wee)
Last year I did a mill, now I'm bout to do (three)
I bring the heat on every track, it's five G's for every bar
Just because I'm in a Porsche box, don't mean I like the spa
That don't mean I like the car, you know I'm down to break your jaw
Just because I burn rubber, that don't mean I like the tar
We ghetto stars in every state, like Pimp and Bun we keep it trill
And if you ain't heard, it's Lil' Flipper and Chamill Forget what them boys is talking bout, I'm true-I'm true
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You candy red you candy blue, you popping trunk you jamming Screw
Don't know about you, but I'm true-I'm true

Songwriters

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