

You Gotta Love Me

Chamillionaire

You and, you and, you and, you and
You're gon', you're gon', you're gon'
You're gon', you're gonna love meSittin' back, uh? Waitin' for you to act
Tryin' to speak a niggas name in your rap, uh
Till we run you out the game get your raps took
Don't remember a niggas name not a factSnitchin' on your own gang thinkin' that's hood
Tryin' to diss the color change but cant rap good
Tryin' to say they run the game got it backwards
'Cause the almighty color change ain't havin' that, uhYou and, you and, you and, you and
You're gon', you're gon', you're gon'
You're gon', you're gonna love meFor runnin' these gimmick niggas out of the game
I don't need a reason 'cause it was time for a change
For havin' the nuts to diss you speakin' your name
Instead of subliminal like I ain't to blameFor switchin' the style up now I speak with a purpose
Instead of just speakin' about my rims in my verses
The fake shall fall and the real shall rise to the surface
I bought your Cd but the purchase was worthlessThe hottest buzz along with bun b and me truthfully
Only niggas with a buzz as big as Gorilla Mob, Slim Thug and Boosie
I'm tired of the gimmicks, I am the realest y'all niggas is goofy
I miss that U.G.K. free that Pimp C, man let the truth freeI heard that E.S.G. fixin' to drop scarface the truth see
If it ain't in the same sentence as niggas that's real it don't include me
We're gettin' the money they thought I was through until 1, 2, 3
I drop my DVD so I'm a baller you got hoop dreamsAnd it ain't a shot at Paul don't try that nigga
I would've said his nameYou and, you and, you and, you and
You're gon', you're gon', you're gon'
You're gon', you're gonna love meSittin' back, uh? Waitin' for you to act
Tryin' to speak a niggas name in your rap, uh
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'Cause the almighty color change ain't havin' that, uhYou and, you and, you and, you and
You're gon', you're gon', you're gon'
You're gon', you're gonna love meI'm sittin' back while you rap and you act
Like yo niggas sellin' crack on the tidwell and the trap
You ain't done nuthin' or seen it, I'm tired of these gimmick G's
Only time you used the triple beam was in chemistryAsk anybody I remember it vividly
You was at the gas station passing and soliciting
Dissin' me this pussy is a peon

Before you rapped with watts you was in a purple neon
When he speak you'll be sayin' that its hate
How could I let a pussy nigga rep for my state?
This nigga said he the king of the streets
So I'ma speak now not forever hold my peace
It ain't just him man a bunch of niggas weak
They could say it over beats but wont say it in the streets
And if yo niggas fail they put you on your feet
And when they call your cell it's a message and a beep

Songwriters

Hakeem SerikiPublished by

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