

# I Mean That There (Chopped & Screwed)

## Chamillionaire

Mix tape Messiah Yeah uh-huh, Chamillitary mayn, Chamillitary mayn  
And I mean that there, and I mean that there  
And I mean that there, yeah-yeah  
Yeah-yeah-yeah, and I mean that there  
And I mean that there, and I mean that there yeah-yeah Not a angel I'm filled with anger, to the industry I'm a  
danger  
They make friends with dick suckers, said they tell you that I'm a stranger  
Kick some dirt on my name, but really how can I blame you  
I'm the next to blow, so they put me on punishment for bad behavior They said I should, off went major, but I'm  
a procrastinator  
I get the job done playa, but I'm busy now ask me later  
Stay with a calculator, my lawyer get a grand retainer  
Why 'cause I'm a better business man, than your average hater But now I wanna ask a favor, don't talk to me  
like I'm stupid  
Got no love for you haters, so send that message to cupid  
Give a shout out to Who Kid, why give a shout out to Who Kid  
'Cause I'm wearing something, that match the size of a G-Unit shoe kid What's that, a nine stupid, you do the  
math why  
I tried to be nice to the dyke, but that was my last try  
And since it seems the industry, is infatuated with the bad guy  
I'm spitting and pissing on gimmick niggaz, when they pass by Get mad that I get green, you dealing with the  
Hulk  
I put my anger in the music, nigga this is the result  
Did a hundred thousand independent, now I move CD's in bulk  
Check on Chamillionaire.com, my fan base is a cult I'm that nigga that'll spot you, see you in the streets and box  
you  
You acting like you a problem, I bet I do something 'bout you  
Run the South when it come to making mix tapes, I'm a monster  
Napster crashed, but I wanna give a special shout out to Kazaal Long as Lil' Jon, and Manny keep making beats  
Chamillionaire gon' be a ghetto millionaire, in these streets  
I speak my mind, so stop acting so sentimental  
You soft, if you go to jail you'll get used for a prison pillow You scared, shooting slugs behind the bushes and  
not a brick  
Like a bush is gon' protect you, you know who you dealing with  
Chamillitary hideous mood, and I pity the fool  
If I walk in, I bet every sissy in the city'd move Ain't got to walk a city for food, like Diddy did dude  
If you hungry for drama, I'll see that my Semi get chewed  
Give me the tool I'm from Texas, but I ain't no damn bammer  
Mess with Killa Mike, Ron Thomas that Quo down in Atlanta Lil' Flip and my man Banner, come here and get

man handled

By Slim, E.S.G., OG Ron C fix your damn channel

If you think we all right thur, and speaking with bad grammar

I know Bun B, Lil' O and S.U.C. ain't no damn bammers  
Rasaq ain't no damn bammer, Play-N-Skillz ain't no  
damn bammers

The clip in the hand jammer, to use it for a damn hammer

Hit you on top of your head, and leave humps like a tan camel

Keep a couch with a full house, like Dan Tanner  
That's plenty of bricks, that's plenty of chips

There's plenty of fine groupies, there's plenty of chicks

Like dominatrix chicks, there's plenty of whips

So you bricks can do a flip, off the end of my dick  
Get off the end of my tip, nigga you a crash test dummy

You album dropped you smile and frown, after the math get funny

I'm getting all my publishing, never had that kept from me

I'm buying Color Changin' vehicles, with my ass cap money  
Promises that they gave you, made you feel like  
you major

Navigator and two-way pager, they gave you then made you

Go lie about how they paid you, and never will play you

You's a puppet go get a refund, I think that they played you  
You album was whack huh, it's still on the rack huh

Repo man hopped in your vehicle, they took it back huh

You go get a dagger, then hop in a cab huh

You looking for a A and R or CEO, you can stab huh  
Did a hundred thousand independent, ain't really nothing  
to prove

I make a million disappear, quicker than Nelly with jewels

See the industry wouldn't listen, so I stopped being a humble guy

Now I'm the come get it, if you ready to royal rumble guy  
And I mean that there, and I mean that there

And I mean that there yeah

Throw you out the game

Songwriters

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pending.

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