Denzel Washington

Elvis Mitchell

[Intro - Chamillionaire - talking]Money, power and fame like - Denzel Washington, yeah
(Hey!, hey!, hey!)
[Female Voice](Chamillitary mayne)
[Chorus - Chamillionaire (Z-Ro) {Both}]Don't try to knock the hustle 'cause ya just wastin ya time
I'm cooler than Denzel Washington with mine
I know I'm a playa, (I know I'm a playa)
{I know I'm a money makin playa, so playa}
(Don't try to knock the hustle 'cause ya just wastin ya time
I'm cooler than Denzel Washington with mine)
I know I'm a playa
(I know I'm a playa)
{I know I'm playa so you haters, you're just wastin ya time}
[Verse 1 - Chamillionaire]I keep the wallet with the wads, so I'm ridin with the noise
Plus the clip is fully loaded as the inside of my garage (cars)
Look at all my broads, if you tryin to see the stars
Find me and you gon' feel like you done found ya way to Mars
Keep the paper punctuated (hey!), yeah that's the new philosophy
A G I gotta be, on top of that like an apostrophe
Fame must of got to me (hey!), confidence is got to be
I autograph myself, write a check and make it out to me
Beggers can't be choosers (choosers), go and get a ruler
Chain extra long like Wilt Chamberlain's my jeweler (hey!)
Other known as Koopa, ain't nobody cooler
Brain is her thing then she'd love to be my tutor (hey!)
She lovin my cologne, huh, recognize the odor
Must've smelled money, Ben Franklin's what I told her (hey!)
Pistol I'm a tote a, big swangers on my Rota
So they talkin about my money in the city like promoters, hold up
[Chorus]
[Verse 2 - Z-Ro (Chamillionaire) {Both}]I'm a thug, so my criminal record ain't clean
(The record ain't clean, clean)
That's why I'm paranoid around police
(Lookin out for the police)
I'm a superstar but I'm still street
(You know we gonna keep it street, street)
I got the gun under my seat, so don't agitate me
In the blink of an e-y-e, you will become a memory, mayne
I will never have my gun on safety
'Cause I've been feelin the strangest feeling lately

(Chasin money, you know them haters hate it)
The 300 is cool but I want Mercedes
It ain't nothin fraudulent about me
Five Deuce Hoover C-R-I-P
(And can't no woman get no money out of me)
Unless it's Grandma, Dottie or Auntie
I still represent S.U.C.
(And I'm a hold it down for Chamillitary)
When I meet up with 2Pac and Pimp C
{And when I'm gone they gon' still remember me}
[Chorus][Verse 3 - Chamillionaire]If you knew what I knew then you would know what's in my bank account
And you would know why those that talk too much and me ain't hangin out
Rats be runnin in traps and I ain't hangin around with Danger Mouse
Walkin into Forbes, could of swore I heard my name announced
Ain't talkin about no dough but wonderin why I'm so rude to you
I only talk that (dollar), talk that (digit), talk that (numeral)
Chill with all the gossipin, it's business as usual
Ben Franklin passed away and I was present at the funeral
You breakin in my house? Dog I hope that what you ain't about
I keep a Mike Vick, so I hope you good at breakin out
Breakin in my vault? Naw, I hope this heater make you doubt
I got the right to think that I'm the best because I paid the cost
[Chorus]

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