

# Internet Nerds Argue

## Chamillionaire

Sup, Charlie? Sup, man?  
Nothin', chillin', watchin' 'Makin' The Band'  
Dude, your mother's makin' somethin'  
That smells wonderful, man, yeah, Happy New Year, man  
Man, I didn't have anywhere to go  
So I'd just figured I bring my sleepin' bag over an'  
You wanna do some net surfin'?  
Yeah, sounds like a date, I mean that'd be great  
Ha, ha, cool I'm on All-hip-hop dot com, it's the end of the year  
Chamillionaire got one of the best mixtapes upon here  
Maybe I'm hallucinatin' or the screen isn't clear  
I click on every link on him an' never like what I hear I just hope he disappears  
I hope he disappears too  
Matter fact I hope a grave is where he disappears too  
Tell me, how come you don't like him?  
Naw, I don't like him 'cause you don't like him  
How 'bout we post it all over the net? I'll do the typin' He drops his new songs, the DJ's don't drop bombs  
They don't even notice him on This-Is-50 dot com  
50, he's one of the greats, Chamillionaire is not one  
Make it look like suicide, he just slid his watch on Ha, ha, that would be great, plus his album's droppin' late  
When his Venom album drops, I'm gon' rub it in his face  
I think he should ask God for forgiveness like he's Mase  
'Cause his 'Mixtape Messiah' series' the mixtapes that I hate I hear he's droppin' part eight  
No, he's not, he's on seven  
All these mixtapes he's droppin' is really gettin' upsettin'  
I saw it on his Myspace  
Man, who the heck you tellin'?  
I was on his Myspace 'cause I was just about to get him, man Get him?  
Yeah, chill, why the heck you yellin'?  
I was only on his page so I can see how much he sellin'  
Well, why the heck he sellin'? They're supposed to be free  
Anyone who buys anything from him's a dummy Yeah, all he ever talks about is candy paint an' money  
An' how is kickers in his trunk, kick it like it's Chung Lee  
How he gotta keep it Triller like Pimp C an' Bun B  
An' his alligator seats, they were caught by Dundee How the heck you know his lyrics man, what are you, a  
dweep?  
Man, please, I hardly even know my ABC's  
All he does is motivate me to try to get the G's  
Every other rapper raps about how they got eighty keys An' that's more appealin' to me than his chatter

Man, what's your mom cookin'?  
 Man, it don' even matter  
 Why the heck you gettin' mad if you sayin' it doesn't matter?  
 Actin' like a little girl who just got beaten an' battered?'Cause I'm really startin' to think that you're an  
 undercover fan  
 Not a undercover nothin', I'm a over-cover Stan  
 I call the station up an' try to get his records, man  
 Well okay, I believe you an' my mother's makin' SpamMan, damn, why you don't have no Christmas cheer?  
 Christmas already done passed, plus the Grinch lives here  
 You don't like who I'm a-like, then you can disappear  
 Take your purple iPod an' get up out my chair You'll, you just mad 'cause Soulja Boy kilt is here  
 Soulja Boy ain't gonna run hip-hop this year, you queer  
 Soulja Boy got a cartoon  
 Do I look like I care?  
 He gets paid by YouTube  
 Do you think that's fair? I don't care if you're mad or not, I'm hopin' that Aster Roth  
 Drops somethin' that's hot enough to knock Eminem's album off  
 You shouldn't even talk, you're makin' me wanna puke  
 Keep mentionin' people that I think are really just a fluke Stop, they'll never reach the top, I'm not havin' it  
 That's one hot album every never year's averagin'  
 Wait for Charles Hamilton, tell me who's gon' damage him  
 What'chu mean Charles Hamlilton? Who the heck's Charles Hamilton? Dude, I told you but you must have forgot  
 Crooked I's gonna come out an' take everyone's spot  
 Everyone is gonna flop when Aftermath is on top  
 Just stop, Eminem an' Doctor Dre won't drop Charlie, please, you're a dweep, you're not even in the streets  
 You're not in the streets either 'cause you're always here with me  
 Yeah, but at least I got homies that know me in the streets  
 An' they know who Joe Buddens is an' Joel Ortiz  
 Who? Royce 5'9 an' little more Kanye's  
 I thought you said you didn't like album's with rappers try'na sing  
 I never told you such a thing, I never told you such a thing  
 I listen to T-Pain  
 No, you don't, man, please What'cha mean? I never said that, that's not true  
 I'm on SOHH dot com more than you  
 I'm on Hip-hop-D-X  
 Man, I'm on Baller Status  
 Ooh, I'm on Nah-Right dot com an' that's to just to name a few That's the only thing you do, you're a stand' for  
 Lil Wayne  
 Man, Charlie, you're lame, you don't even know a thang  
 We were on hip-hop game the other night, you didn't complain  
 (Ahh, both of ya'll shut up)  
 Ah, mother, you're insane (Are you talkin' back to mommy? Put food in your tummy)  
 Man, why I gotta eat mom? I'm not even hungry  
 Man, I am I'm surfen' on the net, wait a sec, I'll be there  
 Look here

Wait, you act like you can't hear  
(Boy, don't you make me embarrass you, dear)  
Mom, stop' please, you're hurtin' my ear  
(Come here)  
Ahh, ah

Songwriters

Hakeem SerikiPublished by

CHAMILLITARY CAMP MUSIC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents  
pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>