

The Real Thang

Chamillionaire

[Verse 1]

I gotta be honest
Bragging was really not the mission
Only way that they'll listen excuse me if you hear a contradiction
Yea I had a chicken
She had gave me a proposition
She was in love till I told her French ain't my type of kissin'
Them execs was dissin when I walked into that Def Jam audition
Should've threw my watch in they face and then said its time to listen
Record label switchin
Grindin cause I didn't have a pot to piss in
Feelin like I was fishin'
It was eatin my food inside the kitchen
Before the second album
Sophomore jinx was just superstition
Who would've known that they would've been right
But I ain't trippin
Tryin to be an artist
While they repaint the composition
I need recognition
Recognize ain't no competition[Chorus]
They said we wouldn't make it
But now they copying the style that they said would never blow
Lord wasn't no complainin
And now it seems like everywhere I go
Steady crawlin
On them 4s
(still crawlin)
On them 4s
(still ballin)
On them 4s
Still crawlin on 4s mayne
On them 4s
(still crawlin)
On them 4s
(still ballin)
On them 4s
You can copy but you'll never ever be the real thing[Verse 2]
Trying to hit em wit some knowledge

They gon' respond and say its garbage
If I say my cars is
Candy they tell ya he the hardest
Look at how you boys is
Talking bout cars in they garages
They just mirages if you believe em
You retarded
Ima grind regardless
Step in ya castle steal ya crown
Gotta give a pound
KJ and Nancy they still around
And I'm still the deepest
Spend my thesis you still will drown
And that XXL dude that said I would fail
YOU STILL A CLOWN
Cant get a digit or live it how could you even grade me
I'm the one who pay me
Personally give me money daily
Completely crazy
Talk to the streets the streets obey me
Go ahead and hate me
I don't give a 'F' like Weezy baby
The caddillac looking cocky they set a standard to stop me
Swagga jackers that copy I think ya swagger is sloppy
I was just a child in the streets till I let Universal adopt me
But now I feel like I'm the man
If they ever plannin' to drop me
A kitchen drawer wit the flow
Cause I'm sharp as a utensil
Bring any writer I promise I'll break him like a pencil
Any instrumental
Rappers cant keep up wit my mental
Cause they mental's simple
While my mental is monumental
Been had potential
Follow me cause of what I went through
While haters jock me
Copy my image like a stencil
Don't try to jack me
Give a message to those that sent you
I bet the pistol show up in ya face like it's a pimple[Chorus]
They said we wouldn't make it
But now they copying the style that they said would never blow
Lord wasn't no complainin
And now it seems like everywhere I go

Steady crawlin
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(still crawlin)
On them 4s
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You can copy but you'll never ever be the real thing

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

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