

Roll Call (Chopped & Screwed)

Chamillionaire

Attention, little kids
I know, you're fans of his
If it ain't no Cham, then it ain't gon' jam
I threw it off a bridge And if it hurts your ears
And you're tired, of what you hear
Homie have no fear, the Messiah's here
We gon' shut it down, this year, yeah A.N.I. out in Cleveland, Eminem out in taller
Lucky Music in Abilene, waiting for my arrival
Music City in V.A., say hey ain't nobody tighter
Super Sounds in Atlanta like where that Mix Tap Messiah
Colorado fa sho, they say that Koopa's on fire
Ask James at Eackazam, he'll tell you I'm no liar
Been in the game for a minute, I'm one of the biggest suppliers
I'm the rapper they waiting for, you the rapper they tired of
How the hell you say you blew up so quick and then
rub it in
When you ain't seen a royalty check and know nothing 'bout publishing
I feel sorry for the thirteen year old teenagers, who loving him
They try to tangle with the sharks but I'm sorry, he doesn't swim
I'm a rip off another limb, no need for partici-
hating
I suggest that you get to shaking the spot and just switch locations
I wouldn't stop if he told me, if him and Clark Kent was dating
'Cause he couldn't spit hotter than me that pussy was kissing Satan
I know the public is waiting for Controversy
to sail
Most of the rest of the real niggaz locked and ain't made bail
Pimp, Z-Ro, 50/50 locked up behind jail
'Cause of snitch figga ass niggaz like Dike Jones trying to tell
Who? Hell naw, who? Hell naw
He told me a different story then the one he trying to tell y'all
Who? Hell naw, who? Hell naw
I don't wan' diss my old dog so I'ma chunk a deuce for Paul
Who told DSR that he make more than me and P
And my nigga Slim Thee, Dike Jones could it be
You could of praised my whole body and couldn't afford a sleeve
I don't even drop a CD and still clear more than forty G's
A month and it's just my check and ain't even got to
my savings
The money the bank is saving, plus the money my safe is saving
Let's flame him since he say that he blazing
He blew up quick and nobody was there to save him
Keep it cool I tried to but you know I'm a rider
Get respect in Louisiana and all the way down to
Florida DJ Smallz, Atlanta with DJ Drama
Off this money I make, I'll probably go hit the Bahamas
Get respect in Cali, Vallejo they popping collars
Get respect of the streets, you get respected to tollers

So what I'm trying to say is, I'ma be here regardless
I'm the rapper they waiting for, you the rapper they tired of
Tha-thank you Chamillion, um, you heard it here first
At WKTG work your booty, Pimp radio station, um
There seems to be an excessive amount of fraud artists out here
And we have a couple of artists here that feel the same way
Uh, let me hear what you have to say here sir
Let me silence all the talk, can't match up with my vault
You ain't getting no respect from real G's on the North
You get put in duct tape, you cupcake you too soft
Ain't no rapper got broke off this hard since Tha Boss
I've seen your chain but I how much it cost
You can't be like E.S.G. and let your body defrost
Seen the studio that you was saying, was Swishahouse
But that was Tow Down's studio and that was the South
You ain't in the dope game
Real niggaz know, he wasn't moving cocaine
Real niggaz po' a whole cup of that drank
Niggaz I know, ain't repeating your name
What you gonna say now? Dike is a clown
Come around hurry and you gon' get beat down
Man hold up I'm in the club, sipping crown
And niggaz getting tired of Dike Jones in D-Town
And a one and a two and a three nobody
Who he messing with? Man it sho ain't nobody
Pass me the Nina, don't worry I got it
Whodie I'll blow his chest up, he won't have nobody
I was gripping on my steal and wood wheel, wood wheel
Music on the radio, I couldn't feel, couldn't feel
Popped in a grey tape 'cause I'm trill
Pussy gimmick nigga, nigga, get real, get real
But nigga don't make me grab this steel
Pull it, I'll levitate your crew
Nigga you don't represent the real
My nigga, don't ever say you do
I turn that scene, to a crime scene
Don't make me, yellow tape your shoe
'Cause DJ Screw, elevated Screw
And Screw, elevated you
Man bring it back, I'm with it

Songwriters

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