On The Grind Homie

Chamillionaire

[Intro:]Yeah!
It's Major Pain, baby
Knahtalkinbout?
Ha, Ha
Ight, let me get serious
KOOPA!

[Chorus: x2]I come through and show em how to do it (WOO)

And she like 'Boy, you tha truth' (You tha truth)

And he like (yeah) 'Boy, you tha truth' (you tha truth)

And she like (hold up) 'Boy, you tha truth'

[talking over chorus: Chamillionaire]So what I'm goin try to do is

Go a little faster
Then I'm a go a lil slow
Switch upt he style a lil bit, knahtalkinbout?
You ready?

You ready?
I'm ready, baby
Turn my headphones up
Hear it go

[Verse:]I'm back to the bone, it feel like I'm the best and they cannot contest when I'm kicking that mess
Cause ya chick is undressed when she lifting her dress It's like Mannie and Fresh they be looking like flesh!

Anybody that's on the net, saying Chamillionaire ain't the best
Get off the D, get off the I and let your keyboard figure the rest
Cause I impress my own self, and only the man upstairs can judge me
Re-tellers open ya mixtape rappers than they hug me
I control the market, even bootleggers be lovey dovey
Plus the necklace got em thinking that Johnny the jeweler's my buddy
Crash test the best, cause if you hate me than youse a dummy
Gimme a month I bet you turn the opposite of chubby
Ever verse is crack, and crack kids be singing they love me
Mix-tape Messiah 4 I bet that you become a drugy
They sayin that money talks, rappers better not I make a sound

Plus the wheels of fortune, so I'm a bout to buy a noun Ever verse is a msterpiece, my money's still stacking like Master P's Feeling like Mighty Mouse the way I be taking flights to stack the cheese

> Please, you better not make another sound Yeah, yeah I rep the Texas they just "Download my style"

> Walkin a major money, is none of these rappers is found Even the mayor know my papers enough to buy the town

Welcome to the garage, pick any car and the room she yells 'which' Like she was staring at the lady that's on the broom Can't call it a fleet (why) more like a patone Different car everyday of the week from fourth of July till June Look at how they change they tone, who not playa In the wind I'm in Berlin, I know it's you not dear Into the coat in the ATM they sound like AOL Soon as I'm checkin my account it tells me "You Got Mail" Ha, ha, Merci Bocu Monname, who is cold as me? Betty fresh kiss the kicks when they stick in all his teeth French chick was in the whip, now she sitting on the street She was looking fine till she ask me she can hold a G Yeah, and if I want I'm a get it And if I don't really want it, then it can leave I'm a let it Used to be N Luv With My Money, now I'm in love with my credit By the bar with they dollars I buy a building with debit Uh, I hit that Harlem Nights, It's goin prepare the storm Look up to the roof it's reindeer, feeling like Santa's home Famous bet that he could leave out with the baddest one Call her dot com cause she lookin like she Amazon Got her suit like T.I., and I got a hundred million more to go Boys in Texas D.E.Y. know they know like Shorty (Shawty) Lo Lil Boosie check out the bang, getting check ya shorty know Checkout my bank account they won't ever come up shorter low Woo, they be like Koopa you so cocky bro Cause I did everything that they say was impossible And I feel like a one man wrecking crew, what I need a posse for? All this ice on me like I got hit with hockey throat Duck, they say that they wanna have fun Feeling like Sliverspoons in the pool of the mansion See ya breast stroking in the nude and I had one So I'm a 'turn the camera on the pool', like Camron Had this chick in the crib, told me that I was difficult Told me I should go back to the days when I had the glistening too Then she tried to tell me I should go back to rap with, Who? Mappala Weezyana (yeah) I bet'cha that she gonna get the boot Kop, mother nature must of had a son Cause I'm flyer than the roof in the gigantic storm They say Mixtape Messiah here, haters prepare better to run When ya see me greemy like "Cannon" Cause I am a don HUH!

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