H-Town to A-Town

Chamillionaire

"Oh! " Heeey, you know how we do it shorty
Heeey
This for the hoes
And the rich ass niggaz
And the entrepreneur niggaz man(Southern Smoke)Yeah, I got a lot of vehicles, you see my whole gang
On the feet are and we hoggin up the whole thang
The way they dancin got it lookin like it's "Soul Train"
Steady tippin toward niggaz on them vogues and swangs
Extended out, six inches past the side of the vogue
Get on your knees, the decision she decided was "no"
Got the deal, now the dirty chick decided to blow
Can't see the dirt that she doin from outside of the O
A little slow or screw it, yeah, the windows what I mean
We foggin up all the glass, like the windows isn't clean
Either you do or don't know, there is no in between
Flick sucks, I pick up, the remote and switch the screens
Steppin out the velour like she want me to do her
Like she want me to pull a weapon and do somethin to her
Ger her wet, them channel says by King Johnny The Jeweler
My band's invisible nigga, it's King Koopa The Ruler
A little cracker disease (southern Smoke), keep a couple of clips
Ain't trippin so we just show our love to the chicks
By sayin I got no beef, but please show me your tits
Your backstage, I'm the one that you should lick, lick, lick
Don't spit and you legit, I'm feelin your race
Can't really tell what you are, but still feelin your face
You fine, go get another chick with similar traits
I got somethin I'm not really sure that'll fit in your waist
Yeah I'm cocky, but I will right hook you like Rocky
And knock me, a nigga to the moon, you got me?
With your chick in the men's bathroom at the Roxy
She like "Papi, last time this how my man caught me"
Jacki-O chick "Pussy" had you whopped like boxing
"I'll Na Na", you have that ass whopped like Foxy
I must be the black Hugh Hef of the pop scene
I pop bottles, got a lot of hoes, and got cream
Now Jessica Simpson, Jessica's pimp son
Get a couple chicks and tell Jessica - pick one
Both of y'all come with me, do it 'til the dick done

After you done, move over there and switch hun (southern Smoke)
Hahaha, hold up boy
Back up off that CD player mayne
Right now your listenin to the number one DJ in the South - DJ Smallz
You my dog man, you do it big like that
Chamillitary mayneThat's it (that's it), a nigga just tryin to get rich (get rich)
Stuff my pockets 'til my pants can't fit (can't fit)
Money, power, fame, and then fuck a bitch (fuck a bitch)
Yeah, shorty that's it, my nigga that's it (that's it)A nigga just tryin to get rich (get rich)
Stuff my pockets 'til my pants can't fit (can't fit)
Money, power, fame, and then fuck a bitch (hey)
Yeah, shorty that's it, my nigga that's it
I'm havin dreams of hoes and fancy clothes
But a young nigga know, which way to go
I ain't stuntin, your whack bitch cause I'm out the door
If you ain't gettin money, what you want me for?
I ain't tryin to talk to you, while I'm rollin the dro
I can't wait to you blow, you can leave me alone
My clique don't drink Goose, cause we off Patron
I know a lot of hood niggaz, so I'm puttin them on
I got beef with shorty (southern Smoke), but it's okay
I beat your ass, then fuck your bitch the same day
The niggaz that know me, know I don't play
Before I clear the case out, throw that up in your face
Between hoes and money, I paper chase
That'll show you how much a real G can make
I ain't only feedin me, I got to feed my baby
Just like God can judge me, he the only one can save me
And the nigga George Bush want to take me to slavery(Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh)
You know how we do it shorty
I'm just tryin to get rich y'all, I'm sorry
I'm drunk, in the studio, smoke, you know
Naw I'm not drunk, I'm high, my badChamillitary mayne
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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