

# Show Me What Ya Got

## Chamillionaire

[Intro - Chamillionaire - talking]Ch-ch-cheah, your tuned into your boy the Chamillionator

Cause I stay killin 'em

Know what I'm talkin 'bout?

Mixtape Messiah Part 2

Lets go

"Hey" - [repeated 7X during the Intro]

[Chorus 1 - Chamillionaire]This is why I'm hot little mama (woo)

This is why I'm hot little lady (Chamillitary mayne)

This is why I'm hot shorty

(This is why I'm hot) - [4X]

This is why I'm hot baby

(Tell 'em why)

Cause I'm the king of mixtapes

Mi--mi-mixtapes

I'm the king of mixtapes

Mi--mi-mixtapes

[Verse 1 - Chamillionaire]Yeah (woo), lookin right at the grim reaper like I don't need the support of ya

The kid standin in the booth is the coroner

I hear the track and I murder it with the 40 of  
caliber, that's when they all askin you, what you recordin for?

I can't stand that these boys soundin horrible

The rap game full of clowns like a carnival (woo)

Your callin me, I'm somewhere over the water bro

Floatin on a boat, like a logo on a Nautica (woo)

We like to blaze, the fire of what you wanted, yeah

She Just Blaze like the producer I got under the

Acapella got 'em baggin good down in Florida

Go on put somethin in the air like LaGuardia (yeah)

Smoke one for the decease and peace is how their sleep

Beef is gonna be, but with me your just dead meat (yeah)

Trust me it's bad for ya (yeah), kinda like red meat (meat)

Playin with me homie, I promise you'll get beat (beat)

I'm on my grind, the album out next week (week)

They gonna be silent, like me when the Feds speak

Gotta punish 'em dozen, I got a ton of 'em

Lovin in, not in love with 'em, really not here to cuddle hun

But I'll come, I'm just back and they say I'm troublesome

But I'm way more than some trouble, I'm double son

If his name's Terminator, I'm other one (other one)

He got one, just assume who got the other gun  
Bring it to life, resurrectin the dead  
Not buyin, stop cryin, make a record instead  
I swear that y'all rappers really hurtin my head  
But my paper don't stop and you ain't hurtin my bread  
I ain't worried about a snitch ever alertin the Feds  
Take it to the old school go and learn it like Red (haha)  
Take it to the Pro Tools if you heard somethin I said  
That you think you can do better but prepare to be bled  
The grinders on the east, be respectin the C  
They be like what up Kid? Like the name was Capri  
You know the sayin, the sayin is you get what you see  
They see that I'm paid but they can't use they vision on me (haha)  
So bein broke is what a hater is accustomed to be  
Boys reachin like the pager that's stuck under the seat  
Yeah, but you could miss me with that thirty versus another coast  
At dinner with Nas and Kelis, like here's another toast  
Cause we hot as the rotisserie on the oven roast (roast)  
Keep it trill and gettin paid is what I love the most  
I got a new Lincoln, that top is gettin air time (time)  
So they call it Lincoln Continental Airlines  
Chamillitary's the click (click) and isn't fair I'm  
too good (too good), they can't see the flow, (no) ... air rhymes  
So go on let a player turn up the oxygen  
Backin in the paint for the score, better box me in (for the score, box me in, woo)  
Flawless victory, won't settle for a sloppy win  
If you took me out, you gotta put me in your top again  
And I ain't talkin 'bout myspace partner

Talkin 'bout the spot you got as my space partner  
[laughing][Break - Famous - talking]Texas in the building  
They like show me what ya got (better show me what ya got)  
I'm like, hey we cocked a lot (hey we cockin a lot)  
Chamillitary niggaz run the spot  
(Chamillitary mayne)  
"Hey" - [7X]  
[Verse 2 - Famous]Uh huh, I'ma do it like a Texas nigga though  
Know what I'm sayin? Chamillitary  
If you on top watch your spot and I don't care about the guppies in my district (uh uh)  
Bitch I'm goin for the big fish  
and I ain't did shit, put a few tapes out  
This beat got some room Cham? (huh), your boy fittin to space out (woo)  
My flow proven, you lose and I raised out (yeah)  
That's real talk, I go long like a stakeout (naw)  
Who got beef? Shit, I make steaks outta niggaz

Watch the real, bring the fake outta nigga (yeah)  
 Stomp his ice cream, I make shakes outta niggaz  
 Oh yeah, the flow crack, spit weight for the figures  
 Now I'm so impatient, can't wait for the figures  
 So I'm on the highway, pushin weight for the figures  
 Nigga, I can't wait for them niggaz  
 Too bad, they said you was fittin to blow, so I laughed  
 Who gassed, you the fucked up, I'm not for the dumb stuff  
 Them thangs have you leanin like the back of a dump truck (fall back)  
 Pump what, I'ma grown ass man nigga  
 I give a fuck if you rap, I ain't a fan nigga (I ain't a fan)  
 I give a fuck if you clap, I never ran nigga (never ran)  
 So I tell 'em where I'm at is where I stand nigga  
 "Hey" - [repeated 7X during the Break]  
 [Break - Famous - talking]2-1-0, San Anton' Texas in the motherfuckin building  
 Northwest boy, fun, yeah, fuck  
 [Chorus 2 - Famous - talking]Now show me what ya got (now show me what ya got)  
 ([Chamillionaire:] Fam show 'em what ya got)  
 Yeah, we cocked a lot (haha, yeah)  
 If they ain't run the spot  
 Famous, haha, it's too easy man  
 Run the spot boy (too easy man)  
 I'ma tell the world though  
 Two ten, uh nigga  
 Yeah, uh  
 "Hey" - [repeated 7X during the Chorus]  
 [Verse 3 - Famous]The 'Tone don't run, I'll tell these boys again y'all 'Tone don't run  
 I'm so hot, I'm so cold, call me frozen sun  
 Up in NY, boys like your frozen son (what you tell 'em man)  
 And I'm the chosen one  
 And that's not to mention all the flows I've done  
 And don't let me get to talkin 'bout the hoes I've run  
 through, who you supposed to be  
 I'm right back on top, where I'm 'posed to be  
 Them ho niggaz left me hangin like a poster be  
 But naw, I'm back in the mix for 2K6  
 Put that Jacob to your grill, watch your lip little niglet  
 Haha, yeah, show me what it is  
 Famous in this bitch, tried to told 'em I'm the shit (tried to told 'em)  
 I told 'em about back like a summer ago  
 210 on my arm, show you where I'm comin from  
 San Anton' Texas on the motherfuckin map man better believe it  
 [Gunshot]

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