

I Know Ya Mad

Chamillionaire

[Intro - Three 6 Mafia - talking]Yes sir (yes sir)

Chamillionaire (Chamillitary mayne)

Bun B (Bun B)

It's goin down (it's goin down, I know ya mad)

Yes sir

Hypnotize Minds production (I know ya mad, I know ya mad)

[Chorus - Chamillionaire - w/ ad libs]I know ya mad, I-I-I know ya mad

I-I-I know ya mad, I know ya mad

I know ya mad, I know ya mad

I know ya mad, I know ya mad

I know ya mad 'cause you hate that I'm not doin bad

Yeah I'm feelin great and I know they wanna hate

'Cause they hate to see me eatin shrimp and steak

Yeah I know ya mad

I'm a demonstrate, how to deal with all the hate

While I'm reppin for my city and my state

I-I-I know ya mad

[Verse 1 - Chamillionaire]You know I'm chasin a milli (that's right), reppin my city (that's right)

Life is a gamble, I told my city just give me them dice, been gettin scrilli

Back in your city like "give me that twice"

Stay gettin cake and I know they hate I won't give 'em a slice

Up in the mornin, got them customers callin

I'm a hustler-holic, call me up and I'm on it

Stack them Barack Obamas, stuff 'em up in my wallet

Yeah the car right behind me was way too much but I bought it (to make ya mad)

I-I-I know ya mad, every one of my whips is bad

Like Cam and Dash told Bill O'Reilly - ya mad

How you get mad? You see me grindin and holdin cash

You think I slept with ya mama and went and told ya dad

I-I-I know ya mad, that's why you mad at night

All you do is gossip, so I'm the reason you have a life

You can't compete with my fleet, so go pick a better fight

Got so many cars, I couldn't track 'em all with a satellite (hey!)

You see them swangers pokin, you see my trunk is open

Versace locin, hopin that I'm gon' end up broke and

I really hope you jokin, what type of dope you smokin

You text message in exclamations to show emotion (ha)

[Chorus - w/ ad libs][Verse 2 - Bun B]It takes a playa to know a playa, so let me greet ya

Welcome to "The Land Of The Trill", I'm happy to meet ya
Bun Beeder the trill O.G. and not in the makin (makin)
You see this dough that I be takin and the broads' that I'm breakin (breakin)
We be bringin home the bacon, ain't no fakin over here though (here though)
Get mine in 2009 without dressin like a weirdo (weirdo)
It's real off in these streets but I don't never show no fear though
And it's still "UGK 4 Life", in case it wasn't clear bro
Funny when you got nothin, nobody really cares
Like you don't even exist (huh), it's like you was never there (fo' real)
But soon as you get some bread, they lookin at you sideways
Askin 'bout a shortcut and if you got some side plays
Tell 'em "naw, it's hard work" (what?), they swear you lyin
And then you got to start the case, pleadin and denyin
Man you ain't got to explain yourself, don't tell 'em playa, show 'em (show 'em)
Then keep it movin G and act like you don't even know 'em
That's what's up

[Chorus - w/ ad libs][Break - Chamillionaire - singing]So you should love me baby (let's go), I'm puttin it down

I get love from ladies, they love that I shine (woo!)

I be hustlin daily, I stay gettin mine

So congratulate me (let's go) or hate me now

[Verse 3 - Chamillionaire]Middle finger up to the industry, every person I pass is shady

Said I ain't commercial enough, my label still have to pay me

Fakers is fallin off (yeah), realness would gravitate me

My (Wheels) is of (Fortune), yeah Vanna White should congratulate me

She find out my worth and the pretty woman gon' have to hate me

Flirted with money, did it so well, that it had to date me

Police done got madder later, they see me and had to chase me

Trunk beatin so hard, pedestrians losin they balance baby

Pencil's a Desert Eagle, promise my lead is lethal

No we ain't equal, that's right, I'm hotter than desert people

Wallet's a scary movie, stackin the root of evil

Come back tomorrow, my bank deposit gon' get a sequel

I-I-I know ya mad

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