

# In The Trunk

## Chamillionaire

Intro-

This is the the sound of,  
This is the the sound of revenge. You in the presence of the finest (the finest)  
Chamilitaryman.

This for the streets (for the streets).

Lets give em' something they can mmm...In the Trunk. At this point you should be turnin' your speakers up  
(turn your speaker up), Chamillionaire man.

Its a southern thang mmmmmmmm, (haha Chamilitaryman) trunk. I heard somebody say that the south ain't got  
no Lyricist, well bang bang at the game like Everyone down here is pissed.

You lookin' for the truth, then look not further here it is.  
Turn it up a notch so they can not say they not hearin' this.

They say Chamill sick, click click here's a clip.  
Bang bang at the rap game to make your spirits lift.  
And it seems to me that the industry is all on Jigga's dick.  
Who? You, you, and you nigga, pick a click.

Universal sent me to bring some realness to the industry.  
Got here then I realised that ain't nobody real but me (me).

OK a couple niggas but none of em' real as me.  
Tell your favorite rapper to diss me if he disagree (gree).  
I'm bad I'm actin like your favorite rapper isn't me.  
Tell your second favorite who's the best, and show him a picture of me.

He'd have to take me out to prove that he's as sick as me.  
So me verse me the only battle that y'all going to get to see (haha).  
I'm playin' sayin' what I'm sayin' to make these haters mad.

Prepitratin' hatin' ass see me ridin' candy slabs.  
Disbelieve his ass, how many vehicles can he have?  
I be losin' count myself, and I ain't even that bad at math (math).  
That's how we do it in Texas, poppin' trun and grippin' wood (wood).

We reply to threats how?  
Nigga I wish you would.  
If you keep on talkin' (talkin'), but that's if you could.  
Gotta trun' my speakers up, can you hear em' now?

No, Good! [Chorus]  
Ain't runnin' from a thang,  
'Cuz I ain't never been a punk, drama in the thang,  
'Cuz I can bring it if they want, I'ma let it bang,  
So they can feel it in the mmm in the trunk.

Your body wit ya' gang, decide your rep and throw it up, what you tryin' to drank?  
'Cuz I'm about to get ya' drunk,

I keep it pimpin' man,  
 So they can feel it in the mmm (chamilitaryman) in the trunk. This for the street niggas knowing they gotta pee  
 in a cup.  
 Know your P-Officer tossin' ya' when he see the result.  
 This for the G's (G's), haters what you see in the scope.  
 Gague gunna get sprayed, likes its sprayed when you see them approach.  
 Tell you ahead of time, solo i can handle mine.  
 You ain't to smart but play the part like you a panamime (boy).  
 But you don't have a nine (nine), I'll show you a hammer mine,  
 The kind that'll make you do the runnin' man like it's hammer time.  
 Shout out to the west, and all my gangstas kackied up.  
 Actin' up, and packin' up, Heat that make you back it up.  
 The hoes back it up soon as they hear the back of the trunk.  
 Now my stock like New York slang,  
 What you mean? That's what's up.  
 Money, stack it up when they feel they have enough.  
 Get the chips and add em' up, then she givin' that to us (us).  
 Don't put all that in cuffs, treat your money like a slut.  
 Niggas better share, hell yea, 'cuz i just wanna cut.  
 A hata gettin' cut someone goin get hurt (hurt),  
 Specially if you met me and was disrespectin' turf (turf).  
 (If it's Texas) I'm the worse (worse), ice lookin' like sherbet,  
 Bouncin' off my chest, you starin' at it like a pervert.  
 Mix tape god (god), don't me go to church first (why?).  
 Might as well since all the rappers wearin' church shirts.  
 Better think ahead a time, call yourself a nurse.  
 Diss me in your second, and wont get to finish your third verse.[Chorus]  
 Aint' runnin' from a thang,  
 Cuz I aint' never been a punk, drama in the thang,  
 Cuz I can bring it if they want, I'ma let it bang,  
 So they can feel it in the mmm in the trunk.  
 Your body wit ya' gang, decide your rep and throw it up, what you tryin' to drank?  
 Cuz I'm about to get ya' drunk,  
 I keep it pimpin' man,  
 So they can feel it in the mmm (you in the presence of the finest) trunk. The game is full of fakers, all these  
 rappin' niggas front (front).  
 Controversy sells, the industry givin' em' what they want (want).  
 See he ain't gangsta as he say, that's why they dress em' up.  
 Get a vest, a plastic gun and go pull a publicity stunt (stunt).  
 Ho act like she slow, don't know dat I'm rich.  
 Can't ignore the handle missin' from the doors on my whip.  
 But then she saw me on TV and told me pause for a flick.  
 What you tell her?  
 You can 106 and park on my dick!(on my dick).  
 Can't speak about Texas and not mention men (me).

The world goin' to have to see the truth come out eventually (ly).  
I wreck any gimmick rapper out from A to Z.  
934-829 to the two if you still disagree (gree).  
We never marry a ho (no), what im a marry em' fo.  
I'm to busy tearin' up my shows and gettin' married to dough (dough).  
Grave digga nigga, what you mean?  
I burry your flow, run go get ya' city come back, then I'm goin to burry your area code.[Chorus]  
Aint' runnin' from a thang,  
'Cause I ain't never been a punk, drama in the thang,  
'Cause I can bring it if they want, I'ma let it bang,  
So they can feel it in the mmm in the trunk.  
Your body wit ya' gang, decide your rep and throw it up, what you tryin' to drank?  
'Cause I'm about to get ya' drunk,  
I keep it pimpin' man,  
So they can feel it in the mmm in the trunk.

Songwriters

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