

Realest Niggas In It

Chamillionaire

Excuse me for not introducing myself correctly
I am the Man on Fire, A.K.A. the Mix Tape Messiah
A.K.A. the Chamillinator, Smallz let's get 'em
You know what time it is, H-Town, stand up, you know who I am
Said it then I meant it, I'm the realest nigga in it
Said it then I meant it, I'm the realest nigga in it
Realest nigga in it, realest nigga in it
You know that Texas, what it is, and I'ma represent it
Aye, Koopa it's been a minute fool
But the streets of the South say they feeling you
Tell me what you wanna know and I can lyrically give you an interview
Koopa it's been a minute fool but the streets
Of the South say they feeling you
Tell me what you wanna know
And I can lyrically give you a interview
Well, one, why do these wanna be
Ass suckers, be on your dick?
'Cause being fake is in they blood
Can't stick with one click, so they switch
Two, why the hell these boys keep talking like you gon' fail
'Cause they think that bar been raised
So high that I can't match them sales
Well, can you? Yeah, nigga just wait and see
You got property, you better watch for me
'Cause I buy that land that you living on
And sell it right back to you like monopoly
Question three, who producing your album man?
Scott Storch, Beat Bullies, Mannie Fresh, Cool and Dre
And the list goes on pimping
I'm coming down, hundred miles and I'm gunning
Loud ass speakers growl when they humming
Chamillitary the sound that they summing
One and nothing, talking down when I'm not around
Got nothing but bad words
You thinking you bad but Cham worse
You couldn't even F' with a damn verse
Plus you must be on that stuff, got 'em pissing they Pampers
See me pull up on 24's, your hoe horny like antlers
They messing with you my nigga but I ain't gotta tell you that
You already know that, tell 'em who you is, the Mix Tape Messiah
Okay, tell 'em what you represent, Chamillitary mayn
Already, H-Town, stand up, let's go
Said it then I meant it, I'm the realest nigga in it
Said it then I meant it, I'm the realest nigga in it
Realest nigga in it, realest nigga in it
You know that Texas, what it is, and I'ma represent it
Realest nigga in it, when I'm riding it be tinted
And the trunk looks like it's dented 'cause the bass is at it's limit
Them niggaz they be talking, but them niggaz they don't live it

Said it in a sentence, they might say how they distribute
 When you see 'em, they be timid, they ain't even
 independent
 They be living with they mama, man, these niggaz full of drama
 They might smoke some marijuana but won't get up off they ass
 Till I come down in my slab, posted up behind that glass
 Texas what it is, light reflection on my wrist
 Looking like a section of the complexion on my chick
 I don't need a click, all I need's a extra clip
 Let them twenty bullets rip and twenty niggaz flip
 In this verse I'm so legit, I don't care what nigga you with
 When you speak talk with a purpose or don't open up your lip
 Boys is out of line, this how we gon' do it in 2005
 We coming nigga, whoa, you all listening to the Man on Fire
 DJ Smallz, Chamillionaire callabo, you already know
 I might be moving too fast for 'em, so let me slow it up
 So, they can catch up with me, that's what it is
 Said it then I meant it, I'm the realest nigga in it
 Said it then I meant it, I'm the realest nigga in it
 Realest nigga in it, realest nigga in it
 You know that Texas, what it is, and I'ma represent it
 Houston been doing it back, since Screwed Up rap wasn't
 rap
 Now, Chamillionaire is back, to put that fact on the map
 Lil' flicking ass niggaz, fix your act or get slapped
 We keep hollows up in them holsters, get a package of blap
 You could tell by the way the Texas logo, sit above
 the brim
 I'm quick to tell a chick, to go and get another friend
 If her attitude is right, she can have some fun and swim
 Or I'll send her back board like the glass above the rim
 Yeah, I gotta keep it in control
 New Yorkers say I'm nice, Texas niggaz say I'm thoed
 From Blue-Blues to Saigon, to Joe Budden and Southern Flows
 Don't matter what I'm sold, the streets saying that I'm cold
 Down here the music slowed, po' a fo' in that cola
 Fifth wheel falling back, my bumper kit in a coma
 Couple friendly ass suckers, getting boulder and boulder
 They telling me that they ready to get 'em
 Like Pimp C, I'm like hol' up, hol' up
 Yeah, it's Chamillionaire, the Mix Tape Messiah
 And right now, I am the Man on Fire
 Representing for Houston Texas, invading the air waves
 On the official Chamillionaire mix tape
 This a Fear Factor Music, slash Southern Smoke
 Slash Chamillitary, slash, Beat Yo Ass production man
 'Bout to take it to the next level on this one
 Ay Smallz, let's give em another exclusive to brag about man
 You ain't ready, I run these streets