

# The Bill Collecta

## Chamillionaire

[Chorus]

Now you're in trouble  
Here comes the bill collecta'  
Now-now you're in trouble  
Here comes the bill collecta'

When I hang up my phone ya already know  
It's about to go down if you ain't got my paper  
When I hang up my phone ya already know  
It's about to go down if you ain't got my paper

Man... You knew that you had those warrants  
You kept ignoring those warnings  
You said that it was annoying  
Like makin them payments wasn't important  
Yo' TV in the pawn but you tell people it's in the storage  
And When the police pull you over you be givin' an oscar performance  
A ticket you can't afford it  
With Expired plates on your taurus  
Your baby momma stay trippin cause none of them kids is supported  
You messed up every appointment  
That's why you ain't got employment  
With spiderwebs in your wallet your pockets look like they haunted  
You always wanted to be famous, well you gonna get what you wanted  
America's Most Wanted, they 'bout to see ya up on it  
You normally move like a tortuise, but you get in your car and your floor it  
But you can't even escape cause the repo man got you cornered

[Chorus]

Better pick up your phone, better pick up your phone  
Seems like every time I call you I just get a dial tone  
Better pick up your phone, better pick up your phone  
Seems like every time I call you I just get a dial tone

Betta check the check the checker you checking. you ain't gotta profit  
And you try to hide until the repo man come and shake up dem pockets  
I'm talkin to you cause your rent is due and you ain't tryna drop it  
Til the lights turned off in your crib like lamps that ain't got no sockets  
They comin' to get what you got and you tryin to say you ain't got it

You ain't paid a payment, a part of it, half a piece or deposit  
So I suggest that its best that you use some reason or logic  
Or the bill collect is comin' to come and see ya about it  
Got it?

[Chorus]

Y'all just betta have my dough because  
I'm comin around the corner hundred miles and gunnin  
Finna ride by dumpin'  
If anybody owe me somethin', then I strongly suggest you run it  
Y'all better respect the bill collecta  
Or you'll get chin checked like the rest of 'em  
Never did joke when it come to the decimal  
When it come to gettin dough I'm a professional (fresh ya know)  
In it to win it,  
I get to bombin in a minute  
Any and every thing over three digits  
These suckas they really think krayzie be slippin'  
But I'm here to tell em I den already bent em  
Money is a mission gotta have that dolla bill y'all  
Fell its really enough to kill y'all  
I might fall but I get right back up and still ball  
Stil raw,  
Still get down with the buck bang  
So give me all my change  
Bust brains, cause I gotta maintain  
Got just enough game to get me paid  
Just enough aim to leave you laid  
Out on the pavement  
Down on the game  
Believe me  
You'll pay cause I got three hundred and fifty seven reasons

[Chorus]

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