

Creepin' (Solo) [feat. Ludacris]

Chamillionaire

Venom

In the streets I'm peepin' game
I can't trust you, no no
All up in my bigness mayne
I stay on the low low Say they really really fake
Can't mess with you no mo'
Closest people to you hate
So I be rollin' solo I'm creepin' on the low low
Creepin' on the low low
Creepin' on the low low
I be rollin', I be rollin' solo I'm creepin' on the low
Creepin' on the low low
Creepin' on the low low
I be rollin', I be rollin' solo
I'm creepin' on the low Mo' money yeah mo' problems
What biggy said it look like it true
Used to be my homeboy
But now I'm payed so they tryna sue
My garage got jaguars
My garage look like a zoo Middle finger up for the haters
Hope the hater here isn't you
Super cool, that's real cool
You can feel like you gotta friend
But I ain't trusting my money counter
And that's the reason I count again
You saw the forbes
(Yeah) I'm suspicious
Thinking everybody wanna take my riches
Can't take my money out my account
'Cause my bank teller get motion sickness
Back and forth, b-back and forth
From in the streets or right back in court Candy car built like a tank
And my crib built like a fort
Let's go to war, I ain't George bush
I promise ya'll I'm gone be prepared
Cause I ain't trusting my weapon either
And that's the reason I keep a spare In the streets I'm peepin' game
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Creepin' on the low low
Creepin' on the low low
I be rollin', I be rollin' solo
I'm creepin' on the low I ain't hangin' with none of ya'll
Outcast like [unverified]
Win the grammy thing
Guard the family
And all of you gon leave out If you don't like it then peace out
Look around and I see doubt
I been known to get to the presidents
Like barrack is on speed dial
Yeah it's all about me now Don't want ya and don't need ya
You don't grind and get to the money
And you ain't hungry I won't feed ya
I ain't hangin' with no hater No faker, no diva
I knew it big and they say they did
And tryna take my credit like stole visa
If it's lonely at the top (Top)
I'd rather be alone
'Cause the closest people to ya
The ones who guna do ya wrong
Backstabbing me for a broad
I promise that I will lose no sleep
Cause jenny crank can be your freak
But my bank account gone stay obese In the streets I'm peepin' game
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Creepin' on the low low
Creepin' on the low low
I be rollin', I be rollin' solo
I'm creepin' on the low I be, creeping lower than low

Light another blunt I'm smoking the dro
Choking, looking, never provoke him
And a drunk will get popped and I'll open the do
Lungs full of smoke that means slower than slow
Feel like I'm trapped and there's nowhere to go
So I, just pull out the bazooka
(Blah)
Put a fuckin' hole in the flo'
Luda, I'm so dope wid the flow
Trunk fulla speakers, pocket fulla [unverified]
How much would a wood chuck chuck
If a wood chuck could chuck wood
Gripping on the wheel
Turn it turn it
Blow another stack
I earned it earned it
Blow another [unverified]
Pull another tram
Light another blunt
Burn it burn it
Flame it up
Hear my flow, I changed it up
Everybody grab your gats
And hold em, load, sock em
Lock em, cock em
And aim it up
Bang it up
Off in the sky
Catch me rollin' off in the ride
26 inches
Leave em defenseless
45 always tucked in the side
Open your eyes
See me cruisin' 'Cause I keep winning
And these boys keep losing
Plus I'm, the pimp of the year
Playas is hatin' and hos is choosin'
Look at all the hos you losing
Then look at all the game I got
And you can catch me creepin' on the low low
Luda ridin' solo, beatin' the block
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Creepin' on the low low
I be rollin', I be rollin' solo
I'm creepin' on the low

Songwriters

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