

Weatherman

The Not Ready for Prime Time Players

[Chamillionaire Insert From "In Love With My Money"]Big Swangaz and Vouges

Them 20 inches sittin low
We Ball 24's 7's all that we know
Screens and neon lights gon show
When my trunk unlock pop and show
Ya already know
Paint drippin off the door
Not engaged with no lady, fall in love with 'em no!
You may think I'm crazy never knew this type of love before
I'm love with my foreign, yes I'm married to my dough...
I'm in love with my money

[Chamillionaire - Talking]Yeah man, me and Paul just goin' 2 different direction man

Know what I'm sayin', he decided to go back to the Swishahouse
And I decided not to ya know what I'm sayin'?
I'm just tryin' to do my thing right now
And hopefully we'll turn this into a major label debut
when "Controversy" sells ya feel me?
But uh, uh we both are with Paid In Full
I'm not on Paid In Full Records no more, no longer on contract
I'm doin' my own thing, Chamillitary Entertainment
and ya already know in this man
A lil somethin' for the fans
I'ma let you hear the first song we did off of "Get Ya Mind Correct"
Ya ain't know I had this did ya?
---A lil somethin' for the fans

I'ma let y'all hear the first song we actually did on "Get Ya Mind Correct"

It's called "Weatherman", y'all ain't know I still had this did y'all-haha

[Chorus - Paul Wall]I'm the weatherman ain't nobody stoppin' my reign

Alot of watered down rappers still hot 'cause I came

I'ma forest fire ain't nobody stoppin' my flame

Can't nobody stop me from stockin' my change

(repeat)

[Paul Wall]I'm the weatherman ain't nobody stoppin' my reign

On top of my game, decapitate the top show and bang

They knockin' my fame and biz' 'cause of rocks in my watch

If you was smart you'd watch the golds that's on top of my crotch

The rocks in my watch, is more then a Rocky Sandlot

You jealous 'cause you bought diamonds from diamond shamrock

Look, all recruiters should be checkin' my stats

I cross competition over shake em' dead in they tracks

I pack an axe by my way, bodyguard by my biscuit

Make money, lose money never afraid to risk it

I don't get writers block, I block other writers

Spittin' fire like if I had a mouth full of lighters

I'm countin' so much money that I caught a hand-crimp

I date models you date girls that went to band camp

I'ma hurricane, you just a gust of wind

I'm on fire, you just ashes and dust my friend

[Chamillionaire]Uh, it's just the lil bad weatherman, raindrops drop on ya pours

They sick of them boys, pullin' up in ridiculous cars

Ain't no ones, sicker then are's the wizard of oz

Couldn't give you a bigger brain and make you rich as them boys

Young Koopa the weatherman, he lelay his weatherband

With drank in a metal can, wanna stop him get a better plan

That one you got, that ain't really workin' pat'na

Ya shirt is prada, how come ya flow ain't worth a dollar, holla

Chamillion's insane niggaz gonna complain

Can't explain why ya girl wanna give me brain and run a train

Niggaz runnin' in shame, tellin' them to run in train

The Lizard stepped in the game and started runnin' thangs

If ya can't sleep anymore while the raindrops pour

And you look our your window and hear footsteps on the floor

If you saw a crooked smile and a glistenin' jaw

Don't open the door fa' sure time for bad weather y'all, let it reign

[Paul Wall]Bad weather's ruin about, if you travel my route

It's time to flood the market, 'cause there's been a drought

Review the resume, my team is undefeatable

You fabricate ya life with stories unbelievable

I'ma ballin' star, you a fallin' star

All used up like no minutes on a callin' card

I'm the bank you ain't nothin' but a dollar or two

You just sand on a beach, and I'm the wave that swallows you

Nobody follows you, your like bad directions

Ya life needs an eraser, there's to many corrections

Ever since I was born, I've been far from the norm

I'm the one that kept ya girl warm when you was gone

Now you and ya born needin' ya palm

Watchin' thorn or outside a dorm, humpin' ya horn ya heart torn

You get warned down the scarecrow and a crop full of corn

Grab an umbrella 'cause them boys bringin' the storm

(Chamillionaire Shouts-Out to DJ's)

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