

In The Trunk

Chamillionaire

This is the sound of revenge
This is the sound of revenge You in the presence of the finest
Chamillitary mayne, this for the streets
Let's give 'em somethin' they can bump in the trunk At this point you should be turnin' your speakers up
Turn your speakers up Chamillionaire man
Let it bump, it's a southern thing
Ha ha, Chamillitary mayne I heard somebody say that the South ain't got no lyricists
Well, bang, bang at the game like everyone down here is pissed
You lookin' for the truth then look no further, here it is
Turn it up a notch so they can not say they not hearin' this They say Chamill is sick, click click, here's a clip
Bang bang at the rap game to make your spirits lift
And it seems to me the industry is all on Jigga's dick
Who? You, you, you, and you nigga, pick a click Universal sent me to bring some realness to the industry
Got here then I realized that ain't nobody real but me
Okay, a couple niggaz but none of 'em real as me
Tell your favorite rapper he should diss me if he disagree I bet I'm actin' like your favorite rapper isn't me
Tell your second favorite whose the best and show 'em 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 gonna get to see I'm plainly sayin' what I'm sayin' to make these
haters mad
Perpetration hatin' ass, see me ridin' candy slab
Disbelieve his ass, how many vehicles can he have?
I be losin' count myself and I ain't even that bad at math That's how we do it in Texas, poppin' trunk and
grippin' wood
We reply to threats, nigga, I wish you would
You can keep on talkin' but that's only if you could
Gotta turn my speakers up, can you hear 'em now? No good Ain't runnin' from a thang, 'cause I ain't never
been a punk
Drama ain't a thang, 'cause I can bring it if they want
I'ma let it bang so they can feel it in the, in the trunk
You 'bout it wit'cha game, decide your rep and throw it up
What you tryin' to drank, 'cause I'ma 'bout to get you drunk
Keep it pimpin' mayne, so they can feel it in the, in the trunk This for the street niggaz knowin' they gotta pee in
a cup
Know your peace officer tossin' ya when he see the results
This for the G's, hate is what you see in the scope
Gauge gonna get sprayed like it's Raid when you see him approach Tell you ahead of time, solo I can handle
mine
You ain't too smart but play the part like you a pantomime

But you don't have a nine, I'll show you I hammer mine
 Time to make you do the Running Man like it's Hammer Time Shout out to the west and all my gangstas pack
 heat up
 Actin' up and pack enough heat to make you back it up
 The hoes back it up, soon as they hear the back of the trunk
 Now I'm a 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
 Don't put all that in cuffs, treat your money like a slut
 Niggaz better share, hell yeah, 'cause I just wanna cut A hater gettin' cut, someone gon' get hurt
 Especially if you met me and was disrespect turf
 Houston, Texas I'm the worst, ice looking like sherbet
 Bouncin' off my chest, you're starin' at it like a pervert Mixtape God, don't hate me, go to church first
 Might as well since all the rappers wearin' church shirts
 Better think ahead of time, call yourself a nurse
 Diss me in your second and you won't get to finish your third verse Ain't runnin' from a thang, 'cause I ain't
 never been a punk
 Drama ain't a thang, 'cause I can bring it if they want
 I'ma let it bang so they can feel it in the, in the trunk
 You 'bout it wit'cha game, decide your rep and throw it up
 What you tryin' to drank, 'cause I'ma 'bout to get you drunk
 Keep it pimpin' mayne, so they can feel it in the You in the presence of the finest
 The game is full of fakes, all these rappin' niggaz front
 Controversy Sells, the industry givin' 'em what they 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 Hoe act like she slow, don't know that I'm rich
 And ignore the handles missing from the do's of 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" Can't speak about Texas and not mention me
 'Cause the world gon' have to see the truth come out eventually
 I'll rip any gimmick rapper out from A to Z
 934-829 to the 2 if you still disagree We never marry a hoe, what I'ma marry you fo'
 I'm too busy tearin' my shows up and gettin' married to dough
 Grave dig a nigga, Whatchu mean? I bury a flow
 Run, go get your city, come back and then I'ma bury your area code Ain't runnin' from a thang, 'cause I ain't
 never been a punk
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