

Chamillionaire f/ Bun B

"I Know Ya Mad"

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[Intro - Three 6 Mafia - talking] Yes sir (yes sir)
Chamillionaire (Chamillitary mayne) Bun B (Bun B) It's
goin down (it's goin down, I know ya mad) Yes sir
Hypnotize Minds production (I know ya mad, I know ya
mad) [Chorus - Chamillionaire] - w/ ad libs I know ya
mad, I-I-I know ya mad I-I-I know ya mad, I know ya mad
I know ya mad, I know ya mad I know ya mad, I know ya
mad I know ya mad 'cause you hate that I'm not doin
bad Yeah I'm feelin great and I know they wanna hate
'Cause they hate to see me eatin shrimp and steak
Yeah I know ya mad I'm a demonstrate, how to deal
with all the hate While I'm reppin for my city and my
state I-I-I know ya mad [Verse 1 - Chamillionaire] You
know I'm chasin a milli (that's right), reppin my city
(that's right) Life is a gamble, I told my city just give me
them dice, been gettin scrilli Back in your city like "give
me that twice" Stay gettin cake and I know they hate I
won't give 'em a slice Up in the mornin, got them
customers callin I'm a hustler-holic, call me up and I'm
on it Stack them Barack Obamas, stuff 'em up in my
wallet Yeah the car right behind me was way too much
but I bought it (to make ya mad) I-I-I know ya mad,
every one of my whips is bad Like Cam and Dash told
Bill O'Reilly - ya mad How you get mad? You see me
grindin and holdin cash You think I slept with ya mama
and went and told ya dad I-I-I know ya mad, that's why
you mad at night All you do is gossip, so I'm the reason
you have a life You can't compete with my fleet, so go
pick a better fight Got so many cars, I couldn't track
'em all with a satellite (hey!) You see them swangers
pokin, you see my trunk is open Versace locin, hopin
that I'm gon' end up broke and I really hope you jokin,
what type of dope you smokin You text message in
exclamations to show emotion (ha) [Chorus] - w/ ad libs
[Verse 2 - Bun B] It takes a playa to know a playa, so let
me greet ya Welcome to "The Land Of The Trill", I'm
happy to meet ya Bun Beeder the trill O.G. and not in
the makin (makin) You see this dough that I be takin
and the broads' that I'm breakin (breakin) We be
bringin home the bacon, ain't no fakin over here
though (here though) Get mine in 2009 without dressin

like a weirdo (weirdo) It's real off in these streets but I
don't never show no fear though And it's still "UGK 4
Life", in case it wasn't clear bro Funny when you got
nothin, nobody really cares Like you don't even exist
(huh), it's like you was never there (fo' real) But soon as
you get some bread, they lookin at you sideways Askin
'bout a shortcut and if you got some side plays Tell 'em
"naw, it's hard work" (what?), they swear you lyin And
then you got to start the case, pleadin and denyin Man
you ain't got to explain yourself, don't tell 'em playa,
show 'em (show 'em) Then keep it movin G and act like
you don't even know 'em That's what's up [Chorus] - w/
ad libs [Break - Chamillionaire - singing] So you should
love me baby (let's go), I'm puttin it down I get love
from ladies, they love that I shine (woo!) I be hustlin
daily, I stay gettin mine So congratulate me (let's go) or
hate me now [Verse 3 - Chamillionaire] Middle finger
up to the industry, every person I pass is shady Said I
ain't commercial enough, my label still have to pay me
Fakers is fallin off (yeah), realness would gravitate me
My +Wheels+ is of +Fortune+, yeah Vanna White
should congratulate me She find out my worth and the
pretty woman gon' have to hate me Flirted with money,
did it so well, that it had to date me Police done got
madder later, they see me and had to chase me Trunk
beatin so hard, pedestrians losin they balance baby
Pencil's a Desert Eagle, promise my lead is lethal No
we ain't equal, that's right, I'm hotter than desert
people Wallet's a scary movie, stackin the root of evil
Come back tomorrow, my bank deposit gon' get a
sequel I-I-I know ya mad

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