

## Chamillionaire f/ Bun B and The MddlFngz "Deep Off"

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\*Song borrows the beat from The Game's "Put You on the Game"\* [Intro - People - talking] "Hey man, what's wrong with you?" "Fuck you lookin at nigga?" "I'm still tryin to find out nigga!" "Hold up, hold up, oh, we got a problem here?" "We got a problem here, we got a problem nigga?" (\*gun shots\*) [Verse 1 - Bun B] It's the return of the trill niggaz, hide your stash (stash) We dressed in all black and got the hood on smash (smash) I Roc ya like Dame Dash (Dash), one shot, one kill (\*gun shot\*) Ask anybody (body) and they gon' tell ya Bun real (Southern Smoke) It's a done deal when I pull up on ya Calico get unleashed (\*gun shots\*), niggaz clearin the corner Perfect to me and ten (me and ten), we movin much weight And this one for Pimp in a penitentiary upstate Damn, come on Bun, wait Naw nigga, this one dedicated to Pimp in a penitentiary upstate 'Til he come home, in his name we ballin We never forget the homies on lock or the fallen Band I.T., Young 'lo and Bad Azz Bam Sean Wee and Big Munst' and we ain't givin a damn If you need a kilogram, two, three or a dozen Come on down to Texas, holla at your country cousin [Chorus - Bun B] I can show you how to get stains, how to flip 'caine Show you how to grip grain, how to grip stains Bitch we deep off in the game (bitch we deep off in the game) Bitch we deep off in the game (bitch we deep off in the game) We be creepin in your backdoors, cockin back fours Show you how to mack hoes, slammin 'lac doors Bitch we deep off in the game (bitch we deep off in the game) Bitch we deep off in the game (bitch we deep off in the game) Already [Verse 2 - Young Kilo] Yeah, I learned how to shoot a MAC-10 'fore I turned 12 Hot shells burn, black skin turn pale You out to get mail? I show you boys how to sell yay and how to tell what it weigh without a scale Motel 6, hard blow sell quick And I ain't gon' sell shit You'll sell nicks and dimes, twenties, even three dollar club sacks Buy y'all private, guaranteed to come back [Verse 3 - Bad Azz Bam] I, turn sand into rocks with soda No wrist, just a fog tryin to rock your quota Microwave on top of the stove, these hands is cold I, stretch the books, see how much water it hold Most

niggaz think the water should be cold Really hot, keep  
it warm 'til the finishing lot Not cold nigga, listen and  
watch We takin bricks on the road, try to form your  
spot, nigga [Verse 4 - Chamillionaire] Yeah (Southern  
Smoke), you don't hear how we gettin it, then you  
gettin in the way I'm gettin rich, niggaz gettin pissed,  
cause most pussy niggaz play We can let that metal  
settle differences (\*gun cocked\*), let a clip set a date  
Point guard position, I'm assistin it, so an opponent  
better pray Of my environ-ment, yeah it's the Messiah  
So close to the truth than you, that your fiction cannot  
deny a Real nigga from gettin higher Don't believe me  
than check my prior Record, I said I'm on fire Your  
"poof" like your time expired, liar, haha [Chorus]

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