

Chamillionaire f/ Charlie Boy, Tum Tum "Land of the Slowed"

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[Intro: Chamillionaire] They try'na say something
bout'cha boy singing, but they ain't never goin
understand We been parking lot pimpin since 98',
knahtalkinbout? I call it Texas talk That Big Moe That
Trae, that Z-Ro That Charlie [Hook: Charlie Boy] This is
the Land of The Slowed down chop-chop-chop Hit the
button on the drop then recline (chop-chop) From
domestic to a foreign see the rims don't stop [?] In the
screens glow when the trunk pop From Bentley's to
Escalades the corners keep bending And them haters
still hating While the dimes keep grinning From 6-4's to
Benzo's rims keep spinning And I'm riding on 4's them
84's extending Elbows be poking as we gripping on
grain The sun beaming on the paint but the frame ain't
tamed The color chameleon unlike any other Bang
making my game platform Click clan and studder This
is the state knowing for them great taste Slanging in
the deck, swanging lanes, sipping gray taste That's the
purple and we turning circles If you wanna hate You'll
get rolled over and bounce, like I do my scrape plate
Sitting high on 24's, and my cuttly's to a rose See
nothing but gray smoke, when I open up my dows No
need to say mo, real G's get chose When the top drop
and the trunk pop, you goin see the gray blows Mayne
[x2] This is the Land of The Slowed down chop-chop-
chop Hit the button on the drop then recline (chop-
chop) From domestic to a form see the rims don't stop
[?] In the screens glow when the trunk pop
[Chamillionaire] Southern playas get the doe, ain't
trippin bout what the haters say Hate started that my
birth, my B-day is a hater day Way beforeÂ Mike
JonesÂ and Magno, I was grindin day-to-day G 4, in the
air, like a F-ing fadeaway Starts down to the floor, walk
out lift my dow Up into the sky, and the bet you goin
reply with "WOOH" I be jammin music that be choppin
and be sign it slow Every minute on the clock is money
so I gotta go Minutes addin up so you can say that I'm
the Minute Man Pulling up in my truck and all the slush
like, that's him again Season side the dooly classify as
amfibian Think that you can handle what I got, then
come get in then [Singing] I'm ridin good grippin grain

Doing my thang Back to back cars dancin like it's Soul
Train Everybody on Swangs (swangs) Lift up on swangs
Still bangin screw I let Charlie Boy sang (Get em
mayne) [x2] This is the Land of The Slowed down chop-
chop-chop Hit the button on the drop then recline
(chop-chop) From domestic to a form see the rims
don't stop [?] In the screens glow when the trunk pop
[Tum Tum] Yeah Gripping on the grain (grain) Candy
stay in the lane (grain) The memory of Fat Pat (Pat) I
swear I love it mayne Watch how I get it (yeah) Them
flames I spit it (uh-huh) When tray's get broke we say
Tum-ty did it (check it) I got a 80 delta in my yard
Candy blue white rag top the bitch hard Same color
spokes, ballin with my folks The fifty slab candy coke,
we ain't no mothafuckin joke Caprices and ground
sticks (uh-huh) Deltas and rolmels (what else) Trunks
and leek baskets (uh-huh) some roofs are flow masters
(yeah) Dirty South riders and them the boys from thirty
third From the streets to the birds, I know all you
niggas heard I show ya how to rang (grab a pen) I
teach ya how to stunt (yeah) Get up all them forth and
twenty's, I run that bitch, fuck a punk (woo) Seens slugs
inside the grill (grill) I ball like Oseal (seal) Some drank
and some kill And steals the round skill [x2] This is the
Land of The Slowed down chop-chop-chop Hit the
button on the drop then recline (chop-chop) From
domestic to a form see the rims don't stop [?] In the
screens glow when the trunk pop Chamillitary Mayne
[x2]

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