

## **Chamillionaire f/ Lil' Flip**

### **"2 Real"**

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(187, 187, 187) (Who's next?) [Intro - Chopped and Screwed Voice - talking behind Chorus] - w/ ad libs  
Screwed Up Click You know what this means, right?  
Clover G! Let's go Yeah, I'm too real to be an actor Ya dig? You know who you are You be home, you behind the mic Not me though [Chorus] "Nigga's a threat, too real to be an actor" - 8X [Verse 1 - Lil' Flip] This ain't a movie, this more like a screenplay Cause on the real I went to the block each day (for real) The G way, so hit me on my three way Look if you want to live, you better take it easy You jump, fly with me, I clip your wings off You violate me again, I infa beam y'all This H-Town, the home of the trunk poppers Oh and I'm on that kush nigga, I'm a funk doctor I make hits in the streets and in the booth So keep playin I'll put one on you (YOU) I'm tatted up, cause I love takin pain I give my artist's a cheat and tell 'em "keep the change" I ain't petty player, I buy the whole thang My work pure since you want to talk blow man I got that shit that made Len Bias overdose Yours truly, the King of the Third Coast [Chorus] [Verse 2 - Chamillionaire] Yo, it's Koopa baby, uh Jackers pay attention and don't get the script confused Cause I promise Black & Decker ain't gon' miss you with the tools Better duck before you lose, like McDuck or Mr. Scrooge I ain't givin away a golden cent or nothin to you fools Clownin on the camera, tryin to get you on the news Sometimes the cloest ones, the ones who tryin to see you lose They say that "Family Matters" tell Urkel that I'm the truth Cause I'm a be a "Family Guy" 'til Stewie get it misconstrued Scratchin off the serial, materials get thrown away For jackers I got that cereal, I'm pourin out the Special K Don't get blown away, plot and you will bowl away From no one just with a Cheerio size hole to stay Homie it ain't no debate, some Pirelli's known to hate So I had to motivate a set of O's to hold my swangs Tippin on my rollerblades, head to toe way on them thangs Tickets just get thrown away like I was supposed to pay [Chorus] [Verse 3 - Lil' Flip] Look, aye it's way too late to try to make peace Just be glad they didn't find your ass on the streets First they said H-Town wasn't gonna

blow But we proved 'em wrong, even Bun B went gold  
I'm Michael Phelps, the way I swim up in your wife Look  
I'm the reason her juice box ain't tight (Who the King of  
Houston?), y'all better say me Cause Def Jam Vendetta  
is the only way you'll play me [Verse 4 - Chamillionaire]  
NBA Live 2006, only way that they'll play me I was born  
to be a boss and you just a trainee In money that we  
trust, so you can trust in me Cause I am money, you  
should see how much I clutched this week They say  
that money talks, so you can trust this speech It's  
Barack O'Balla baby, let's do lunch, let's feast Landlord  
of the H, let's discuss this lease If you in Texas and you  
leanin, then adjust your seat, for Pimp C [Chorus] - w/  
ad libs [Outro - Lil' Flip - talking] Hey, we too real man  
For real, yeah Too real to be an actor, man (187, 187,  
who's next?) 187, who's next? Hahaha Hey Cham man  
It feel good to be amongst the platinum elite club baby  
Hey let 'em know The grind don't stop, Flipgates,  
Chamillionaire It's Volume 4, right? Hey Cham man, let  
these niggaz know man I'm fuckin with these beats now  
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