

Chamillionaire f/ Lil' Flip

"Track Wrecka"

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[Intro: Lil' Flip] Yessir (Yessir) Come on (Uh) We back once again Tag team, you ain't dreaming It's Lil Gates and (Chamillitary Mayne) Ha, ha, yeah man, this what the fans want They want the hear a bread winner spit it (let's get into man) Track Wreckas Hotter than black peppers (let's go) [Verse: Lil' Flip] When I pull up in that Maybach with my pistol on my seat I got a wake up with that R.I. and the grape Swisher Sweets I skeet skeet then beep beep I drop em hog then I'm gone And since my slab a brown whip I call it Indiana Jones Get it? A brown whip, ah fuck it y'all rappers too slow I'm dirty dancing with the freaks in the new Vogue Big licker, green swishers got the club stanky A Bentley on Yankees but it's fifty on my bank it I let y'all borrow my swag ya outta thank me I blow rooters like toobers you try to gank me You can't be serious, Houston ain't finished How was that when I made a half of meal on my teeth? I got that Geena Green bread, that Martha Stewart cash And when I'm at high rollers they bring my money and clear bags The vet black since I visited the same color We lethal weapons are real, man I'm Danny Glover [Hook - Turn it up sample x2: Chamillionaire] Check out my track record, they say I'm a track wrecka Check out my track record, they say I'm a track wrecka Check out my track record, they say I'm a track wrecka Hotter than a black pepper, now that I am back nigga Here lizard, lizard, lizard [Verse: Chamillinoaire] I might pull my cash out make a bank teller pass out Cause I get mo bank than an armor truck on it's last rought Hol' up, Flip goin get'cha Aston out I'm a pull out the Jag That's mo swag than a V.M.A. end of the party band I'm getting cash you ain't with it I ain't try'na talk I don't compute cause most of these rappers Microsoft It isn't safe just cause my safe looking just like a vault Somebody rob Ford Nox (and it's looking like I'm cost) Turn up my four-fifteens, I'm swangin' like a swing My Lincoln took a leak I guess is it too much supreme It's looking candy green, I think it's gasoline If it ain't gas it's lean, I think my slab a fiend And I already put three slabs in rehab Each Jag is overdosed to each class My E-class, my S-class, my V-class They all wanna be bad

kids and be fast [Hook - Turn it up sample:
Chamillionaire] Check out my track record, they say I'm
a track wrecka Check out my track record, check out
my track wrecka Check out my track record, they say
I'm a track wrecka Hotter than a black pepper, now that
I am back nigga [Lil' Flip] Front, back, and side to side
Man I hate that my homeboy Pimp C died And Bun B I
got'cha back when it's time to ride They wanna cut my
wings because I'm so fly [Chamillionaire] Ha, ha, The
paint is wined out, ya fo's is glasshouse Wineberry
overload it's Amy wined out Y'all at the center the
Roster and I doubt That this rocket in my pocket don't
make it while trying out Like POW [Hook - Turn it up
sample: Chamillionaire] Check out my track record,
they say I'm a track wrecka Check out my track record,
check out my track record Check out my track record,
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