

Chamillionaire f/ Rasaq

"Go Head"

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(*talking*)

I'm the truest to do it, I'm the truest to do it

I'm the truest to do it - 4x

Yeah, you in the presence of the truest

Chamillitary nigga, what up Rasaq let's get this mayn
hol' up

[Hook - 4x]

Go-go, go-go

Go-go 'head, go 'head

[Chamillionaire]

A Texas legend, with the most lyrical style

Single hook is spitted, ain't always bout a freestyle

We don't try to be pals, don't wanna holla at me now

You should write a book, and call it how to be down

You asking why do we clown, cause I'm the truth i look
in the mirror and say thank ya

For being the only rapper, that'll admit you ain't a
gangsta

I know you gon love, how vivid the picture is I paint ya

You feeling like you a realer nigga than me in your
heart, ain't ya

I tried to warn him, but I kept getting the cold shoulder
They thinking they flows colder, too late they got rolled
over

You Destiny's Child, now ya feeling it no soldier

My nigga ya no Hova, you really got no flow brah

For pumping that plastic crack, out of my trunk

And I jump in when them majors tell me to jump, let it
bump

Yeah I'm valedictorian, nigga I'd never flunk

Ashton Kutcher, pussy ass niggaz get punked ha-ha

I was with the House, but I wasn't feeling the vibe

You could interview me, I ain't got nothing to hide
transaction denied

I'm a flame-thrower, why do these suckers get fried

When they ask him bout me, he must of replied...

You gotta love me, nigga I swallow my pride

Them records were dissing me, but I let beef slide

I might let you slide, but watch yourself or we gon have

to collide
And that's the last warning, then I'll re-ride

[Hook - 4x]

[Rasaq]

Society said I'm a menace, but it isn't cause I'm O-Dog
It's because my froze jaw, got your vision thoed off
Show you how a pro floss, when it comes to the dentist
Before I finish the sentence, they asking how much did
them hoes cost
I spit on Paul Wall, cause you know you so soft
Friendly ass teddy bear, step up and get broke off
You a bopper, why you riding niggaz dicks
How you a "chick magnet", you no different from a
bitch
Hoe sider dick rider, you a Nawf and Southsider
You a dick-sucker partna, open up your mouth wider
We can go toe to toe, one on one with no gun
Put your head in your glass, till you looking at the sun
You use to read the bible, trying to give a nigga hugs
Only punched me from behind, when you jumped me in
the club
Not a scratch not a scar, not a cut not a smudge
Nigga use to go to church, now you wanna be a thug
You went from Gulfbank to 4-4, to 5-9 Southlea
Trying to fit in, so you grill and show your mouthpiece

(*talking*)

It's Rasaq boy, you know my brother told me to chill out
But you way too fake for all that boy, you know
I see you by yourself, and you ain't trying to do nothing
You know I'm saying, I see ya in the club and you trying
to jump me
Know I'm saying ha-ha, with bout five other dudes with
your boys or whatever
You know I'm saying, so the funny thang about that is
This fool is only punching me in the back, like a lil' gal
or some'ing
You know I'm saying, and you been shooting too many
slugs boy I hear you
You know I'm saying so, you ain't shooting no mo' slugs
this way
Without taking no charge back, you feel me ha-ha
Now you wanna be a G, now you wanna sip the bar and
blow the dro
And you was a grown man in your 20's, wearing
Sponge Bob watches from Burger King
I seen you in the Source man, don't try to front like you
wasn't
And all y'all old fans y'all know, this boy is rapping bout

Gucci tampons
And diamonds in his buggers, you know I'm saying
And finally you a G, you use to claim the Northside
Now you tal'n bout you on 5-9 of Southlea, no
disrespect to Southlea
You know I'm saying, but Paul Wall you a perpetrator,
you ain't from there

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