

Chamillionaire f/ Ludacris**"Creepin'"**

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Venom

In the streets im peepin game
i cant trust you, no no
all up in my biness mayne
i stay on the low low
say they really really fake
cant mess wit you no mo'
closest people to you hate
so i be rollin solo

im creepin on the low low
creepin on the low low
creepin on the low low
i be rollin, i be rollin solo
im creepin on the low
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creepin on the low low
i be rollin, i be rollin solo
im creepin on the low

mo' money yeah mo' problems
what biggy said it look like it true
used to be my homeboy
but now im payed so they tryna sue
my garage got jaguars
my garage look like a zoo
middle finger up for the haters
hope the hater here isn't you
super cool, thats real cool
you can feel like you gotta friend
but i aint trusing my money counter
and thats the reason i count again
you saw the forbes (yeah)
im suspicious
thinking everybody wanna take my riches
cant take my money out my account
cos my bank teller get motion sickness
back and forth, b-back and forth
from in the streets or right back in court
candy car built like a tank
and my crib built like a fort

lets go to war
i aint George bush
i promise ya'll im gon be prepared
cos i aint trusting my weapon either
and thats the reason i keep a spare

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I aint hangin with none of ya'll
outcast like ????
win the grammy thing
guard the family
and all of you gon leave out
if you don't like it then peace out
look around and i see doubt
i been known to get to the presidents
like barack is on speed dial
yeah its all about me now
don't want ya and don't need ya
you don't grind and get to the money
and you aint hungry i wont feed ya
i aint hangin with no hater
no faker
no diva
i knew it big and they say they did
and tryna take my credit like stole visa
if its lonely at the top (top)
id rather be alone
cos the closest people to ya
the ones who guna do ya wrong
backstabbing me for a broad
i promise that i will lose no sleep
cos jenny crank can be your freak
but my bank account gon stay obese

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(Ludacris)

I be, creeping lower than low
light another blunt im smoking the dro
choking, loking, never provoke him
and a drunk will get popped and ill open the do
lungs full of smoke
that means slower than slow
feel like im trapped and theres nowhere to go
so i, just pull out the bazooka (blah)
put a fuckin hole in the flo'
Luda! Im so dope wid the flow
trunk fulla speakers, pocket fulla ???
how much would a wood chuck chuck
if a wood chuck could chuck wood
gripping on the wheel
turn it turn it
blow another stack
i earned it earned it
blow another ???
pull another tram
light another blunt
burn it burn it
flame it up
hear my flow, i changed it up
everybody grab your gats
and hold em, load, sock em, lock em, cock em
and aim it up
bang it up
off in the sky
catch me rollin off in the ride

26 inches
leave em defenceless
45 always tucked in the side
open your eyes
see me cruisin
cos i keep winning and these boys keep losing
plus im, the pimp of the year
playas is hatin and hos is choosing
look at all the hos you losing
then look at all the game i got
and you can catch me creepin on the low low
luda ridin solo, beatin the block!

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