

## **Chamillionaire f/ Kelis**

### **"Not a Criminal"**

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\* first single; send corrections to the typist

[Chamillionaire]

Uh! Looks like another win for me  
It's an ultimate victory, Chamillitary mayne!

[Break: Chamillionaire w/ Kelis doubling Cham's vocals  
after second line]

Everybody get low, it's a stick-up, everybody get low  
(everybody get lower!)

Everybody get low, it's a stick-up, everybody get low  
(everybody get lower!)

Everybody get low, it's a stick-up, everybody get low  
(everybody get.. low!)

Everybody get low, it's a stick-up, everybody get low  
(Chamillitary!)

[Chorus One: Chamillionaire & Kelis]

Everywhere that I go-ooo-oooh

[Everywhere I go, they look at me like a criminal)

But I'ma C.E.O-ooo-oooh

[I'ma C.E.O., I'ma suffer for a D.E.O.)

I'm not a criminal!

[Chamillionaire]

Let 'em stay loco while I'm 'bout to hit Japan

That G4 get me out when I get in a jam

You gotta go international to get with Cham

Roamin on ya phone? (oh!) I betcha switch ya minute  
plan

Let these other rappers beef, while they arguin  
we be runnin in with the bags to get all the grams  
(grams)

Take it outcha hands (hands), take it outcha hands  
(oh!)

Money talks, only language that I understand

I heard that Puff and Jay was worth over three hundred  
mill (yeah)

That mean this year I gotta put it in three hundred gill  
(yeah)

You on a treadmill homey, you just runnin still

You sense the rap but all the other rappers love the field  
I got the plaque but now I'm back for the reload  
We know, I'ma still stick to the street code  
Tell me what the industry is lookin at me for?  
'Cause he sold platinum and they didn't think it would be gold  
Now they tryna tell me that there will never be more  
But these flows are sure to be a (oh!) to your ego  
Yeah I'm from the South, they try to tell me that we slow  
But it's ironic how ya tryna keep up with me though

[Chorus Two: Chamillionaire & Kelis]  
Everywhere that I go-ooo-oooh  
[Everywhere I go, they look at me like a criminal]  
But I'ma C.E.O-ooo-oooh  
[I'ma C.E.O., I'ma suffer for a D.E.O.)  
I already got do-ooo-oooh--ough  
[I already got dough, but I think it's time for me to get more)  
I'ma C.E.O-ooo-oooh  
[I'ma C.E.O., I'ma suffer for a D.E.O.)  
I'm not a criminal!

[Chamillionaire}  
Call up Universal, tell 'em open up the vault  
And tell 'em that I just had another million dollar thought!  
Hours do not sell, they tell me we ain't in a drought  
I bet I run in these labels for the (dough!) and break 'em off  
I'ma boss, ye-yeah my money is unlimited (oh!)  
Sorta like my Motorola minutes is  
Idiots, Koopa 'bout to tell you what the bidness is  
Rappin this, rapper major label owner gettin rich  
Wha'chu mean the label didn't promote?  
I put a million on a million and do it 'til I go broke!  
Might have to run for president so gimme ya vote!  
'Cause Bin Laden wouldn't be the only one in the scope! {\*gun shot\*}  
Get a rope! And duck tape, there's 'bout to be a crime  
Simplify ya songs, I ain't simplifyin mine  
The industry done got in the streets, that's why rap is dyin  
Don't get it confused, I'ma still show you how to grind  
They tell me if I write a lullaby for the females (no!)  
The D sales is sure to skyrocket the retail  
Hope you gotta back up plan, if you see D fail  
I drown 'em like seashells, 'til they hit these shelves

[Chorus Two]

[Chamillionaire]

Oh! Everybody get low, this a stick-up, everybody get low (everybody get low!)

Everybody get low, this a stick-up, everybody get low (everybody get.. low!) { \*gun shot\* }

Ultimate victory, I'm back for the reload

But we know, I'ma still stick to the street code (everybody get low!)

You seein somethin pretty in the middle of the road

Bouncin off rounds like the brick of the free throw (everybody get low!)

I told 'em tomorrow I'ma be on BET

Look at all the free clothing that they came and gave to me (everybody get oh!)

I told 'em tomorrow I'ma be on MTV

Look at all the jewelry, my jeweler gave to me for free (Chamillitary mayne!)

I'm winnin so keep the hatin to a minimal

Y'all need to all give applause to the general (oh!)

I'm hearin how y'all talk in ya interviews

Y'all really all just be talk like a interlude

Poppin at the mouth (oh!), while I'm poppin tags

Fifty thousand in my pocket, pants gotta sag

Magazine crtics always talkin like they bad

Never in the streets tryna hide behind a pen and pad

But it's okay! I know why you gettin mad

'Cause you know I got a lotta whatever you never had

Gotta better pad (oh!), gotta better slab

We gon' keep it movin, try ya best to getta cab

Remember you was jammin Master P

Now that Houston super hot, you tryna ask for me

They be askin for a verse, they don't even ask the fee

Tellin me how many bars to spit, like that's for free

ANNNHHH! Try again, sorry, better luck next time

Unless I'm sleep, the only time it's not, let's grind!

Y'all need to stop like the words on a red sign

Unless I'm pointing somethin, tellin ya, "Get down!"

{ \*screwed\* }

[Outro: Chamillionaire]

Oh! Everybody get low, this a stick-up, everybody get low

Everybody get low, this a stick-up, everybody get low

Not a criminal!

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