

Chamillionaire f/ Crooked I

"Solo"

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[Intro - Chamillionaire - talking] You know it's crazy right? I've been out on the west coast Kickin it, grindin It's the same thing everywhere I go though Know what I'm talkin 'bout? Yeah! Major Pain boy [Chorus - Chamillionaire] Man the streets just ain't the same, I stay on the low, low 'Cause y'all be messin up the game, don't keep it real no mo' That's why I'm a keep that thang, everywhere I go whoa I'm solo, solo, solo, solo [Break - Chamillionaire - talking] [Crooked I] Know what I'm talkin 'bout? Took it to the west coast [Chamillionaire!] Solo, solo (uh), solo [C.O.B. mix], solo The suits tried to hate on us [re-remix!] Solo, solo (let's get it), solo [the LBC mix], solo (ye-yeah) [Verse 1 - Crooked I] Now I lay me down to sleep, pray to God my soul to keep If I should die before I wake, I just want my soul to creep Do it like I did it in the Long Beach streets, when I'm upstairs with the ODB +Shame on a Nigga+ for tryin to run game on a nigga, lame nigga you won't be me Won't be be Proof, won't be Pun, won't be Pimp, won't be 'Pac Same nigga in the passenger seat askin you to pass the weed is a low key cop (yeah) That's why I do my dirt by my lonely, out with the wind, my enemies don't know me Even the ones pretendin to be a friend of me, my mama can feel your energy, homeboy your phony! Tell me you love me, dap me and hug me, knife in the back, how triflin is that? Then the shit get ugly, the '09 Muggsy, nice with a MAC, put a price on your hat (bap) Came in the world all by myself, leave out the world all by myself I remind myself to ask the most high, to protect my mind, my body, my health (please) [Chorus] [Verse 2 - Chamillionaire] Yeah, yeah, ye-yeah Why would I kick it? All y'all some snitches, y'all look suspicious, don't need your love (love) Used to love me when I was broke, I got rich and now you're gonna heat me up? You gon' beat me what? Come on Cletus, walk over your limp back I am not the one to be pissed at, 'cause you gon' mess around and get pimp slapped (yeah) Nothin worse than a beggin stripper, not dancin, sayin I better tip her I ain't down with that beggin baby, get on your grind, 'cause I beg to differ Naw I wasn't born with

a silver spoon (spoon) Snakes ain't welcome up in the
room (room) Bet ya I'm the one that make you change
your tune When I bomb up on ya like "tick, tick, tick,
boom" Super cool, don't be fooled by the haterism on
overdose (dose) Hombre negocio es en la casa, it's
over folks (folks) Gettin money from coast to coast and
that's the reason I hold the most Better not be in my
rear view, 'cause I will shoot when I'm on the spokes It
ain't fair for you, get a parachute, I'll embarrass you if
you don't leap Don't matter if I roll deep, you be "Super
Dave" and you gon' leak Run up on me actin like ya
hungry, I turn the heat to a cold feast You gonna feel
like you obese when I make ya swallow my whole piece
(*gunshot*)

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