

Chamillionaire f/ K-Ci, Paul Wall, Bun B, Trae, Mike Jones, Slim Thug, Lil Keke, Pimp C, Z-Ro

"Won't Let U Down Remix"

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[Hook: K-Ci]

I'm up early in the morning thinking 'bout getting this
money, all I know's I gotta get that paper
The hustlers told me that I gotta go and get it, now I'm
gettin it the best way I know how
I won't let you down.

[Verse: Chamillionaire]

Yea!

Our time has come, and your time has passed
Get out the way while I grind for cash
Money in the bank, and the rest be stashed
When it's all done, I will not be last
Y'all know me, y'all gon' see
Ben Franklin is my homie
E-y-es is all on me,
So lay it down, like ballin' G
Naw, it can't be commercial, show 'em how to bring it to
the streets for all my dawgs
Ridin' dirty, flyin' birdie, pop the trunk when I pass the
law
Houston do we have a problem? Obviously the answers
naw
Ball hoppers won't pass the ball, Ima steal the rock and
pass to y'all

[Verse: Slim Thug]

I'm on the block around my clock tryna get it
If you get your pay I did it, got caught, gotta quit it
Got out, and got back up on my grind again
'Cause you gotta play the game if you trying to win
And hustle money ain't fo' sho' so I ain't trying to spin
'Cause the minute you come up, you're back down
again (K-Ci: Back down again)
I promise I won't let you down,
When it's the first of the month, I'll be around

[Verse: Lil Keke]

Pound for pound, ups and downs, but I'm still real

Chasing paper, money running like a treadmill
I'm just a G in the street game, we raise numbers
I never let you down, I never disappoint ya
I'm up extra early posted like a war soldier
My hustle hard, like I cut it with some baking soda
Heart of a gangster, to the grind man, I'm so
committed
Lord knows if I see the paper, Ima get it

[Hook: K-Ci]

I'm up early in the morning thinking 'bout getting this
money, all I know's I gotta get that paper
The hustlers told me that I gotta go and get it, now I'm
gettin it the best way I know how
I won't let you down, won't let you down (x4)
I won't let you down

[Verse: Mike Jones]

H-Town, I got it on my back
Got 84s on the Cadillac
I stack stacks and stack plaques
(K-Ci: I won't let you down)
Ice age, we run the town
Ice age, we shuttin 'em down
As long as I make it multiply
(K-Ci: I won't let you down)
A new album is on the way
When you say my name, you say I'm paid
H-Town, we here to stay
(Mike Jones)
A millionaire, can you imagine that?
Two plaques, can you handle that?
11 cars, can you handle that?

[Verse: Trae]

If you're lookin' for the south, you can tell 'em I'm home
On the block, you can tell 'em I ain't give it to the scum
Pick on the H, you can tell 'em they won't
When I pull a blast house with the roof half gone
If they come to get paid on the stands then I got 'em
Sit back, broke, call the strand that I'm not
Now in the hood, four times, tryna rock
Yea, I'm from the streets, now ya ready for the block
Mouth full of rocks, yea, money well blown
Every time I talk, they're already what's shown
Just because of rap, don't think I'm (?)
I hop in all black, and still run up in your home
Trae the Truth I got hustle and flow
I do it for the boys tryna hustle school
Every hour, every day 'till my body gets so
One hundred percent that my hustle is (?)

[Verse: Paul Wall]

The streets is talkin' and they tellin' me to go get that
cake

No time to waste, I can't wait, 'cause I got bread to
break

These boys is fake, bumpin' they gums, saying they
paying dues

But they preoccupied up in the mall, buying their gals
shoes

I'm motivated by the diamond chains and ice grills

The giant dang watch on Cadillac on fo' with gravy
wheels,

I'm cash collecting, still trill, chasing that dollar bill,

My appetite is never fill, but chasing after these meals,
I gotta get it

[Bridge: Chamillionaire]

I'm a hustler, you're a customer

Now I'm back in the streets, I got something for the
fans, baby

Whoa! (x3)

I won't let you down

[Verse: Bun B]

Sundown 'till the sun up, you know big Bun up,

Tryna get his paper and his gun up, can't let these
haters get one up

On me or try to run up. Gotta leave 'em gun up and get
up,

You wanna get down get up, I'll leave you hit up and
spit up,

So pay attention sit up, and keep your eyes on the
target,

That's Bun Beater the king, he be going the hardest,

Not only is the the trillest, but he's only the smartist,

Gangster slash rap artist, and he won't let you down (K-

Ci: I won't let you down)

[Verse: Z-Ro]

7, 3, 65, tryna get bitches on our mind,

Houston, Texas, we ain't nothing but some go getters
and some trend setters, and we staying on our grind

When they said down south rappers couldn't rap, now
the down south rappers all across the map

Rappers in my city, and Ima wear it on my back, it's the
future, god damn right, the south is back

And you know we ain't never really been nowhere, we
all wasted here

You making music, and we stack big money and we act
bad, oh god damn here

Gotta give it to us, 'cause if not we gonna take it and
never give it back, that's just how it's gon' go,
'Cause anyone mess with Houston, Texas for any damn
thing, mayne, you can still count on Z-Ro

[Verse: Pimp C]

You call in some cars, I be in jets
Google "Pimp C", I'm all over internet
That paint on for the lack is so glass
UGK for life, I need to teach a pimpin' class
'Cause I get my paper, reppin' my house
Say what I want to out my mouth
Fifteen years, I'm what it's about
Atlanta of the south, that's no doubt
Pimp a snitch, you's a clown
Say my name, it's gon' go down
Rent your car, you rent your house
Kiss that goodbye (?)
(K-Ci: I won't let you down)
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