

## **Chamillionaire featuring the following various artists -- "Won't Let You Down"**

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[Intro - Chamillionaire + (Woman)]

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Happy New Year's, it's two thousand and eight

Let's get this cake

Hahahaha...It's a movement! (Chamillitary mayn!)

Woo!

[Chorus - K-Ci]

I'm up early in the mornin, thinkin bout gettin this  
money

Lord knows, 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 [REPEAT 4X]

I won't let you down

[Verse One - Chamillionaire + {Over Chorus} + (Ad-  
Libs)]

{THAT'S RIGHT! I GOTS TO GET IT BABY! GET IT!

NAWFSIDE, SOUFSIDE, H-TOWN, STAY DOWN!

HA! I GOT THE ENTIRE STREETS OF TEXAS WITH ME,  
AND WE READY TO RIDE!

STILL STANDIN STRONG! YEAH! LET'S GET IT!}

From the underground to majors, I'm a pro at gettin  
paper

So you know a Texas playa gotta shine (we gotta shine  
baby!)

We ain't worried about you fakers; we for sure gon  
keep it gangsta

Ridin four's and shakin haters all the time (that's all the  
time!)

R.I.P. to Big Moe, HAWK, Pat and DJ Screw

You know that we gon keep it trill and hold it down  
(you know we gon continue to hold it down baby!)

Cause the hustle's never slowin, we gon grind and  
keep it goin

(gotta keep it goin for all the fallen soldiers!)

And you know we'll always keep you on our mind

we won't let you down (R.I.P. PIMP!)

[Verse Two - Bun B]

Sun down til 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 done up and  
did up  
You wanna get down, get up, I'll leave you hit up and  
split up  
So pay attention, sit up, and keep your eyes on the  
target  
That's Bun Beater the king, he be goin the hardest  
Not only is he the trillest, but he's also the smartest  
Gangsta slash rap artist and he won't let you down

[Verse Three - Lil' Flip + {Over Previous Verse}]

{AY!}  
Let me tell you a lil somethin bout a G like me  
I gotta a whole bunch of money and a whole bunch of  
weed  
Rap ain't dead, the trap ain't dead  
We still gettin bread in my hood with D-Red  
Tell me what rapper, you know with a grip in the bank  
account with five in it  
You losin fuck, I'm Scrooge McDuck, my money piles, I  
dive in it  
Pimpin and mackin, I'm stackin my paper, you haters  
better fall back  
Is the south whack? hell no, and rest in peace to Big  
Moe  
The cheaper my work, my beeper alert, all day and all  
night  
We ride gray, we sell white, we buy haze and pour up  
Sprite

[Verse Four - Rob G + {Over Previous Verse}]

{UH! YEAH!}  
From writin these lyrics, flippin these pages  
Hopin you hear it, sit in amazement  
One of the realest, one of the greatest, ever to drop,  
rockin the stages  
I dedicate this, to all the people who hated  
Thought for a second that I wouldn't make it  
You were mistaken, you gotta face it  
Rep That Block, 'H' in ya faces  
This for my town, promise that Rob will not let you down  
Times is ugly, you love me then trust me, I must be the  
one who will bring back the crown  
Just look around, a man from a swat who  
Kept it real when the game said not to

Bring back rap, I think I'm bout to, don't worry you know  
I got you

[Verse Five - Famous + {Over Previous Verse} + (Ad-Libs)]

{I'M FAMOUS!}

It's L-I-L Ken, re-reppin 210

That's San Anton, "huh?", well act like you knew then

They askin "who? when?", nigga stop playin

I stick my dick in your mouth, and fuck what you sayin

And check my resume and see that I'm all the way live

That's right; I need the whole Pacific to swallow my  
pride

I put my city on my back, then put it on the (map)

It's Mr. Deuce Dime, I won't let you down

[Verse Six - Jayton]

Slow loud and bangin, we back in the loop

Fresh out the pen, now I'm back in the booth

Only thing I let down is the top on the coupe

Boys hatin on the H, but we still gettin loot

You do it for the fame; I do it for the block

For the ones in the grave, and the ones on lock

We next up lookin for the number one spot

Tell them other rap cats they can keep the hip-hop

Money don't stop, I'ma get it all day

New paint on the whip, insides all gray

Other boys left, but the south gon stay

Ain't no way you gon forget about Jay-

Ton, same ol' Hoover gangsta

Got up in the game, to expose the wankstas

A.B.N. gang keep a loaded chamber

Tell the whole world that they ass in danger

[Verse Seven - Slim Thug + {Over Previous Verse}]

{HA!}

I'm on my block around the clock tryna get it

If it get you paid, I did it, got caught, got acquitted

Got out, and got back up on my grind again

Cause you gotta play the game if you tryna win

And hustle money ain't for sure, so I ain't tryin to spend

Cause the minute you come up, you're back down  
again

I promise I won't let you down mamma

When it's the first of the month, I'll be around mamma

[Verse Eight - Lil' O + {Over Previous Verse}]

{YEAH! YEAH! YEAH! YEAH! YEAH! HEY!}

Everybody know that I spit the flow

That make a playa wanna fire up and hit the dro

Or pour up real big and shake before

And knock off a Lamborghini, and lift the doors  
Right now they yellin out "game is sold!"  
Killin that remix, getcha dough  
Do it for the Fat Pat, Screw and Moe  
B.G., Gator, HAWK and the Mafio  
And everybody know I don't play no games  
I am off the chain, I got awesome chains  
I got awesome things, to get me awesome brain  
When I pull up at the club, I be flossin mayn  
Fat Rat With The Cheese, from the S.U.C.  
I don't gotta brag, I'ma triple O.G.  
All the H-Town proud of little ol' me  
Give the Lil' O a rest, I could flip the whole key, WHOA!

[Verse Nine - Yung Redd]

This rainy day, manage the workout plan  
I'm countin so many hundreds; I need another pair of  
hands  
Black Colleywood, where the fiends the only fans  
Sell it out, Riesco, supply and demand  
My elevator goin up, how could I ever let 'em down?  
550 takin off, swear it just left the ground  
What's the value of a dollar, if you couldn't pay your  
bills?  
All we know is power, now tell me what life is, YUNG  
REDD!

[Chorus - K-Ci]

I'm up early in the mornin, thinkin bout gettin this  
money  
Lord knows, 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 [REPEAT 4X]  
I won't let you down

[Verse Ten - Big Pokey + {Over Chorus}]

{DO IT FOR THE CITY!

I'LL NEVER LET YOU NIGGAZ DOWN MAYN!

AY!}

Po, Yo, real get gutty

Block 4-oh, 3 wheelin, niggas gunnin

Put your cleats on cause it's fin ta get muddy

It is what it is and we comin for the money

Y'all know me

I'ma nigga that'll be in your home, just like a nigga got  
a door key

Do it like Simpson, 'fore I let a nigga hold me

Shake a nigga pockets, 'fore I let a nigga owe me

One for the money, two for the hoe

Three for the 4's with the rubber band vogues

S.U.C., M.O.B., Hurricane Sensei fin ta knock down  
doors  
City on my back like brand new clothes  
Album on the way, underground in stores  
I don't let niggas down, I shut niggas down  
Crowd booed me, I'm next to blow

[Verse Eleven - Lil' Keke + {Over Previous Verse}]  
{AY!}

Pound for pound, ups and downs, but I'm still real  
Chasin paper, money runnin 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 gangsta, to the grind mayn, I'm so  
committed  
Lord knows if I see the paper, I'ma get it

[Verse Twelve - E.S.G. + {Over Previous Verse}]  
{H-TOWN!}

When Cham sent me the track, he had Pimp C on the  
song  
'Fore ESG could spit on this remix, we seen Pimp C was  
gone  
'Nother king taken off the throne, told Bun B he's not  
alone  
Might not be here in the flesh and bone  
New address, yeah heaven is home  
Make sure we carry that legacy on  
Like M-O-E, in every song  
Put they name in the trunk, then we gon pop and swang  
in the 'llac or the Chevy on chrome  
Like Vince Young, I run through songs  
Slow it down like Screw did homes  
ESG a million sold independent, I ain't talkin ringtones

[Verse Thirteen - Troublesum]

Here come the Trouble, so move  
Can't knock my hustle, gon lose  
Got twice the muscle, paid dues  
Twice a grind to prove  
I make moves like my name was Tom Cruise  
Mission Impossible, impossible to fool  
Down south baby, I'll show you what it do  
I never let you down H-Town, I'm comin through  
In the cherry lollipop drop, Gucci flip-flop  
Posted up on the block, and my hustle you can't knock,  
NIGGA!

[Verse Fourteen - Z-Ro]

24/7, 365, tryna get rich is on our mind  
Houston, Texas, we ain't nothin but some go getters  
and some trendsetters, and we stayin on our grind  
Remember when the world said down south rappers  
couldn't rap  
Now the down south rappers all across the map  
Represent my city, and I'ma wear it on my back  
It's official, goddamn right, the south is back  
Even though we ain't never really went nowhere, we  
always been here  
We make good music, and we stack big money and we  
act bad, all goddamn year  
Gotta give it to us, cause if not we gon take it  
and never give it back, that's just how it's gon go  
It's been in there for years: Houston, Texas  
but ain't a damn thing change, you can still count on Z-  
Ro, HA!

[Verse Fifteen - 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 leavin til it's gone  
Thinkin I ain't, you can tell 'em they wrong  
When I pull up, blast house with the roof half gone  
If it come to gettin paid, understand that I got 'em  
Sit back, broke, I'ma show 'em that I'm not  
Now in the hood, four times, tryna rock  
Yea, I'm from the streets, no way you finna block them  
Mouth full of rocks, yea, money well blown  
Every time I talk now, money will show  
But just because I rap, don't think I'm flak  
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 and score  
Every hour, every day, til my body gets sore  
One hundred percent that my hustle is swole

[Verse Sixteen - PKT + {Over Previous Verse} + (Ad-  
Libs)]

{AY!}

I'm so destined to be the greatest true, symbol of what  
my state is of  
Little bit of Chad Butler (PIMP!), mixed with a little bit of  
Robert Davis (SCREW!)  
P-K-T rep for the H til the day that they lay me off in my  
coffin  
I'ma continue the legacies of Big Mello and both of the  
Hawkins  
I do it for love, you do it for dough  
You do it for fame, I do it for Moe  
Do it for the hood, Acres Homes 44  
Family over everything, get it do it for the Foe (F-O-E!)

To hell with not lettin you down, I'm tellin ya now, I ain't lettin you go  
For better or worse, until death do us part, I'ma rep for the H in the cold

[Verse Seventeen - Willie D + (Chamillionaire)]  
From day one I repped my city, New York, got booed out there  
Best part was one year later, my group sold out Madison Square  
It's hard but it's fair, you ride for me I ride for you, regardless fool  
No matter what it is, with Willie D on your team it's gon be kinda hard to lose  
Had a rapper come down, I hit him with a big, cause he was talkin trash  
His bodyguard jumped off stage, (what did you do?) got dead in his ass (ha!)  
Go tell that to all those skanks, that think we're all about candy paint  
High cappin, catch around, H-Town, I won't let you down

[Verse Eighteen - Grit Boys]  
{AY! AY!}  
Okay I'm G-boy fresh, way flyer than the next guy  
Southside rider, if you with me throw your sets high  
From Sunnyside to the Park, back to the Southwest side  
But if you got a problem with it you can G-F-Y (GO FUCK YOURSELF!)  
We the best and the rest is B-F-I  
Been down with Paul & Cham since the Get Ya Mind  
Correct times  
We all grinders, and this is go get it music  
G-R-I-T Boys, we'll never let you down Houston

[Verse Nineteen - Corey Mo + {Over Previous Verse}]  
{YEAH! UH!}  
Me and my hustle bag, on the block, on the clock  
24/7, you better shit or get up off the pot  
Mayn I'm from Hustle City, gots to keep my hustle with me  
At all times, I got my mind on my grind pimpin  
I never let ya down, let ya fall or let ya drown  
Cause I'ma go for mines, rain or shine, every time  
Corey Mo gon get his, so I hope you get yours  
You gots to eat to live partner, we ain't got no choice

[Verse Twenty - Mike Jones + (Ad-Libs)]  
H-Town, got it on my back  
Chrome 84's on the Cadillac

I stack stacks and stack plaques (stack plaques, stack plaques)  
Ice Age, we run the town  
Ice Age, we shuttin 'em down  
As long as I make it multiply (multiply, multiply)  
My new album is on the way  
When you say my name, you say I'm paid  
H-Town, we here to stay (here to stay, here to stay)  
(MIKE JONES!)

A millionaire, can you match that?  
Two time plaque, can you add to that?  
Eleven cars, can you handle that? (handle that, handle that)

[Verse Twenty-One - GT + {Over Previous Verse}]  
{UH! AWWWW! OKAY! GT MAYN!}  
I got stock in my block, I'ma jock that rock and I ain't talkin MTV  
My mp3's won't let you down, got it locked down like Timby Three's  
7-1-3, 2-8-1, 8-3-2, that's what I claim  
See my aim's, to shut down every MC that's caught up in this game  
Mean as a rock, GT don't play, I scratch and mix and rap all day  
H-TX comin soon, super tight, UGK  
Classic material, gotta milk this game like cereal  
I'm smooth like butter, but not Parkay, my reign is so imperial

[Chorus - K-Ci]  
I'm up early in the mornin, thinkin bout gettin this money  
Lord knows, I gotta get that paper  
The hustlers told me that I gotta go and get it, get it  
Now I'm gettin it the best way I know how  
I won't let you down, won't let you down [REPEAT 4X]  
I won't let you down

[Verse Twenty-Two - Chingo Bling + {Over Chorus}]  
{CHINGO BLING! COME ON! CHINGO BLING!  
ARRRRRRRRRRRRROOOOOO!!)  
I own my mansions, fuck a belly, sun shinin on my pinky  
When it come to independent, who you think invented?  
I'm a money makin problem, don't believe me, ask Asylum  
Down to the border or Harlem, bitch, you can ask about him (AY!)  
I drop the top in that Lex again (YEAH!)  
It wouldn't be H-Town without Mexicans (UH-UH!)  
And it ain't been the same since they put 'em in the

ground (ain't been the same!)  
To Screw, Moe, HAWK and Pat: we won't let you down

[Verse Twenty-Three - Magno + {Over Previous Verse}]

{MAGNO YA HEARD?!}

Got an old school, tan wood, my grind's harder than a  
canned good  
My fan base expands hoods, so don't question their  
fan hood  
I smelled the money, knew the odor  
I'ma rep H-Town I'm the newest soldier  
Kid with the arch ooo he polar, hustle harder than Louie  
Scoller  
Reppin the block, cause the block where I hang  
CD get copped, cause it's hot and it bang  
From the beat to the rock, kid, rocks his thang  
Won't let you down like a top in the rain  
Got fans that's Crip that'll bang that metal  
Fans so Bloody that they claim vessel  
Fans like dyin they change for the better can't let you  
down, never, ever

[Verse Twenty-Four - Kiotti + {Over Previous Verse} + (K-Ci)]

{OH! YOU SEE...}

I won't let down my city, I can't let down my fans  
Got my Money Morris on, from a boy to a man  
Mayn, hard body 'iotti, do you know what I do  
Wreck mics go hard, man I pity the fool, my city the  
fool  
A whole lotta gorillas here like RAWR!, my cities a zoo  
Southeast Beach, welcome to my town  
Where the slab's like a crab when it's movin around  
Lotta rappers used to be the movement, I'm movin' up  
and they movin down  
Black girl in my lap, girl, in that 'llac girl, when I move  
around  
I lied, made a promise to my town, (I won't let you  
down)

[Verse Twenty-Five - Raw LT + (Ad-Libs)]

Let you down, never that  
The top on the drop now that's a bet  
Raw LT, raw like that  
Countin my stacks in the back of the 'llac  
The queen of my city, yes I is  
It go both ways when I rock my hips  
Collect more figgas, roll with gorillas  
Can't let the track Breathe cause my name not Jigga  
Roll with my fam, B-B-H, category six, gon evacuate

I rep for my hood, dubs all in ya face  
And I would appreciate if you'd give me my space  
(yeah!)  
Cause y'all ain't talkin bout nothin (naw!)  
Y'all lame chicks steady bumpin (what?)  
Raw LT, I hold the crown ain't no takin it from me

[Verse Twenty-Six - Grit Boys + {Over Previous Verse}  
+ (Ad-Libs)]

{GHEA!}

G-Boy general, salute me in ya presence (ghea!)  
Ghetto gospel, gon call me the reverend (ghea!)  
Words hit you in your head like Excedrin  
Tone down your voice, you're talkin to a veteran  
This for HAWK, we gon grind til the last lick  
That bastard, flow classic  
Game sick, and famous like Magic  
Pocket full of bread, actin like I never had shit

[Verse Twenty-Seven - 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, they bumpin they gums, sayin they  
payin dues  
But they preoccupied up in the mall, buyin they gal  
shoes  
I'm motivated by the diamond chains and ice grills  
The Johnny Dang watch in the Cadillac on vogue with  
cradle wheels  
I'm cash collectin, still trill, chasin the dollar bill  
My appetite is never filled, for chasin after these  
meals, I GOTTA GET IT!

[Verse Twenty-Eight - Boss]

Lil' Boss, tryna get a plaque to the house  
A.B.N. representin, I'm all about the cross  
Every time I touch a microphone it's all about the south  
I be wreckin the feature, that's why I'm always takin off  
I be up in the mornin for the first worm  
I make 'em get it straight like ya first perm  
I'm a G in the streets, you better first learn  
I'm paid, still spendin what I first earned  
When it come to doin this, I'm doing it for the trap  
In the bottom of the gutter, I'm reppin it for the map  
Feed me the clip, I'm protected by the strap  
It's real over here, give a damn about a rap  
I won't let my state down and that's for sure  
T-E-X-A-S we in the do'  
Raw nigga hizzout, it's about to show

If it ain't gangsta, then it's got to go

[Verse Twenty-Nine - Grit Boys]

I keep a glock in the glove box, where the title's at  
I don't sleep, I don't eat G, if I don't mash  
Writin raps, rockin shows, that's a minor task  
The hardest part is acceptance, today could be my last  
Grid Iron, Grit Boys, HAWK was my mentor  
Focus on the future, sights sharper than a pitchfork  
Down with Cham since the Color Changin Click days  
Ghetto Reality, take a seat and witness history

[Verse Thirty - Yung Ro + (Chamillionaire)]

Yeah, I worked the nine-to-five, punchin the clock  
Check-to-check, wearin a uniform, that didn't work out  
So I left that alone, but then my stomach started  
rumblin  
Ate oatmeal for days, what you know about it?, nothin!  
Then that call came from Koop to come back to the  
streets (come back to the streets!)  
Signed the deal, bought a house and a slab in the  
same week (hold up!)  
Now I'm Swervin like Boosie when I'm ridin the streets  
Smokin dro, climbin the ladder like ESG (keep goin  
mayn!)  
Nice flows and shows, oh for sure, we grind  
On that row, stackin this dough and autograph signin  
And I gotta remind 'em, the name that's runnin the  
game  
(Tell 'em the name they say is runnin' the  
game...Chamillitary mayn!)

[Verse Thirty-One - Chamillionaire]

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-E's is all on me  
So Lay It Down, like 'Ball & G  
Naw, I can't be commercial, show 'em how to bring it to  
the streets for all my dogs  
Ridin dirty, flyin birdie, pop the trunk when I pass the  
laws  
"Houston do we have a problem?", obviously the  
answer's "naw"  
Ball hoggers won't pass the ball, I'ma steal that rock,  
then pass to y'all

[Verse Thirty-Two - Big Mike + {Over Previous Verse} +

(K-Ci) + [Chamillionaire]]

{YEAH!}

The OG's back from the system, picture me lettin you  
down

Can't see that day ever happenin, not at all, no way and  
no how

I'm from the gutter, you from the gutter, we still gon  
make it

Still gon represent what the streets taught us, it's hard  
to shake it

Where we go, we take it, we chosen for holdin it down

Respect the hustle, we gettin it, yeah they knowin us  
now

Big Mike I'm one hunnid, for real, ain't no hoe type can  
see me

A born Gert Town hound, who (won't let you down)

[KEEP GOIN!]

Spit for my ghetto children, I'd die just to be their voice

No one else there to chant for them and I'd die just to  
be their choice

My focal point be this vocal joint that I lay as guidelines

My savior be my example, shinin after I die

[Verse Thirty-Three - Scarface + {Over Previous Verse}  
+ (Chamillionaire)]

{YEAH!}

Money my motive, my mission is to be holdin

At least two hundred million and more, cause if I'm  
closin

I want it to where it's set up, for the next generation of  
Jordan's

So that next generation of Jordan's, can have it easy

That's why I'm out here movin this work

Create a legacy, avoidin Kennedy's curse

My heart beats heavenly, I love you son for all that it's  
worth

And down to die if it came to the worst (talk to the  
streets 'Face!)

This for my niggas in struggle, just know I love you

Regardless to the pressure, I'm knowin you got to  
hustle

Cause nothin came to us easy, they planted us in  
tombstones

They quick to bury us niggas, that's how they do homes

My uncle told me, tell my niggas to read

Cause we in danger, got every city under a siege

A total stranger, could say you've sold a couple of keys

And got you locked and they won't let you leave

[Verse Thirty-Four - Pimp C + {Sung}]

{You call in some cars, I be in jets

Google "Pimp C", I'm all over the internet  
That paint over the 'llac is so glass  
UGK for life, I need to teach a pimpin class}, UH!  
Cause I'm, gettin my paper, reppin my house  
Say what I want to out my mouth  
Fifteen years, I'm what it's about  
Atlanta the south, that's no doubt  
Pimp a snitch, you'se a clown  
Say my name, it's gon go down  
Rent your car, you rent your house  
Kiss that girl, I been in ya mouth, UH!

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