

## Chamillionaire "Be Quiet"

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Creepin (solo) Chamillionaire f/t Ludacris  
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  
creepin on the low low  
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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