

Chamillionaire

"Cadillac Freestyle"

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[Chamillionaire]
If I was kin to the fat rat
I'd be the fat rat with the gat
Fix ya act when I cock back
my fifth talk back and get smacked
I'm foul like I was playin' ball and hackin' at Shaq
Gotta keep 2 straps, like a black back-pack on ya back
I'm hot dog look at the foreign and tell me who's got
the bread
Speakers in my trunk hittin' harder then the force of a
head
Chord on the bed when fat people is sexin' in bed
Screens keep fallin' like tryin' to sit on a chair with 3
legs
If I was a old man about the height of Gary Coleman
I'd still be chosen, cuz the hoes know I'ma throwed man
I'm sittin' on butter, I got bread except no jam
I'ma con and your dum like the damn trojan..
Haha - condom get it? I'ma con and your dum
Hock-heaters heat up the beef until that beef is full
done
Not Pimp C, but I'ma pimp see, don't act like your Bun
If your not Bun-B you can bunjee, jump off a building
With no chord, bogard yo braud cuz Koopa go hard
If I'm surrounded by a bunch of ninja's then they ain't
got no swords
Cuz we on bike with loud pipes and they talkin' 'bout oh
lord
Yo squad can meet us in your ward, infront of yo yard
Just got out the pen' now you and ya friend wanna
begin to move birdies
My street-smarts is to nerdy, you dropped out of school
to early
Twin and Twin runnin' up in, the skins of 2 girlies
I don't live on the eastcoast but I'm always in a new
jersey
You should wear make-up cuz most of ya life is just
made up
We grade A thugs, you a Brandy's brother Ray J thug
Ay-Hey cuz ain't gonna be none of the damn tape dubs
Cuz if it ain't gotta hologram on it, then it ain't us

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