

Chamillionaire

"Deep Off"

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"Deep Off"

(feat. Bun B, The MddIFngz)

[Intro - People - talking]

"Hey man, what's wrong with you?"

"Fuck you lookin at nigga?"

"I'm still tryin to find out nigga!"

"Hold up, hold up, oh, we got a problem here?"

"We got a problem here, we got a problem nigga?"

[gun shots]

[Verse 1 - Bun B]

It's the return of the trill niggaz, hide your stash (stash)

We dressed in all black and got the hood on smash
(smash)

I Roc ya like Dame Dash (Dash), one shot, one kill *[gun shot]*

Ask anybody (body) and they gon' tell ya Bun real
(Southern Smoke)

It's a done deal when I pull up on ya

Calico get unleashed *[gun shots]*, niggaz clearin the
corner

Perfect to me and ten (me and ten), we movin much
weight

And this one for Pimp in a penitentiary upstate

Damn, come on Bun, wait

Naw nigga, this one dedicated to Pimp in a penitentiary
upstate

'Til he come home, in his name we ballin

We never forget the homies on lock or the fallen

Band I.T., Young 'lo and Bad Azz Bam

Sean Wee and Big Munst' and we ain't givin a damn

If you need a kilogram, two, three or a dozen

Come on down to Texas, holla at your country cousin

[Chorus - Bun B]

I can show you how to get stains, how to flip 'caine

Show you how to grip grain, how to grip stains

Bitch we deep off in the game (bitch we deep off in the
game)

Bitch we deep off in the game (bitch we deep off in the

game)

We be creepin in your backdoors, cockin back fours
Show you how to mack hoes, slammin 'lac doors
Bitch we deep off in the game (bitch we deep off in the
game)
Bitch we deep off in the game (bitch we deep off in the
game)
Already

[Verse 2 - Young Kilo]

Yeah, I learned how to shoot a MAC-10 'fore I turned 12
Hot shells burn, black skin turn pale
You out to get mail?
I show you boys how to sell yay and how to tell what it
weigh without a scale
Motel 6, hard blow sell quick
And I ain't gon' sell shit
You'll sell nicks and dimes, twenties, even three dollar
club sacks
Buy y'all private, guaranteed to come back

[Verse 3 - Bad Azz Bam]

I, turn sand into rocks with soda
No wrist, just a fog tryin to rock your quota
Microwave on top of the stove, these hands is cold
I, stretch the books, see how much water it hold
Most niggaz think the water should be cold
Really hot, keep it warm 'til the finishing lot
Not cold nigga, listen and watch
We takin bricks on the road, try to form your spot,
nigga

[Verse 4 - Chamillionaire]

Yeah (Southern Smoke), you don't hear how we gettin
it, then you gettin in the way
I'm gettin rich, niggaz gettin pissed, cause most pussy
niggaz play
We can let that metal settle differences *[gun cocked]*,
let a clip set a date
Point guard position, I'm assistin it, so an opponent
better pray
Of my environ-ment, yeah it's the Messiah
So close to the truth than you, that your fiction cannot
deny a
Real nigga from gettin higher
Don't believe me than check my prior
Record, I said I'm on fire
Your "poof" like your time expired, liar, haha

[Chorus]

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