

Chamillionaire "Elevate"

Visit "[Elevate](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Verse 1)

Well it's beginning to look a lot
Like y'all follow my every step
Take no tone how I rap
What else would you expect
They say that money talks in these streets
If money talks then who say the most and who say the
least
That's it if you can and if you can't choke
Ironically the ones who can't the ones who came close
They tell me this how the city really supposed to feel
Tattoo my name on your checkbook that will let me
know it's real
Listen, hatin is a decision
I normally stay in the cup but some people hate the
incision
Tell you about the suspicion, I ain't gettin commission
And tell you how well and different they do in my
position
Abort the mission
They say they could, they would, they should've did
that
If it's 15 minutes of fame, where your minutes at?
What have you ever done? what have you ever did?
It's rhetorical, don't answer that 'cause you know
what it is

(Hook)

When you moving on up everybody wanna roll
They say they love me but I can never be sure
So you know, you know, I elevate on these hoes
Elevate on these hoes
They be talking about me everywhere they go
But they don't say when they see me in the streets
though
So you know, you know, I elevate on these hoes
Elevate on these hoes

(Verse 2)

Tell you fade I say you can't win
What's good a hustle when your mentality caged in
I pull up on the parking right up in the pavement

Step out and look and be stuck in my own amazement
And that feeling still ain't for feeling
Millions on top of millions, you gon become the villain
You see this one room apartment when we was living
This is why I'm claustrophobic and ride away at the ceiling
Guess who calling my number, sitting in her pajamas
Feeling like it's Obama that I ain't given her number
Tapping that like a drummer, turning that into a comma
And staying somewhere in the winter but feeling like it's the summer
Hold up, the garage is big as the court
How you learn how to ball and not even get into sport
Decorated the grill made it look like an SP
But you can't see the front when you're in the rear
trying to catch me

(Hook)

When you moving on up everybody wanna roll
They say they love me but I can never be sure
So you know, you know, I elevate on these hoes
Elevate on these hoes
They be talking about me everywhere they go
But they don't say when they see me in the streets
though
So you know, you know, I elevate on these hoes
Elevate on these hoes

(Verse 3)

See I came up on that Scarface
And I came up on that Cass
That Pimpsey and that Bun B the professors of my class
When I made your deal head came through who came
up on the last
Same person that had taught you how to come up on
that cash
They say that flattery's what you get from an imitator
Get birth to all my haters I shouldn't have paid for
your labor
When you turn to the savior and never ask for a favor
Watch people that never gave you a favor act like they
made you
But I gotta get mine, even get on the rotation
Gots to stray thrill never been an imitation
Never stop lying 'cause there come the complications
Broke the boys off, call it weak intimidation
Look in my eyes trying to tell you what you facing
Out then outside it's a legend in the making
Watch where I slide in the elevated door

Elevate on these hoes

Elevate on these hoes

Visit [Chamillionaire](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.