

Chamillionaire "Everything"

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[Talking: Chamillionaire]

This messed up in here right now, mayne
You got boys, wearing skinny jeans, bragging bout
clothes like that's what that is, mayne
Smell like urnation around here, mayne
Sentation knamsayin?
I done peep the snece
Every Tuesday boys getting did with no Vaseline
So I already just do my solo thang (me too)
Other day it was a fighting population
This lil' dude try to shank me with a Popsicle stick
Almost got his face knocked off by this West Coast cat
(Texas Go Hard!)
Crooked I (Let's get em!)

[Crooked I:]

Yeah, eastside of a red L.B.C.
Pumps in my trunk on my L.D.T.
Sippin' on that Hennessey it helps me breathe
Who's next on the west, might as well be me
Fast get mad cause I ain't drop a album
Ya favorite rapper hates on me how come?
A better question how come I pull out guns on ya loud
mouths I can't leave the house without one? (BLAH!)
Keep it real I don't need imiations
Go hard to club, I don't need invitations
Your artist suck, Crooked go hard as fuck
Niggas go hard as nuts, like seed limitations (Ow)
Lyrical genius I breathe in a faishon
Waiting to drop my CD but I'm patient
Fuck the industry if they want me to sell out
I can hit the streets for this cheese that I'm chasin
(yeah)
Tony Touch told me not to conform
Now I coming at you like a tropical storm
And I knock it down every fuckin' obstacle formed
Not to conforms like a Mormon who shoplift for porn
After you rocking we on
Gimme the mic, I'm a rock till the dawn
I'm a Big Poppa spit proper Big Pun
With a big gun treat me like Pac when I'm gone
Your everything I need (sup Chamillionaire?)

Everything I want baby, everything I need
Do what'cha want me too (your all we need)
I would do, Everythang (Southwest connection)
When start money for you (Knamtalkinbout?)
Oooohhhhhhhh baby (R.I.P. Pimp muthafuckin' C) Yeah
What else is there to do? (R.I.P. Easy muthafuckin' E)
I don't know, I don't know, but I'll try

[Chamillionaire:]

Yeah
I know I'm sick enough to bless you Ha-choo!
The whole industry is gonna feel that flu
The industry is wanting me to sell out too
I ain't goin lie, Vanilla Ice I wanna sell like you
Texas in my blood, Pimp C and Screw
Real close to my heart like a new tattoo
Everybody that I'm looking at ain't true
I guess I got a Crooked I and I'm just like you
Fans chat everyday about sells
Both in the sink you can save yourselfs
Show ya how to swim and I do it no help
Me and y'all can't talk if it ain't about mail
Last time I wore a backpack I was in school
Silly little trends try'na playa confused
Skinny little jeans y'all look like some fools
I don't talk too much so they say that I'm rude
Was a duece-duece now I'm on a duece-six
Money getting made and it look like you sick
Wanna take mine but there's nothing you get
And your wallet looking skinny as a F-ing tooth pick
Get rich, tick-tick-tick BOOM!
Sliver I never really seen that spoon
Plies ain't here so you can assume
That I'm the realest rapper that you seeing in the room
Got a deal with me, wont do the deal for free
Was getting currency since C was still with P (who?)
Currency I know you feel me G
I ain't come with a army but never will retreat
Ya girl's still a freak, that girl feeling me
I let her open the door and let her feel the seat
Drop another underground ya gotta hear me speak
Can't listne to a tape and not hear the street

[Talking: Chamillionaire]

Man another bites to dust, mayne
They goin have to step they game up, mayne
This one percent juice aint cuttin it mayne [laughs]
One percent fruit juice, man
Man I need some perservates, man
(They starving us man)
Some electrolytes man [laughs]

Crazy

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