

Chamillionaire

"Get On My Level"

Visit "[Get On My Level](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

"Get On My Level"

[Intro - Chamillionaire]

Um, that boy throwed (that boy throwed)
Man that boy throwed, boy throwed
Hmm, that boy throwed, boy throwed, man

[Chamillionaire talking over Intro]

I'm talkin 'bout that Chamillitary boy be puttin it down
Grammys, ringtones, whatever

[Chorus - Chamillionaire]

If bein rich is bad for my health (umm)
Then baby I'ma be ill forever
And I'm known to make ladies melt (ha)
You boys better get on my level
Get on my level, get on my level
Get on my level, get on my level
Get on my level, get on my level
Get on my level, cause your boy burnin up

[Verse - Chamillionaire]

Man, that chrome plated woman, on the hood steady
hummin
The messiah who's they summon and the mixtape king
is comin
Better hope it's the rapper Nottz, splat somethin on
your woman
Only thing we got in common, is the cummin demon
(uh)
-nator, a hater, is less and never greater
From continent to continent, I cross 'em like a fader
My garage full of "RARRR", yeah Jaguars and Gators
My hand is where the oak is gon' land like the Raiders
(uh)
Grippin, flippin, which vehicle am I pickin?
Got a set of chrome feet and a bunch of beat I'm 'bout
to stick in
Little kids stick they faces on the frame and start lickin
Still rollin the old school, with the hood things drippin
(drippin)
Lady is gravy, her hair is in the wind

That vehicle that's older than your parents is a sin
My baby, a lady, got yellow candy skin
Open the garage and look in, I'm like where should I
begin? (uh)
Driver named Rick, I call him Ricky Retardo
Is lost in the garage like a game of "Where Is Waldo?"
Ask him where he's at, and he's like "Lookin for your
Gallardo,
looked in every spot, but I've been lookin for an hour
bro."
Sweet tooth candy is on every single car note
Starburst rappers in the interior of my car flow (oh)
But I'm the rapper that stay burstin on the star though
(though)
That line went over they head baby, but y'all know
Keep plenty chicks in the coupe like a farm yo
Keep a car, but I don't never see a car note (oh)
You O.J. Simpson with them broads though (oh)
You like 'em white and skinny like a Marlboro
And I keep a chick on each arm like Jack Tripper
If she think I'm a pick her
If not, then I'm a skip her
If I land, somewhere on the island, like the Skipper
The sex on the beach that I'm a give her, is not liquor
(not liquor)
You could never think up a thought that's as throwed as
me (uh)
Real recognize real, gotta notice me (uh)
Paper chaser, we racin, but you ain't close to C
I'm chamillionaire, but who the hell you supposed to
be?
Bought a crib in LA, so the Hollywood sign would notice
me
Divine sign, knockin the doors down, that's how you
know it's me
How many cribs really here?? Somewhere over three
That real estate is Chamillion's, but let's just show 'em
G

[Chorus]

[Outro - Chamillionaire talking]

Your boy burnin up for real man
I'm talkin 'bout tippin down, popped up, wide open
Boy's comin through, fly rides, cars
Candy colors, exotic, know what I'm talkin 'bout?
H-Town, still holdin, that boy Chamillion' gon' hold it
down
Uh

