

## Chamillionaire "Get Up Outta Here"

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[Hook]

You ain't gotta go home, but you gotta get the hell up  
out of here  
If you got someone, then go get you a room at the  
Holiday Inn  
If you ain't got no one, then go have some fun by  
yourself  
But whatever you do, don't let the door knob hit you on  
the way out

[Chamillionaire]

Niggaz was throwing rocks at the throne, and I got  
word of that  
The sequel to the Messiah, for what I already murdered  
that  
Niggaz hating on me, but look at 'em the nerve of that  
Nigga this ain't this type of beef, you can't take the  
burger back  
Burn it back into my pocket, I'm trying to stop it  
Unless your mouth keeps leaking, dick back in your  
socket  
How does it feel, to know you wasted your whole  
lifetime  
Living your whole lifetime, just to worry bout mine  
Gimik niggaz was dissing me, he was fake they was  
missing me  
Came to replace and make history, B I made 'em  
history  
You could feel like you real, because that feeling  
eventually  
Gon shrivel up, when reality turns it into misery  
And you niggaz is killing me, with your wanna-be-me's  
You a artist we bosses, the ones that funded c.d.'s  
All your gonna-be wanna-be, gonna punish me please  
You got me laughing, I'm asking if niggaz wanna be  
Steve  
Harvey, no you're hardly funny at all  
Running the game not at all, homie you running your  
jaw  
We grown folks, kiddy schoolers need to go run up the  
hall  
Niggaz boring just ignore him, and the dummy'll fall

My brother is my descendent, we running a mile a  
minute  
Hut-hut it's time to win it, I see you behind the finish  
If you get there quit there, got ya swisha lit playa  
Blow smoke in the air, for the Color Changin' Click  
g'yeah

(\*cheering\*)

(\*talking\*)

Ha-ha thanks a lot, appreciate it 'ppreciate it  
Hey mayn, shout out to everybody out there all the fans  
That been staying down with a niggga, you know I'm  
saying  
Through his whole career, watching him grow  
Watch us make it to that next level, we on our way baby  
You know I'm saying what up George Lopez, Juan  
Gonzalez  
Sup mayn, y'all holding me down still mayn  
Shout out to my niggaz out there on the West, what up  
Balance  
Ha-ha yeah ha, shout out to my niggaz over there on  
the East Coast mayn  
Selene what's up baby Garvey what's up dog ha-ha,  
Chamillitary mayn

[Hook]

[Chamillionaire]

Ladies and gentlemen, homie must be on heroine  
Victory for me, but he thought he would have the  
narrow win  
My aim is to blame, when I load it inside the barrel and  
Put the third eye on him, and do a lil' more than stare at  
him  
Poet I know it, I miss the modern day Shakespeare  
I'm a rider survival is what it is, it ain't fear  
The absolute truth, is just some'ing some niggaz can't  
hear  
Mike don't live here no mo', he got convicted he ain't  
here  
How the heck you set fiction on the table, put truth  
aside  
What you speaking my nigga, you can't look me into  
my eyes  
The good Lord spoke the truth, and that just got him  
crucified  
Y'all scared of the sharp dagger, you trading your truth  
for lies  
Look me in my eyes, nevermind I ain't trying to spook  
ya

Voice of the present the past, yep I'm the future  
Soon as you speak the truth, all the haters will try to  
mute ya  
But if you the truth, all perpetrators will call you Koopa  
Martin Luther King Koopa, many of 'em will listen

But if you can't take the heat, then get your hot ass out  
the kitchen

I heard words from Makevelli, riding was the ambition  
So I bomb first on fake niggaz, like I'm in his position  
Ay Chamillion you tripping, naw I'm handling bidness  
Raise my hand to the man, and my right hand is my  
witness

I got a fo' to the fizzle, that's sure to damage your  
fitness

But it ain't really even that serious, to tear you with  
stitches

P you acting suspicious, you know me better than that  
If it was for a false reason, I would never react

But you know me better than rap, niggaz was telling me  
facts

So you can miss me with publicity, if they telling me  
that never that

(\*cheering\*)

(\*talking\*)

Thank you-thank you, I appreciate the support  
But everyone please take your seats, I'm not done  
there's more

[Chamillionaire]

In this world of falsifying, where niggaz be claiming  
they real

Turn around and tell you a lie, bout what he paid on his  
grill

Same nigga that talk big, bout what he made on his  
deal

This ain't ask me for advice, like they don't pay me  
Chamill'

Rappers ain't really real, only a few of 'em ball

Pissy colored diamonds yep, I'm one of the few of 'em  
y'all

Talking bout no piece and chain, and a few lil' cars

Four thousand or five thousand, for what you do as a  
star

Now keeping money in the vault, is the hardest part of  
the art

Knowledge got my crew smart, even when my crew was  
apart

Chamillionaire you did 'em wrong, why don't you get a

heart  
If I showed it to you, would you see what it could do in  
the dark  
Whether you like it or not, don't really matter to me  
Cause most of the love I know I'ma keep, inside my  
family tree  
So you can gossip, bout what really happened with  
Hatta and me  
Or you can gossip bout how so-and-so, way badder  
than me  
It don't really matter to me, becuae I'm done with it  
now  
Maturity level that I'm at, isn't even fun for a child  
So set your mouse pad on the Internet, and punish my  
style  
Or set your Reeboks on the streets of Houston, running  
me down  
It's whatever I've been better, at proving a nigga wrong  
Tell Goliath I don't need rocks, to prove a lil' nigga  
strong  
So tell Watts, forget me I'm grooving I'm in my zone  
Property of Mike who, he ain't here that lil' nigga gone

(\*cheering\*)

(\*talking\*)

Ha-ha ok we gon chill out, we gon chill out mayn  
We gon try to just keep it moving, you know I'm saying  
Focus on the music, give the fans some'ing to ride to  
You know I'm saying, "The Sound of Revenge" will be  
One of the best albums, to come out the South  
And I put everything on that ha, let me give a couple  
shout out's  
Shout out to Shahiem Reid, up there at MTV2 I  
appreciate the love  
Flex, Ke'noe, Killa Mike, Big Girl, 'sup Nancy  
We gon shake these haters off, know I'm saying ha-ha  
Who am I forgetting, James Shepard 'sup up my nigga  
'Sup my nig' ha-ha, O. Gizzle 'sup my nig'  
I know somebody gon say I forgot 'em but man  
I'll get you on the next go my nig', ha-ha

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