

Chamillionaire

"Go Hard"

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"Go Hard"

"Chamillitary Mayne"

[Chamillionaire]

You in the presence of the finest
My rims twenty-somethin, age twenty-somethin
Try to count the millions I done made... twenty-
somethin?
No homo

I go hard! Its goin down, get ready for the show
I go hard! Mixtape God stepping through the do'
I go hard! Ain't another rapper f-in' with the flow
I go hard! Y'all need to stop actin like you slow
I go... Y'all need to stop actin like you slow
I go hard! Y'all need to stop actin like you slow
I go hard! Y'all need to stop actin like you slow
I go hard! "Y'all need to stop actin like you slow"
I go hard!

Ay, I'll go at anyone of you dudes that used to hang
with the click
Who runnin round makin the threats about how
gangster you get
You put your neck on the line, the YOU takin a slip
Do like a chick that won't let me hit and try to stay off
my dick
Or I'ma prove that you don't want it with Mufasa, you
got the
Warnin it's about to get ugly as Chewbacca
Bout to make me hot as stew pasta, too salsa
Holla in Espanol, cucaracha, tu caca
You see me sittin in it, you can bet that it ain't rented
See the fo'-five infinite Caucasian white tinted
Eyes lookin squinted, they can't tell me that it didn't
Pop eyes, like the ball, white got it like spinach
Chamillitary Mayne, we in the house like tenants
Oh dog, I'm a menace, oh Lord, I'm a dentist
Y'all sound like gimmicks, y'all sound quite finished
And all y'all hang around a bunch of clowns like
Grimace

Meanwhile on the other side of town
Plate full of bullets and another side of rounds
I'm too deep, make a pot of a lotta nouns
Spit a verse and every person that you love about to
drown
I'm a shark in a bloody game of Marco Polo
Dart flyin through the air to mark your polo
Haters try to tell me they don't heart my logo
Others love it so they hug it with their heart, no homo
You a bozo and I am no clown, I am the town
When I step into public, you know it's goin down
When I step back in the city you already know, it's goin
down
That I be overseas gettin them G's fall out please, you
know it's goin down
Lil Wayne's song describe my smallest bank account
silly
A millie millie, a millie, a millie millie millie
I'm movin in it like Diddy, your city's my city
They try to throw me the kitty, the kitty's like "gimme"
Didn't drop for a minute, bootleggers told me they
need me
Looks like the whole region is ready to BCD me
Clowns in the H tryna act like they wanna see me
I'm poppin up like a genie, they disappear like Houdini
You busters must have snorted that Whitney, I am sick
G
Peew, hot, heat seeking missiles be tryna sick me
Wish he, would try to throw it my way and piss me
Off, here's a thought, I make your history a mystery
[Sound of Twilight Zone theme] ...Twilight zone
I'm worth two thousand more than me with my ice on
I'm a butcher with a weapon baby, I knife songs
Mo' murder murder, mo' murder, like I like Bone
The only way that you could ever be hotter than me
Is if I don't put out no music and that spot'll be free
Always grindin, any time I ever spotted a G
I was on point like a decimal, a dot or a P-
E-R-I-O-D, no paper out of my reach
Shakin Uncle Sam, I keep a lotta receipts
And nah Cham ain't never the one to bring no sand to
the beach
I put the moula in my hand and bring grands to the
street, yah
Pullin up in the newest ish, you ain't never knew exist
Baby get inside, darling you can smell the newishness
You can see the platinum, see the clearness and the
bluishness
Lookin at my jewellery tryna figure out who my jeweller
is
Underground money never disappears

When your mixtape, flow and skill is sick as his
Know its big business, I be on them businesses
You all be actin immature so now I roll with bigger kids
Ridin on 28's, my rims clear a lotta cones
Ridin through the city mayne I hear a lotta clones
Kill a microphone like I'm Killa Kyleon
Bout to change my rap name, (to what?) Killa
Clinaclone
I promised that the mic gon' need a mic toe tag
Its still clear, I'm still here and that's despite you're a
fag
I left the underground alone and nobody came and
took it
Well guess who's back to take it like good lookin
Uh, look in the garage, your cars ain't sick as ours
I done had the doors ajared on plenty cars
I was gettin large while y'all was chillin hard
So the rappers praise the God, (my lord) like
synagogue
Just when they thought it was haters win, I'ma hurt 'em
all
Just when they thought it was traitors win, I'ma curve
the ball
I'm always right but I act like I never heard of wrong
And I know it all like I'm able to give a nerd a call
Clark Kent but I'm sure I can make the shirt come off
Mixtape Messiah 4, its like I'm (click) cocking a burner
y'all

"Get ya burners, get ya burners, here we come again"
You know who the streets waiting to see... me
"Get ya burners, get ya burners, here we come again"
Mixtape Messiah part fo', let's go

I try to chase the green face like The Wizard of Oz
Took the yellow brick road, two acquisitive cars
Don't wanna hear nothing real? You should be skipping
my parts
My swagger get any higher, I'll be sitting on Mars
I don't post on blogs or chat about what singers gay
I don't switch green names and change up everything I
say
I don't let SoundScan allow a lame the right of way
You could sell ten-million and still be not who I'ma play
Car pearly, white as teeth, I guess that you could say
I'm flossin
See me and think of green, like Saint Patrick's Day or
Boston
I lead and they follow, these rappers guilty of stalkin
The underground was dead but I'm about to leave the
coffin

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