

Chamillionaire

"Go Out On The Town"

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[Chorus x2: killer mike]

This the shit that happen when we go out on the town
This the shit that happen when we go out on the town
Bottles get to poppin and the bitches get to jockin
And the kush that we be smokin on be loud

[Killer mike:]

Pull up to the club you can hear the car run
Tell the dopeman sed you know I gotta gun
Promoter already paid my money
I'm a make it rain on sugar and honey
Bibba baby bibba baby ball like a dog
This enough for me to go wax both ya'll
Me and my clique be the t-shirt gang
Hittin niggas deep goin bang bang bang
Black tee, black tee bottles in the air
Niggas brought jay, me and meeck back here
Niggas stay charblack back don't stick
Niggas say tearwawy white black on dick
So respect my mind, respect my grind
Walk on past don't expect no line
Twenty young brauds like a cheerleading squad
All they wanna do is hang out with the stars
All they wanna do is get high like the moon
Take a nigga back to a hotel room
Sex drugs rap bro yea we on it
La tonight miami in the mornin
Know a nigga had to hit it quicker than a mention
Know a nigga had to do the same shit again
Know my next show in the city of sin
Tip back home and we at it again

[Chorus x2]

[Chamillionaire:]

Yeah,
All of my boys rep h.o.u
I tell em that the boys stay so true
Reason that the panamera paint so blue
Be the reason that the braud say she ain't your boo
All of these brauds yea 8 plus 2

Big up to my jamiacan crew
Ain't no part that I ain't done flew
This is my home and the bank is too
Stunt so hard got 25 racks
Spent 2 so it's 23 to be exact
Big money takes small your money get jacked
Your money on break mine finna run laps
Takin ya to school cause I know ya'll flunk
Shout at hard as me then I know ya'll drunk
Speakers in the trunk that ya know gon thump
Got the trunk sitting higher than a pole vault jump
Plenty bad brauds wearin bobs and weaves
After I hit em I'm goin bob then weave
Can't talk if ya ain't talking g's
Money talks then ya know I gotta talk in sleep
Ain't too bright but her body look right
Now she askin me what my account look like
Dot dot dot like a pac man bite
Yea excetera I tell her that's a sample tight

[Chorus x2]

[Young jeezy:]

Let go, get the car meet me in the old valley
From everything new to the old chevrole
Half of them them bitches ain't got no top
Half of them bitches part brand new trucks
All them bitches got brand new wheels
None of my niggers ain't got no deal
None of my niggers ain't got no job
All of my niggers got 2-3 cars
What you mean nigger ain't got no care
Like telling og ain't got no air
Don't look now a nigger sick on the stage
Buy a sack and a whip ya know nigger got a raise
How you know a nigg get all that work
Could of got 3 or 4 knicks for a shirt
Why a nigger name so hot in the city
Cause they got a 3-4 spots in the city
Some on the east, hard on the west, smoke on the
south side
Yo all know the rest
32 old and it ain't no blood, ain't coping no stone and it
ain't no watts
Hit it in the front and it ain't no coupe, ain; t come from
la then it ain't no snoop
Ga baby wanna smoke that brown, your name ain't
young and this ain't your town
None said pussy like the 3 rose, keep it lock in a pot
they say free jose
None say chips like free do lay, keep playing that

young like go deejay
Matter of fact all free all my niggers gotta sip for all my
niggers
Know what I did that you might be a legend one more
time and I might spit seven

[Chorus x2]

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