

## Chamillionaire "Got A Lot Of Options"

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[Intro/Chorus - Chamillionaire]

Uh HUUUH!

I got the thugs body rockin'

Girls body flockin'

I ain't trippin still got a spot to put the glock in

Blades steady choppin'

Boppa's steady boppin'

Got a lot of ladies yeah i got a lot of options

I got the thugs body rockin'

Girls body flockin'

Clothes lookin' throwed like i just came back from  
shoppin'

Blades steady choppin'

Boppa's steady boppin'

Got a lot of ladies yeah i got a lot of options

[Verse 1 - Chamillionaire]

Baby all i know is im on 4's

And this candy over silver sprayed on all my doors

These brauds steady tellin me my car so throwed

But my patna hopped right out and picked the braud i  
choose

Beat up in a slab tv screens steady fallin'

Lookin for some chicks and big business to get  
involved in

Use to be on 4's had them swangas steady crawlin' (4  
real)

Use to hit that cappa and that classic in new orleans

I took the doo-rag of the braids but i cant see a thang

Sun is out but it look dark in my new set of versace  
shades

Boys wonderin' and tryin' to count what i done made

Cause my pockets lookin' pudgy and my jordan's  
lookin' swayed

Darlin' im afraid that somethin isnt right

She keeps sayin that im cool but she keeps sayin she a  
dike

How do i persuade the braud to take the pipe

Tell her get off from my swangas or get plumin' in your  
life

[Chorus]

[Verse 2 - Chamillionaire]

Wanna be's throwin' ones tryin' to show that they makin  
cash  
Lookin' stupid than a mother all though it'll raise ya  
tabs  
Cause the vehicles and jewelry we got is way mo'  
advanced  
There's more colors in a watch than a set of jamaican  
flags  
Pick it all up in bags the promoters like make it fast  
Cause here comes another monsoon and these boys is  
goin' make it last  
Y'all hit the club tryin' to act like ya poppin' tags  
Hit the club and ya new clothes and you know you goin'  
take it back  
Ima fly rides owner ain't no need to take a cab  
Cause the key ain't nothin' to me i got cars so just take  
the slab  
Say you doin' it bigger it trip us so they can laugh  
Cause i done ran threw way mo' numbers than  
student's can do in math  
40 large in my pocket's is causin' my pants to sag  
Still in love with my money like i use to say in the past  
Who can do it better is the question they hate to ask  
Walk right out ya conversation and hope that it make ya  
mad

[Chorus]

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