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Chamillionaire "Gun Smoke"

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[Yung-Ro: Intro]

1 and a 2 and a 3 (Nobody!)

And a 1, and a 2 and a 3 (Nobody!)

And a 1, 2, 3 (Nobody!)

And a 1 and 2 and a 3! (Nobody!)

[Bridge]

What ya mean? (Put ya mug on)

What you mean? (Put ya mug on)

What you mean? (Put ya mug on)

What you mean? (Put ya mug on)

..What you sayin'? What you mean? (Put ya mug on)

..What you sayin'? What you mean? (Put ya mug on)

[Chorus]

Gun Smoke, when you hear me cockin' it back and me

Booyakaa-Booyakaa leave you layin' on the floor, Yeah Buck-Buck shots, come come now what you

mean?

Pussy mad and blood clots, Gun Smoke

(repeat)

[Verse 1: Yung-Ro]

-Shh!, Poof, Nobody the ghost bitch

When it's gun smoke on the track, you know Yung Ro

wrote this

Yeah, forever Color Changin' Click homie!

'cause I ain't the type to switch homie

Some the real niggaz never pick phonies

To roll with me, I ride 1 deep

Solo with a glock next to me

So many brothers wanna plex with me

And I'ma show em' all who's next to see

Peek-A-Boo, there's gun-smoke (Gunshots)

That's how my gun go, shots out to that Po-Yo

on the block like Rasaq on the mash for dough

And I'ma fly, cocky, ignorant dude

You don't wanna see me in a ignorant mood

Just trust me dog, sit and be cool

And we could see how fast your pivot move

..(Bitch!), that's how I plex, execute em'

With a red-beam, not even Neo, can't dodge what I'm shootin'

So if you hatin', you better be expectin' some fire From Nobody the Ghost, and the Mixtape Messiah So what you sayin' slick, say it to my face It's on the tip of my tongue, and I'm gettin' tired of it's taste

Hey!, that's not for you son, let me give you the truth son

You not the truth son, we the realest reppin' (Houston)
Color Changin' Click, we hot, ain't playin' mayne
Cockin' back I'm sprayin' man, I'm-I'm just sayin' mayne
What I gotta do to help you kids understand
Love Ro, if not for rap for what he is as a man
I'ma inspiration in the hood for niggaz that struggle
Quit complainin', singin' sad songs get up and hustle
Get ya money mayne, sleep later and hoes get nothin'
No love, no patience, no cash, hold up, just nothin'

In they face screamin' get money nigga, because I'm true to it

And it's nothin' let you tell it, it's somethin' you new to it And I'ma keep makin' you bitch niggaz mad at me Say Koopa, fuck rap, niggaz can't fuck with my mentality

[Cham: Hahaha, yeah]

[Ro: G'yeah]

[Cham: Yeah, yeah]

[Ro: Nobody the Ghost man]

[Cham: Sho'] [Ro: Uh-Uh, yeah] [Cham: It's Koopa]

[Ro: It's that Mixtape, M-Mixtape, M-Mixtape Messiah]

[Verse 2: Chamillionaire]

Yeah, I'm the man the chief, look how I handle weak ass niggaz who thinkin' that they could have my streets I'm wavin' my weaponary at a random sweep Anybody that want it, can get a can of beef Why you kissin' and tellin' my lil spanish freak she kissin' and tellin' me how the bang it sleep If it's someone else it's playin' it's weak It's a problem who gonna go handle it (it's me) Real niggaz be sayin' what type of man is he Is the nigga a fraud? nigga let me see I know the nigga a lesser man then me If he said to them instead of me You makin' some noise, it don't jam to me So the game is currently gon' depend on me I'm the nigga that gave you a 50 jammin' street

If I bomb on the nigga, I'ma fantal beef
Give a damn if I loose a couple fans a week
'cause niggaz that's real is gonna stand with me
Give a damn if I loose a couple friends a week
'cause I ride to the end, and it'll end with me
And some pretend to be, friends but they just fakin' the
feeling

You know he fake, and you fakin' it with him
And the nigga be thinkin' his fakin' is hittin'
Who the hell is makin' this niggin'
feel like he ready to slander me
Like he ain't never gon' have to be
dealin' with the uh Majesty
Chamillionaire yeah, I'm makin' a livin'
You fakin' a livin', and I don't give a damn who's house
you in
I bring the roof down like it's weights in the ceiling

[Cham: Haha, yeah]

[Ro: Yeah]

[Cham: Chamillitary man!, respect the name, respect

the game, respect yeah already]

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