

Chamillionaire "Hurtin Em Bad"

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Yeah nigga, we hurtin em bad
Droppin' these bangin' ass beats
Better go warn ya niggaz because
Chamillionaire is comin' with heat

Niggaz gon' recognize the realest
Soon as it hits the streets
Niggaz be thinkin' they runnin' shit
But all that noise gon' seize

You don't want me to bat, I'ma bad ass hitter
Can't let it go when I grab that liquor
You a hold up nigga, I'ma grab that nigga
If you thought like me, you would've had that nigga

See you drop out in a chrome Impala
Make a U-turn an' groupies gon' follow
When I spit shit, man, the hoes gon' holla
'Coz I'm worth more than a million dollars

But I can't let the money go to my head
It's goin' to my neck an' my wrist instead
I do a lil' dirt an' bust a lil' lead
Won't see the pent an' won't see the Fed

Make a lil' bread an' spread a lil' love
Pour a lil' liquor an' take a lil' chug
Ya girls in love, dog, that's because
I smiled at her with a mouth full of gold slugs

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The world ain't ready, so we gon' shock it
The industry, me an' Herc gon' lock it

Billboards don't bring up the topic
'Coz I'm 'bout to go into everybody pocket

Ya album, oh, no, don't drop it
Call ya record label, tell em' to stop it
Niggaz gon' knock it an' baller block it
I sold all out, gotta re-stock it

Hear me overseas, gotta get shipped up
Money in the mail, stamps get licked up
I'm tellin' ya, dog, ain't no mix up
Mine get picked up an' yours get ripped up

Bump in the club, everybody get buck
I'm like a bullet, who wanna get struck?
It's pure skill, I don't need to get luck
Ya girl out shoppin' tryna get fixed up

She know I wanna sex some
Attitude? You better check some
Better not try to disrespect some
I'm comin' 'round there tryna collect some

If you owe some cheddar to me
Far away is better to be
Don't wanna go to war, better retreat
I get a win an' you dealin' with me, what?

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We hurt a nigga bad, whole body swell up
Better yet so he can't never get up
Ain't nothin' that another nigga can't tell us
So some of y'all boys need to shut the hell up

Ya heard, I'm in a zone, can't be disturbed
I can describe my style is 2 words
The shit, oh, really? Every single verse
If I drop on the 4th they scared on the 3rd

I'ma big dog, you just a lil' puppy
I'ma made man, you just got lucky
I'ma Wildcat like them boys in Kentucky

I'm comin' to hurt a nigga bad like Chucky

Never was a weak nigga, got it messed up
We 'bout to run this, you better rest up
I don't care if a hater zip his vest up
I'ma blow his chest up, aim for the neck up

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