

Chamillionaire "I'm Da King"

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Mix Tape Messiah
Da king is here, nigga

Ay what these other niggaz talkin', I don't believe that
shit
I'm da king 'cuz I said it and I mean that shit
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Ay what's so special 'bout him, he ain't all that, shit
I set the city on fire and you seen that shit

Stupid you runnin' around like the Messiah isn't a force
Then tell me how did my first album even get on The
Source
I was sittin' next to pimpin' Ken, was he pimpin', of
course
But I was thinkin' 'bout gettin' with Trina and tryna pimp
me a Porsche

I can't hand a nigga the rap game now 'cuz I'm usin' it
Ain't a underground rapper gon' have it 'til I through
with it
I don't burn bridges nah, other rappers'll ruin it
I just jump over the bridge and pimp-slap 'em for doin'
it

I'ma embarrass ya so bad, that ya label won't say they
know ya
You's a good ass promoter, but the fat lady say it's
over
Mixtape Messiah 2 is the bullet I'm savin' for ya
And I can pop trunk pumps on ya coffin' and raise it for
ya

And I ain't the only person who sick of ya voice
I kill a rapper with one verse and the real niggaz rejoice
But I was forced do you feel any remorse? Of course
That's why I'ma show up at his funeral and pop trunk on

his corpse

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Yeah, you'll never get on my level, no need to go get a
ladder

You better run when I come like a pitcher that hit the
batter

You paid in full, nah, but I got alot of respect for Hatter

Even though niggaz be ignorin' my questions bout
business matters

Cat tell me to call Hatter, Madd Hatter said call Cat

I call niggaz about some business, and I never get a
call back

I just wanted my songs back, but they act like I'm on
crack

To drop another Cham' and Paul, we ain't even on
contract

Parta' the game is that, I keep gettin' reminded daily
Labels ahead 'll screw you, that's the business out of it
baby

Nigga was grindin' daily, but suspicions was kinda
crazy

I had to pretend like I was broke, just to get paid in full
to pay me

It's crazy, for the label with the reputation for actin' a
ass

Like Rap-A-Lot, what's the label that was always on time
with cash

Gave 'em my price, they didn't try to make me go down
a tag

So for J.P., Tom, Rad, and Chief, it's done they ain't
gotta ask

Ain't a nigga who can persuay me to go back to House
So I can hear Dike Jones tell me he got platinum in his
mouth

That nigga soft, he ain't never move no crack in the

South

Was in packagin' soft, and he said he stack more
stacks then the Boss

Sure you do, I hope that's not a story they told to you
You need to pimp-slap that sick pup and maker who
controllin' you
You ain't runnin' nothin', only you would go vote for you
'Cuz my pockets got more G's, then a G-Unit quotable

G-G-Geez, you's a pee-on please
Why is he here somebody please, tell this pee-on leave
Air-condition on my wrist, I stay with free-on sleeves
Ya stay on D, like defenders durin' three-on-three's

My momma moved out the hood to a 5 bedroom home
Rasaq moved off to solo and got a lil' crib of his own
Then I bought a Ninja bike and another whip on chrome
My money long, I stand on top of the world and spit on
Jones

Your album, so what we heard you was comin' soon
Yeah, the song with Alicia Keys, or maybe you said it
was Loon
I can fit your crib inside my truck, and I'd still have leg-
room
Then I can park that whole truck inside my Master
Bedroom

Saw ya DVD you talkin' that ridiculous noise
Sister got kids with baby cribs bigger then yours
Danny DeVito duckin' down couldn't even fit through
your doors
You gotta be Kiddin' me boy, is you Kiddin' you sure,
sure

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