

## Chamillionaire

### "I'm On It"

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[Intro - Chamillionaire - talking] Haha, you never seen somebody hop out the grave I mean like, straight out the dirt Ha, something crazy Yeah! Woo! [Chorus - Chamillionaire] - w/ ad libs Hustle all night, hustle all day I'm about to lose my mind tryin to get my life straight I be workin all night, workin all day I'm a always be on time when my money call me I'm on it, I'm on it, I'm on it, I'm on it I'm on it, I'm on it, I'm on the way I'm on it, I'm on it, I'm on it, I'm on it I'm on it, I'm on it, I'm on the way [Verse 1 - Chamillionaire] You know what my name is but you could call me Cashis (why?) Every time you see my name, you know that's where the cash is (okay) Who sold his soul to the Devil? My homie from the past did But he still broke 'cause the check bounce soon as he tried to cash it (woo!) Ashes to ashes, it's dusty in my casket They said Texas was dead but tell the Grim Reaper "I'm back trick!" Money is like "Venom" but I'm addicted to the madness If money was made of poison ivy, I'd deal with the rashes Dear all of my haters, I can't help that you not great as me Smart is how I sound 'cause I got grounded when I made a C Employee I just gave a G, want every letter from A to Z Prominently just payin you so you could work at payin me (woo!) [Chorus] - w/ ad libs [Verse 2 - Chamillionaire] You know what my name is but you could call me "Boss Man" Buy the building where you work so you could be like "ah, damn" Y'all ain't about no green so I don't hang around with y'all man But if you got some green then I be hangin like I'm Tarzan Now your woman is a groupie, followin my tour van I'm the reason that she open like a greasy door jam Problems I be havin are the type you get from flossin With a Oreo is chick that's yellower than Bart's tan (doh!) I'm tryin to eat meal good, I don't want no portions You compare what I get up to yours, it should be more than Gasoline on your shoes if you come up short man I be right on your Trail, Blazin it like Portland (woo!) [Chorus] - w/ ad libs [Verse 3 - Chamillionaire] She know what my name is but act like I'm a windmill Think I'm blowin my money away and she gon' win mills Get real (get real), don't be silly, yeah you're pretty but

still (but still) Nothin move but the money, sit your  
pretty butt still (sit your pretty butt still) Put some  
money in your pocket, then it better get some mileage  
If you makin dirty money, better treat it like it's  
polished 'Cause one day when you ain't got it and your  
foreign ain't exotic Haha, forget about it, look how your  
career is rotted Fresh and fruity corporate people tellin  
ya what you have to be That's the reason that the game  
is fruity as a apple seed (hey!) Do it just like Master P,  
just get all your cash and leave Y'all know where I'm a  
be, the next time that ya ask for me [Chorus] - w/ ad  
libs [Outro - Chamillionaire - talking] I'm on the way  
They want the album to drop fourth quarter (\*sigh\*),  
don't matter, still gonna be that fire Y'all follow me on  
Twitter, Twitter.com/Chamillionaire Yeah, Martin  
Martinez, what up man? I see ya, ain't forgot about ya  
Stop spammin my e-mail addresses though, haha  
Mixtape Messiah 7, we out

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