

# Chamillionaire

## "I'm True"

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Here lizard-lizard-lizard, uh  
It's the almighty king koopa, chamillionaire  
The color changing lizard, the mixtape messiah  
Please stand for the ghetto national anthem, let's go

[chorus - 2x]

Forget what them boys is talking bout, I'm true-i'm true  
You ridin' swangs you gripping grain, I do-i do  
You candy red you candy blue, you popping trunk you  
jamming screw  
Don't know about you, but I'm true-i'm true

[paul wall]

Forget what these boys is talking bout, we wipe boys  
down  
In south park on mlk, on sunday we clown  
From the streets of antoine, to the homestead hoods  
From mo city to studewood, it's all good  
I'm ridin' on platinum grey, with z-ro and trae  
Gon let the top down, it's a beautiful day  
Haters jealous on the sidelines, running they mouth  
Cause I roll with t.i.p., the king of the south  
Boys know I'm paid in full, so they clocking my dollas  
Me, poppy, joe and fox all ridin' impalas  
I'm breaking bread with mike jones, and slim thug the  
boss  
It's paul wall, still representing swishahouse  
I'm with my boy big kaila, I don't bar no hater  
I'm on the grind for paper, I'll holla at ya later  
Forget what they talking bout, I'm in love with my  
wealth  
I ain't gotta say I'm true, cause true speak for itself  
baby

[chorus - 2x]

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You candy red you candy blue, you popping trunk you  
jamming screw  
Don't know about you, but I'm true-i'm true

[chamillionaire]

They say I'm the greatest of all time, and I say who and  
they say you  
If she's a dime tell her I'm fine, and she'll say true-true  
Turn up the bang if you into, something color changing  
the rims do  
Sound like a train cause when I stop, they be like choo-  
choo-choo  
And I'm thugging too homie, the heater kinda like al  
bundy's hand  
Believe me everytime you see me, it's gon be in her  
pants  
if I do a

Crime and you snitch, homie the heater will snitch too  
Cause if the police come around, it'll be pointing at you  
Somebody give mouth to mouth to this mic, after it  
melt  
Cause the only rapper out rapping me is me, after  
myself  
I hope you internet thugs, that will swear that I ain't the  
tightest  
Have cyber sex with cita, until you catch a virus  
Why is he saying this, to piss boys off  
I officially claim myself, the rap king of the south  
The say I'm the greatest of all time, and I say who and  
they say you  
And I say naw, give that title to the late great dj screw,  
rest in peace

[chorus - 2x]

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You candy red you candy blue, you popping trunk you  
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Don't know about you, but I'm true-i'm true

[lil' flip]

The definition of a pimp is (me), cause I ain't doing shit  
for (free)  
I got my own label now, if you ain't heard it's (clover  
g's)  
Now me and will chasing the scrill, we pulling up on  
chrome wheels  
Nigga, your royalty check looking like my phone bill  
Quick to capping picture snapping, paparazzi follow me  
Yeah I'm platinum I'll slap him, if he smoke up all my  
weed  
I love to speed on dubs and spre's, bitches leave the  
club with me  
Snitches mean mugging me, don't make me bust my  
fucking heat

We popping trunks and smoking blunts, that sticky-  
ickie (ooh-wee)  
Last year I did a mill, now I'm bout to do (three)  
I bring the heat on every track, it's five g's for every bar  
Just because I'm in a porsche box, don't mean I like the  
spa  
That don't mean I like the car, you know I'm down to  
break your jaw  
Just because I burn rubber, that don't mean I like the tar  
We ghetto stars in every state, like pimp and bun we  
keep it trill  
And if you ain't heard, it's lil' flipper and chamill'

[chorus]

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