

Chamillionaire "In The Trunk"

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This is the sound of revenge
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You in the presence of the finest
Chamillitary mayne, this for the streets
Let's give 'em somethin' they can bump in the trunk

At this point you should be turnin' your speakers up
Turn your speakers up Chamillionaire man
Let it bump, it's a southern thing
Ha ha, Chamillitary mayne

I heard somebody say that the South ain't got no
lyricists
Well, bang, bang at the game like everyone down here
is pissed
You lookin' for the truth then look no further, here it is
Turn it up a notch so they can not say they not hearin'
this

They say Chamill is sick, click click, here's a clip
Bang bang at the rap game to make your spirits lift
And it seems to me the industry is all on Jigga's dick
Who? You, you, you, and you nigga, pick a click

Universal sent me to bring some realness to the
industry
Got here then I realized that ain't nobody real but me
Okay, a couple niggaz but none of 'em real as me
Tell your favorite rapper he should diss me if he
disagree

I bet I'm actin' like your favorite rapper isn't me
Tell your second favorite whose the best and show 'em
a picture of me
He'd have to take me out to prove that he's as sick as
me
So me verse me, the only battle that y'all gonna get to
see

I'm plainly sayin' what I'm sayin' to make these haters
mad

Perpetration hatin' ass, see me ridin' candy slab
Disbelieve his ass, how many vehicles can he have?
I be losin' count myself and I ain't even that bad at
math

That's how we do it in Texas, poppin' trunk and grippin'
wood
We reply to threats, nigga, I wish you would
You can keep on talkin' but that's only if you could
Gotta turn my speakers up, can you hear 'em now? No
good

Ain't runnin' from a thang, 'cause I ain't never been a
punk
Drama ain't a thang, 'cause I can bring it if they want
I'ma let it bang so they can feel it in the, in the trunk
You 'bout it wit'cha game, decide your rep and throw it
up
What you tryin' to drank, 'cause I'ma 'bout to get you
drunk
Keep it pimpin' mayne, so they can feel it in the, in the
trunk

This for the street niggaz knowin' they gotta pee in a
cup
Know your peace officer tossin' ya when he see the
results
This for the G's, hate is what you see in the scope
Gauge gonna get sprayed like it's Raid when you see
him approach

Tell you ahead of time, solo I can handle mine
You ain't too smart but play the part like you a
pantomime
But you don't have a nine, I'll show you I hammer mine
Time to make you do the Running Man like it's Hammer
Time

Shout out to the west and all my gangstas pack heat up
Actin' up and pack enough heat to make you back it up
The hoes back it up, soon as they hear the back of the
trunk
Now I'ma stock like New York slang what you mean?
that's what's up

Money stack it up when they feel they have enough
Get the chips and add 'em up, then she givin' that to us
Don't put all that in cuffs, treat your money like a slut
Niggaz better share, hell yeah, 'cause I just wanna cut

A hater gettin' cut, someone gon' get hurt

Especially if you met me and was disrespect turf
Houston, Texas I'm the worst, ice looking like sherbet
Bouncin' off my chest, you're starin' at it like a pervert

Mixtape God, don't hate me, go to church first
Might as well since all the rappers wearin' church shirts
Better think ahead of time, call yourself a nurse
Diss me in your second and you won't get to finish your
third verse

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You in the presence of the finest
The game is full of fakes, all these rappin' niggaz front
Controversy Sells, the industry givin' 'em what they
want
See he ain't gangsta as he say, that's why they dress
'em up
Get a vest, a plastic gun and go pull a publicity stunt

Hoe act like she slow, don't know that I'm rich
And ignore the handles missing from the do's of my
whip
But then she saw me on TV and told me pause for a
flick
What you tell her? You can "106 and park on my dick"

Can't speak about Texas and not mention me
'Cause the world gon' have to see the truth come out
eventually
I'll rip any gimmick rapper out from A to Z
934-829 to the 2 if you still disagree

We never marry a hoe, what I'ma marry you fo'
I'm too busy tearin' my shows up and gettin' married to
dough
Grave dig a nigga, Whatchu mean? I bury a flow
Run, go get your city, come back and then I'ma bury
your area code

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