

Chamillionaire

"It's On"

Visit "[It's On](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

[Intro]

3 million, 4 million, 5 million
Haha, we gon' need a money exchange

It's on, it's on, it's on, it's on...

[Talking over chants of "It's on"]

September 18th, the album is done baby
Yeah! Ultimate Victory!
Uh, Mixtape Messiah, I'm on fire
And you know this man...

[Verse]

I'm so tired of getting cheddar, my cheddar be getting mad
I told my cheddar chill, money hid inside my stash
I'm so far into the future, I can't even see the past
I'm the ish, baby maybe give a baby diaper rash
So greedy that my hand look like it's in need of cash
I'm so greedy that my hand look like it's been eating grass
Want to see the zoo? You don't even need a pass
The wildlife in my garage, how can you not see the jag?
You think you can stop my cash, and I'ma tell you how
9-1-1 are the snitch buttons on the dial
I put so many jewels on the table on a tile
To push all the ice off, you gon' need a snow plough
I be drilling it and killing it like Jason in a mask
Man this idiot done asked me if Texas rap will last
And Roscoes, chicken and waffles on the table, acting fat
Or in the middle of Mr. Chiles, putting a table on my town
That means I ain't local so don't ask me bout a grill
I am untouchable so don't ask me how I feel
Real people ain't have to say it so don't ask me if I'm real
Make a girl squeal, have her acting like a seal
I turned on the news, Paris Hilton going to jail
I got gold diggers in jail that say protection is for sale
I know me having money is the truth cause my deal
Just talked, looked at me like "You, you God, hail"

My money is my money, my money ain't a little
I open up the safe and there's money in the middle
The Victory is coming, for now here goes the riddle
What's a 170 thousand in the colour of a skittle?

What is it? What is it? The candy stuff I live it
Just look in my garage, you can't even say what isn't
A digit, a digit, then add another digit
The bank is like my homie so the safe is what I visit
So listen, Chamillionaire is about to snatch the crown
No matter of fact, just rewind it back cause I've already
got it now
I'm so grown up, and rap is like a child
When I'm talking, hope you ain't talking back before I
lift my hand and pow!
My style's versatile, no copy in my style
The printer of my ink, you gon' make a copy how?
That's suicide, better call a gravedigger now
He'll be digging a hole in your back yard like a child
Soul got karma, hip-hop got ?karm/calm?
Tell the Internet stands, that I said I'm number one
My Victory is done, who's sick? It's me, it's none
I'm getting at everybody like Superhead's tongue
My nuts weigh a tonne, they bigger than your gun
No homo but my flow's so good I think I'm bout to cum
...Uhh, can't prevent it, global warming
Know what I'm talking bout? Haha I think its bout to start
storming
I whip you at your show but wait til you finish
performing
I show up at your residence while roosters is yawning
Like Phoenix Arizona, nuts in the morning
I at your crib early giving juice to your woman
Like H-Town, Texas, I know Hollywood boys
That can hit a golf ball in the sky with good points
I watch ?Homer? flicks but ladies get moist
I'll make a girl scream and sound like it's a good noise
Rappers bow down to the sound of my voice
I'm the rapper that you picking and the south, good
choice
Got big Tonka trucks that don't sound like toys
And I got homeboys with five 9's like Royce
You choice, better be stinging like a Cobra
When my homies get it popping like a soda
Cola, if your not Chamillionaire then it's over
Top of the charts, I'ma hit it like a Cobra

Sep-tember-eight-teen

