

## Chamillionaire "Koopa Break"

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Why the hell should koopa care [x3]  
Why the hell should koopa care [x3]  
Why the hell should koopa care if you don't think that's  
he the best  
Your opinions nothin' to me that means your opinion-  
less  
Got the charger transformin' growling it's like it's  
possessed  
Money come quick my American gon get expressed  
Why the hell should koopa care we ain't havin' naked  
sex  
You ain't tryna give me checks don't even hit me on the  
text  
So proud of his rap career really thinkin' that he fresh  
If you ever cross me your career is gon be fresh to  
death  
Now this chick that I just met  
Tellin' me it's 9 o'clock  
All these diamonds in my watch it's hard to read  
around the clock  
Talking all up in my ear notices the diamond rock  
You'd think I was signed ta block the way these brauds  
be on the joc  
Why the hell should koopa care call it paper call it gwop  
On the west they call it scrilla I just know I got alot  
Presidents inside my pock-et I pull obamas out  
Bet she secret service me like the police obamas got  
Now your time is runnin' out so is you fins ta ride or not  
Just need you ta let me break you off like a karate chop  
Karate chop bedroom door that got a lock  
Her man is gone she say she home alone like Maculley  
Caulkin  
I make your body rock and if you don't your money  
back  
She divin' for balls like the Shaq attack ta that's a rap  
Call me up to conversate bout where the dough exactly  
at  
I'll be on the line like you hear me with a hack a shack  
Got a confession, my wallet never zips closed  
Outta the city, my wallet gotta zip code  
Shout out to semi Hakeem is not a prince though  
Cause now I'm feelin' like a king the way I get dough

Get mo, down to the flo, my rhyme finna blow, don't  
sound liek a ho  
Cause y'all be talkin' like some snitches the whole time  
finna know  
You know me I'm better with bread than Betty Crocker  
Got a safe could'ntfit alla my bread I got a locker  
How come every girl that get in my bed is not a bopper  
Every rapper that tell me he go fed is really ka ka  
Male groupie move around and quickly take a pic  
Or putcha wrist under the butter knife and make a slit  
I'm talkin' money cause I know it make my haters sick  
Open your mouth the barrel's big but I'm a make it fit

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