

Chamillionaire

"Land Of The Slowed"

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"Land Of The Slowed"

(feat. Chalie Boy, Tum Tum)

[Intro: Chamillionaire]

They try'na say something bout'cha boy singing, but
they ain't never goin understand
We been parking lot pimpin since 98', knahtalkinbout?
I call it Texas talk
That Big Moe
That Trae, that Z-Ro
That Charlie

[Hook: Charlie Boy]

This is the Land of The Slowed down chop-chop-chop
Hit the button on the drop then recline (chop-chop)
From domestic to a form see the rims don't stop
? In the screens glow when the trunk pop

From Bentley's to Escalades the corners keep bending
And them haters still hating
While the dimes keep grinning
From 6-4's to Benzo's rims keep spinning
And I'm riding on 4's them 84's extending
Elbows be poking as we gripping on grain
The sun beaming on the paint but the frame ain't
tamed
The color chameleon unlike any other
Bang making my game platform
Click clan and studder
This is the state knowing for them great taste
Slanging in the deck, swanging lanes, sipping gray
taste
That's the purple and we turning circles
If you wanna hate
You'll get rolled over and bounce, like I do my scrape
plate
Sitting high on 24's, and my cuttly's to a rose
See nothing but gray smoke, when I open up my dows
No need to say mo, real G's get chose
When the top drop and the trunk pop, you goin see the
gray blows
Mayne

[x2:]

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[Chamillionaire:]

Southern playas get the doe, ain't trippin bout what the haters say
Hate started that my birth, my B-day is a hater day
Way before Mike Jones and Magno, I was grindin day-to-day
G-fo, in the air, like a F-ing fadeaway
Starts down to the floor, walk out lift my dow
Up into the sky, and the bet you goin reply with "WOOH"
I be jammin music that be choppin and be sign it slow
Every minute on the clock is money so I gotta go
Minutes addin up so you can say that I'm the Minute Man
Pulling up in my truck and all the slush like, that's him again
Season side the dooly classify as amfibian
Think that you can handle what I got, t hen come get in then

[Singing:]

I'm ridin good grippin grain
Doing my thang
Back to back cars dancing like it's Soul Train
Everybody on Swangs (swangs)
Lift up on swangs
Still bangin screw I let Charlie Boy sang
(Get em mayne)

[x2:]

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[Tum Tum:]

Yeah
Gripping on the grain (grain)
Candy stay in the lane (grain)
The memory of Fat Pat (Pat)
I swear I love it mayne
Watch how I get it (yeah)
Them flames I spit it (uh-huh)
When tray's get broke we say Tum-ty did it (check it)

I got a 80 delta in my yard
Candy blue white rag top the bitch hard
Same color spokes, ballin with my folks
The fifty slab candy coke, we ain't no mothafuckin joke
Caprices and ground sticks (uh-huh)
Deltas and rolmels (what else)
Trunks and leek baskets (uh-huh) some roofs are flow
masters (yeah)
Dirty South riders and them the boys from thirty third
From the streets to the birds, I know all you niggas
heard
I show ya how to rang (grab a pen)
I teach ya how to stunt (yeah)
Get up all them forth and twenty's,
I run that bitch, fuck a punk (woo)
Seens slugs inside the grill (grill)
I ball like Oseal (seal)
Some drank and some kill
And steals the round skill

[x2:]

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Chamillitary Mayne [x2]

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