

# Chamillionaire "Mixtape Murder"

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## "Mixtape Murder"

*[Intro]*

Uh, mixtape murderer  
Talkn bout murder

Yeah, they say they need part 6 but look at how i light  
up the city  
It's that boy Chamilli, many say that they don't feel me  
But they don't want it really, nothin gon move but the  
money  
You know I know the drilly, my reality be showin like  
Flava Flav or Diddy  
She got some back and some tittes, and man it's such  
a pity  
She think I give her my hustle just cuz the fact she  
pretty  
Really busy, chasin scillies and countin all my millies  
I'm really all about scilly, and I mean that sincerely  
Just like that VIC single, the game is gettin silly  
But so much cheese is stackin like sandwiches in philly  
Runnin around for the millies, I think I'm gettin dizzy  
I'm notorious at doin it bigger like I'm Biggie  
Join my fan club, you a hater, bring some backup  
Let my lac up, and hit the switch and it ill back up  
They can't stand em, make Bill O'reilly have a tantrum  
Bet the grands come and if I'm on it, it's an anthem  
Get the grand son and give a million to my grandson  
Yeah we have fun, but told the chick that she can have  
none  
I heard Plies say that he will never buy a Phantom  
I make 28's fit on the ish, you better ask em  
I attach em, I love the dolla's I romance em  
I just cash em, no homo but my money handsome  
An assassin, be killin the mic with a passion  
I just smash em, then I head right back to my mansion  
They just actin, but real is my only reaction  
Shoes on my whip, that's where haters jack their  
fashion  
Swagga jackin, i'm swagga'd up you swagga-lackin  
Swagga pass em, my swagga on inspite of lappin  
Tell em don't listen, if you hate the way my flow is

flippin  
Still tippin, wheels glisten, my vouge's are swang and  
clickin  
Brain n bullet equals pain, who wanna do addition?  
Pop the clip in, get to trippin, you thinkin that I'm slippin  
Believa, always an over achiever  
Take a breather, your paper little just like ceaser  
Have a seat bra, I make that hater have a seizure  
When they see the number of coats that's on my  
Beamer  
Lift the dough up and on her feet is where I leave her  
Then I proceed to gettin my dough up like a Keebla  
I don't need her, be Livin Single like Kadeeja  
I won't even go send a cab to go retrieve her  
Hustle been deadly before Fred ever met Betty  
Spree-wellin like Latrelly on Spinners and Perellis  
That was back before Nelly was ever seen singin on the  
telly  
I been grindin gettin feti, underground Makavelli  
My dictionary is missin, so what is competition?  
Think he dissin, he ain't likin how much my pinky  
glisten  
I ain't trippin I ain't missin, that diamond let it glisten  
Pop my trunk up and the sign is readin, I'm gon fishin

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