

Chamillionaire "Put On Freestyle"

Visit "[Put On Freestyle](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Chamillitary Mayne)

I found these lyrics on LyricLoop
Mixtape Messiah August 27th. Put that on yo' calendar.
It's Chamillionaire, I mean Koopa; aka Major Pain.
Cause
I'm gonna bring the majors pain. Mixtape master of the
underground.
BANG!

They ask me where Texas at, and I say hold that
thought;
August 27th I'm a get to that.
You either die a hero or you live to see yourself
become the villan.
I've been showin' support to all the labels in my city.
Bur right now it's all about Chamilli.

When they see me do my magic, they say what the
heck is Koopa on?
Texas been too quiet so that X-man about to produce a
storm.
Either die a hero or the villain is what you become. Hop
in my bat mobile,
Cha cha [?] on? Salad dressing cus it's on. Plenty
green and parmesan.
In my pockets, in my palm. I'm about to drop a bomb.
Thinkin about making
Vegetation, I'm the mixtape farmer John. So much
green inside my jeans, it's like
I been a mowin' lawns. I'm the real, the rest is fake. I'm
the best, the rest is Cake.

Mixtape god, I bless the tape. And I put boys in they
resting place.
People always test the type and they don't neva test the
face. That's the day I'm gonna be on TMZ and that day I
catch a case. Think that you can take my auto and them
hollows not gon' follow. Better dream of a bikini
wearing genie out a bottle. Some chicks, they used to
strip; asked to wax the Masserato. I say forget the wax,
just make it quick just like [?]. That Spanish chick that

love the chips she do that Dorito lady. She ready to
Frito lay me, es me gusto that's me oh baby.

I hear some sharks talkin' like they gonna D.O.A. me.
Go ahead jump in that water, promise there's torpedo's
waiting. I dropped a lot of verses, but I know I'm proud
of mines. I see the president's in front of me, I'm
Obamatized. Rappers is politicians, they all be talking
lies. Papparazzi like some Nazi. Pop your posse like
some spies.

I used to look around me like it's proly you that hate
me. Now open up my wallet and it start illuminating. Do
your damage, do it. Talk your talk and mutilate me.
Money talks, Me and Ben always communicating. I
know you proly thankin why he talking all that cash. I
write my lyrics in a crib as big as [?]. What's happy
broke but supa rich and they like boy he mad. Every
problem I had last year, my money brought me all of
that.

[?]Push foreigners like a chauffer [?] But back when I
was broka, I sold product like a broker. My next one
drop, it's over. Point out somebody dopa. I bet that
supasoaka flip that joka like it's Poka. That boy ain't half
of me, turned into a casualty. Humble but I swear I'm
not Barak Obama's pastasy[?]. I bet talking trash, yeah
the mouth is a catastrophe. Don't mistake the
humbleness for weWakness cus that blasphemy.

Visit [Chamillionaire](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.