

Chamillionaire "Ran Out Of Auto-Tune"

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"Ran Out Of Auto-Tune"

Left wing in my crib there's a model room
Right wing there's a room just for Almond Spoons
I sing on this track that's what they assume
Sorry but my engineer ran out of autotune
You rap but I feel that you are a coon
And the other one's that ain't coon are a foons
Try me, and you will fail in the arms of doom
Cause that V-ve-Venom album coming soon
Fifty thousand dollar fresh in my living room
Try to steal it and I bet you won't lit a noon
Put the camera on ya chick like I'm Benny Boom
And then I hit her quick vroom, vroom
Ya girl say she love me cause I'm cool and laid back
Then she wanna do (what?) I said cool and lay back
Perpetrator vision I see through they facts
All these rappers sweeter than some Kool-Aid packs
My Lincoln longer than two Maybachs
My front yard longer than two race tracks
Hearing them but'chu know they goin use they gats
I don't be hanging with none of them dudes, they wack
(they wack)
She was speaking in a whisper like Shawday
Well I call her never yes I told her probably
Paparazzi you better do what I say
To me a face like a camera to Kanye
If you late on my team you know docked
If I'm late you goin wait till I move out
Got'cha chick bout to take off her tube-top
I purchase rims like your Footlock or Shoe-shop
Tell her friend that I rather have a enemy
Money tall and your money just a mini-me
The class gotta S like Hennessy
And I gotta SS like Tennessee
I stay super fly like a kite, so
You should know that you can't see me like a white
crow
Walk in all the women get in flight mode
She bout to take off all her nice clothes
Ha Ha

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