

# Chamillionaire "Scratch That"

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## "Scratch That"

*[Verse 1 - Chamillionaire]*

Uh, I heard there was a funeral for Auto-Tune  
I'm glad that I'm livin, some of y'all is doomed  
Talkin 'bout death, I'd be honored to  
Death of DJs yellin over all the tunes  
Thought he was the man but that boy a coon  
And I'm so street smart they call me "Harvard Goon"  
Mixtape Messiah 8 is what y'all assume  
But scratch that, better take cover, dodge the boom!  
(yeah)

*[explosion]*

Gotta kill it like Michael, not Jackson but Vick (why?)  
Get punished for the crime, have 'em still on my dick  
I'm so Pharreal with this thing on my hip (yep)  
Pusha and a Malice, yeah I got me two Clipse (Clipse)  
Lookin for some trouble, you can have your first wish  
I'd take your house, have your kitchen on bricks (woo!)  
No banana in the tailpipe Miss (nah)  
Pullin my money and it's never no splits  
Whips what you mean, I could be a slave master  
Hundred for the Benz but the 'lac is way faster  
(College) dropout like I never heard Asher  
I don't need your opinion if I ain't ask ya  
Make 'em remember they asthma  
Ladies want to practice, I make 'em play tackle (tackle)  
Chill out, what ya hidin from the drop for?  
Lookin for some ice baby, welcome to Alaska  
(N Luv Wit My Money), I'm just tryin to kiss stacks (yep)  
Tryin to date mine, I'm a tell the chick tax (yep)  
Million dollar mack, have your mama on her back  
Tap Tap for Revenge like the iPhone app (ha)  
King of mixtapes, let 'em know that that's fact  
I'm fittin to run rap, mess around and get lapped  
(lapped)  
Round of applause for ya if I get jacked  
I bet ya hear claps comin out the kid's strap (woo!)  
Everytime they see me, they just call me "hachoo"  
'Cause every verse sick enough to give ya that flu (flu)  
Every stack I'm pickin up thick as Ragu  
I'm pullin up in my dropper, they like "Koopas, that's

you?"  
True, I just want my clout to last  
And they say that money talks, so I'm talkin fast (fast)  
Promise my vault is like Alcatraz  
Ya break in, you're never gonna make it out with cash  
Could get money out of Pamela Anderson (what?)  
And her son, I'm the man with funds (funds)  
Give me your account, let me manage one  
I'm a gon' clean it out until the damage done  
Let me be clear (yeah), no antenna  
Hundred thou' stacks, that's a big man dinner  
Pull up outside on some big chrome spinners  
Hop out just to show you how quick I can get scrilla

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