

Chamillionaire

"Show Me What Ya Got"

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"Show Me What Ya Got"

(feat. Famous)

[Intro - Chamillionaire - talking]

Ch-ch-cheah, your tuned into your boy the
Chamillionator
Cause I stay killin 'em
Know what I'm talkin 'bout?
Mixtape Messiah Part 2
Lets go

"Hey" - *[repeated 7X during the Intro]*

[Chorus 1 - Chamillionaire]

This is why I'm hot little mama (woo)
This is why I'm hot little lady (Chamillitary mayne)
This is why I'm hot shorty
(This is why I'm hot) - *[4X]*
This is why I'm hot baby
(Tell 'em why)
Cause I'm the king of mixtapes
Mi--mi-mixtapes
I'm the king of mixtapes
Mi--mi-mixtapes

[Verse 1 - Chamillionaire]

Yeah (woo), lookin right at the grim reaper like I don't
need the support of ya
The kid standin in the booth is the coroner
I hear the track and I murder it with the 40 of
caliber, that's when they all askin you, what you
recordin for?
I can't stand that these boys soundin horrible
The rap game full of clowns like a carnival (woo)
Your callin me, I'm somewhere over the water bro
Floatin on a boat, like a logo on a Nautica (woo)
We like to blaze, the fire of what you wanted, yeah
She Just Blaze like the producer I got under the
Acapella got 'em baggin good down in Florida
Go on put somethin in the air like LaGuardia (yeah)
Smoke one for the decease and peace is how their
sleep

Beef is gonna be, but with me your just dead meat
(yeah)
Trust me it's bad for ya (yeah), kinda like red meat
(meat)
Playin with me homie, I promise you'll get beat (beat)
I'm on my grind, the album out next week (week)
They gonna be silent, like me when the Feds speak
Gotta punish 'em dozen, I got a ton of 'em
Lovin in, not in love with 'em, really not here to cuddle
hun
But I'll come, I'm just back and they say I'm
troublesome
But I'm way more than some trouble, I'm double son
If his name's Terminator, I'm other one (other one)
He got one, just assume who got the other gun
Bring it to life, resurrectin the dead
Not buyin, stop cryin, make a record instead
I swear that y'all rappers really hurtin my head
But my paper don't stop and you ain't hurtin my bread
I ain't worried about a snitch ever alertin the Feds
Take it to the old school go and learn it like Red (haha)
Take it to the Pro Tools if you heard somethin I said
That you think you can do better but prepare to be bled
The grinders on the east, be respectin the C
They be like what up Kid? Like the name was Capri
You know the sayin, the sayin is you get what you see
They see that I'm paid but they can't use they vision on
me (haha)
So bein broke is what a hater is accustomed to be
Boys reachin like the pager that's stuck under the seat
Yeah, but you could miss me with that thirty versus
another coast
At dinner with Nas and Kelis, like here's another toast
Cause we hot as the rotisserie on the oven roast (roast)
Keep it trill and gettin paid is what I love the most
I got a new Lincoln, that top is gettin air time (time)
So they call it Lincoln Continental Airlines
Chamillitary's the click (click) and isn't fair I'm
too good (too good), they can't see the flow, (no) ... air
rhymes
So go on let a player turn up the oxygen
Backin in the paint for the score, better box me in (for
the score, box me in, woo)
Flawless victory, won't settle for a sloppy win
If you took me out, you gotta put me in your top again
And I ain't talkin 'bout myspace partner
Talkin 'bout the spot you got as my space partner
[laughing]

[Break - Famous - talking]

Texas in the building

They like show me what ya got (better show me what ya got)
I'm like, hey we cocked a lot (hey we cockin a lot)
Chamillitary niggaz run the spot
(Chamillitary mayne)

"Hey" - [7X]

[Verse 2 - Famous]

Uh huh, I'ma do it like a Texas nigga though
Know what I'm sayin? Chamillitary
If you on top watch your spot and I don't care about the
guppies in my district (uh uh)
Bitch I'm goin for the big fish
and I ain't did shit, put a few tapes out
This beat got some room Cham? (huh), your boy fittin
to space out (woo)
My flow proven, you lose and I raised out (yeah)
That's real talk, I go long like a stakeout (naw)
Who got beef? Shit, I make steaks outta niggaz
Watch the real, bring the fake outta nigga (yeah)
Stomp his ice cream, I make shakes outta niggaz
Oh yeah, the flow crack, spit weight for the figures
Now I'm so impatient, can't wait for the figures
So I'm on the highway, pushin weight for the figures
Nigga, I can't wait for them niggaz
Too bad, they said you was fittin to blow, so I laughed
Who gassed, you the fucked up, I'm not for the dumb
stuff
Them things have you leanin like the back of a dump
truck (fall back)
Pump what, I'ma grown ass man nigga
I give a fuck if you rap, I ain't a fan nigga (I ain't a fan)
I give a fuck if you clap, I never ran nigga (never ran)
So I tell 'em where I'm at is where I stand nigga

"Hey" - *[repeated 7X during the Break]*

[Break - Famous - talking]

2-1-0, San Anton' Texas in the motherfuckin building
Northwest boy, fun, yeah, fuck

[Chorus 2 - Famous - talking]

Now show me what ya got (now show me what ya got)
([Chamillionaire:] Fam show 'em what ya got)
Yeah, we cocked a lot (haha, yeah)
If they ain't run the spot
Famous, haha, it's too easy man
Run the spot boy (too easy man)
I'ma tell the world though
Two ten, uh nigga

Yeah, uh

"Hey" - *[repeated 7X during the Chorus]*

[Verse 3 - Famous]

The 'Tone don't run, I'll tell these boys again y'all 'Tone
don't run

I'm so hot, I'm so cold, call me frozen sun

Up in NY, boys like your frozen son (what you tell 'em
man)

And I'm the chosen one

And that's not to mention all the flows I've done

And don't let me get to talkin 'bout the hoes I've run
through, who you supposed to be

I'm right back on top, where I'm 'posed to be

Them ho niggaz left me hangin like a poster be

But naw, I'm back in the mix for 2K6

Put that Jacob to your grill, watch your lip little niglet

Haha, yeah, show me what it is

Famous in this bitch, tried to told 'em I'm the shit (tried
to told 'em)

I told 'em about back like a summer ago

210 on my arm, show you where I'm comin from

San Anton' Texas on the motherfuckin map man better
believe it

[Gunshot]

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