

## Chamillionaire "Shut Up Interlude"

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What, Swishahouse, Sucka Free  
Kiss our ass if you bootlegging  
Hold up Watts, bring that back  
Chamillionaire, let me and Paul Wall  
Get some of that.

[Chamillionaire]  
Look, I'm not the type to brag about the size of my dick  
Cause I would rather brag about, the size of my chips  
My dimes and my nick's, and how I ride with your sis  
With a diamond in my ear, about the size of your fist  
Keep your eyes on my wrist, while I shine and I gliss  
Don't sip-sip syrup, I'm buying the Crys'  
I think some of y'all niggaz, just trying to piss  
Me off, cause your girlfriend dying to kiss this  
Baller on the lips, I'm calling it quit's  
Ain't rapping no mo' after this, you wish  
Get your mind correct, Chamillionaire wreck  
The stereo don't even wanna, let the tape out your deck  
Throw up your set, and take notes for my lesson

Everywhere I go, I hear dumb ass questions  
Do you know Slim Thug, is he really a thug  
Is Ron C a DJ, or does that nigga sell drugs  
Get out my face, before I slap out the taste  
I'm not really in the mood, for catching a case  
Haters get erased, you can ask he's a Leo  
Your woman wanna be my queen, wanna be my Cleo  
Patra I slap a, rapper with a stack of  
Big faces gold platinum, and make em put my plack up  
Don't bring good luck, I bring niggaz damage  
Could make niggaz panic, when I chop it up in Spanish  
No no, problemo it's all to the bueno  
Knock knock Michael Watts, go on pass me a demo  
Keep-keep it real, and the keep the Chamillion on your  
mind  
Spit fire every line, now you can press rewind

(\*talking\*)

Bring it back one mo' time  
It's Paul Wall.

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