

Chamillionaire "Somebody Gonna Get Hurt"

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I get that paper, I do it major
I'm stayin' sucker free and I'm shakin' haters
I ain't really tryin' to hurt nobody, say what?
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I ain't really tryin' to hurt nobody
Is somebody gonna get hurt up in here? Probably

My money get jealous, I keep the dough in check
The checks bounce, give me cash and give me mo'
interest
Rick Rock, now I get the dough goin' west
20 thou' on the ground, what'chu wanna bet?

If I lose I roll another bet to even up
Keep lookin' for the dough like I ain't seen enough
Fully equipped the whip, that would be a plus
Hop off the you know what and I'ma leave it up

Tell us what you leavin' up? The dough on the Lambo'
Don't try to be a Rambo or be an example
Passport paper, ain't a place that I can't go
Haters gettin' sick 'bout to Earl like Kimbo

Go ahead man, smack yourself silly
Rubber bands never fit when I package my scrilly
Overseas but I'm still the man back in my city
Ugh, put the cream on the acne like Diddy

Show you how to make 'em put the paper in your face
Let the yellow bones know that it's time to skate
Pillsbury dough sho' make a lot of cake
Time to show all of these suckas how to paper chase

The blueprint for the paper, just rewind it back
Yeah our money, cash cars, I be rhymin' that
Stay ballin' on the base like a diamondback
While you in the crowd gettin' mad because the concert
packed

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Two chicks talkin' to me on the 3-way
Breeze blowin' in the hair of my breezy
Woodgrain I'ma grab when you see me
Oakland in my hand like it's eBay

Both chicks beggin' me to come to see A
No time like I ran out of prepaid
If you don't go and give this hotness to the DJ
You'll need a doctor and it ain't gonna be Dre

Fans tryin' to figure out and try to find who
The last verse of the last hearse applied to
I could tell you a lie and tell you it's not you
But like B on the Scantron, not true

'Cause y'all boys is costumes
I brush 'em off like the canvas in an art room
Bring it on boy, my victory's your doom
Your plan was to 'Samity Sam me but it's gone boom

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Some people hate to see you spendin' the new bucks
You better not show your animosity to us
Hit gon' have the three K's like Klu Klux
So bring 'em to the barber that'll give 'em a crew cut

That mean minus a couple
Need to be findin' your mind instead of findin' some
trouble
'Cause it's obvious you lost when we up out of the
huddle
Ready to blitz, yup I seen you in outer space like a
shuttle

One mil', two mil', three, fo' mil'
Stayin' hungry like I missed the past fo' meals
Half a mil' still tell a man no deal
Ridin' with the type of bananas you don't peel

Yeah, the type of weapon that don't jam
Like most of these rappers in this game that don't man

Plus the homie ridin' with me is no fan
Don't bring the drama wit'chu if you ain't bringin' no
plan

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