

## Chamillionaire "Still Countin' My Cash"

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*[Repeat - x2]*

Chamillitary Mane... Are you ready?

*[Verse 1]*

Yeah, yeah

A couple of clowns in the town, run around, they used  
to be down

But it's build, check what you speaking, watch how  
you're using your nouns

Can make a million from home, making moves from  
my lounge

Hard to play captain save her cause them dudes is  
usually drowned

If you gon' hate, you at least could wait til it get to the  
chorus

You my promotional team, them boys my biggest  
supporters

Reside in Houston but they pay me to make a switch  
like the oilers

Toured a crib like a tourist, my yard look like a forest

Time to get a Thesaurus, they at a loss for words

They can't pronounce what I'm in, they like "All them  
cars is yers?"

I got cars with curves, treating all my cars like birds

The fleet is a flock and the engine starts like "brrr"

Welcome to the place where the music is slowed and  
choppy

The writers that wrote about me

Said that I wouldn't sell and the major label was gonna  
drop me

I make money moves and the population is sure to copy

When I need a favour I'ma call Ben Franklin like I know  
you got me

*[Hook]*

Haters was hating, they thought that I wouldn't last

But I'm still on the grind, I can see why they mad

Cause I'm still countin' my cash (still countin' my cash)

I'm still countin' my cash (still countin' my cash)

I'm still countin' my cash (still countin' my cash)

I'm still countin' my cash so do the math

They knocking my hustle, they saw me coming up fast

But I'm still getting mine, can't do nothing but laugh  
Cause I'm still countin' my cash (uh)  
I'm still countin' my cash (still countin' my cash)  
I'm still countin' my cash (still countin' my cash)  
I'm still countin' my cash so do the math

*[Verse 2]*

This is for everyone who be acting like a Grammy  
made me a winner  
My hunger did it so do me a favour and make me a  
dinner

Eating cakes at the lima, they gon' hate when you enter  
Pockets swollen, I'm holding up monkey jeans with  
suspenders  
None of these rappers is real, cause if you real then  
you dodging me  
Ain't bumped into one that's even halfway as real from  
what I can see  
I extend middle finger and don't extend an apology  
Shows getting me paper, sales getting me property  
Guess I'm good at monopoly, taking over the game  
Trynna hold so much paper that my arms and  
shoulders just stain  
Ain't smoking or drinking but I'm thinking what being  
sober will bring  
You got a hangover in the morning but I'm hanging  
over in Spain  
Fifty thousand through customs, I know you isn't  
accustomed  
Cause money talks and your pockets look like an end of  
discussion  
So hitting my head on the ceiling from money getting is  
nothing  
I stand on top of my paper and probably get a  
concussion  
I know the...

*[Hook]*

*[Verse 3]*

Remember that little apartment, we was laughing at  
Martin  
Now the Martin's the aft and the one we passing is ???  
And proper tags with bargains, the card is black what  
I'm charging  
Grind out of this world, I'm chasing ground like a  
Martian  
A hustler that really ball, your purchase is pretty small  
Your money is minimal, my crib is a mini mall  
And if it ain't really large, my bidness gon' get resolved

I feel like they fake and the boys is fighting for pennies  
dog

Yeah, I'm a hustler  
Yeah, I'm a hustler  
Yeah, I'm a hustler  
Gotta keep my hustle up  
Yeah, I'm a hustler  
Yeah, I'm a hustler  
Yeah, I'm a hustler  
You know that I hustle for the  
M-O-N-ey  
M-O-N-ey  
M-O-N-ey  
M-O-N-ey  
I ain't even gotta say why (say why baby)  
She asked me why I'm missing and I (I'm out on the  
grind)  
Cause the reason is that I'm on my grind

*[Hook]*

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