

## Chamillionaire "Switch Styles"

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(\*talking\*)

As we get on the proceedings this evening  
Ha-ha, it's Koopa nigga, it's Koopa nigga  
Hey man switch styles man, stay switching styles  
You know I'm tal'n bout, switch everything nigga  
Paint switching, no teams  
We ain't switching teams baby, ha already  
It's Color Changin' Click, hey Mix Tape Messiah  
Let's go, let's go, let's go yeah

[Chamillionaire]

I was at Stokers in ATL, and they was showing Cham  
and sluts  
My nigga Killa's Klan with us, and did some sh.. I can't  
discuss  
They was bad they was yellow, they was saying can you  
handle us  
Pull the door knob on the ceiling, cause I'm about to  
handle up  
Showing up at the hotel, now is this chick a fan or what  
If she sipping that's a plus, but not that Crys' cause  
that's for us  
Come to the hotel wondering if you stripping, that's a  
must  
Make a meal out of my nuts, and open up a can of suck  
Controversy sells, I swear I spit a rhyme that'll shock  
I wreck so I get respect in the digital underground, like  
I'm Pac  
Labels scheme and they plot, they telling me sign on  
the dot  
I cracked a platinum smile and he knew, that was a  
sign I would not  
No warrants when the laws pull up behind, I'ma stop  
Princes cuts the size of a window, I'ma wind down my  
watch  
Pussy passenger still mad, cause I'm rewinding on  
chops  
Tossed his work inside my lap, and said that I got the  
rocks  
Screens fall like rain, while my trunk shaking like  
thunder  
(\*mumbling\*), my verse sound like a mumble

Onlookers wonder, if I'm level headed or humble  
Till I get to speaking bout drama, then I end a sentence  
with uh-uh  
Back that I'm Israel, I'm Istanbul I'm thinking Pakistani  
Foreign cars no I'm dressing up, cause the only gator  
comes after Navi  
Students getting out of barber school, graduating they  
getting happy  
All my hoes got longer hair, than Cousin It on the  
Adams Family  
Sixty inch T.V. screen, I could view from the side angle  
In my crib you'll get lost, it's like the Bermuda Triangle  
Said I'd knew you'd be a king, so Hakim is what I  
named you  
I told my mama thanks, now the king is what I claim  
fool  
When it comes to this rap game nigga, passionate for it  
brah  
Your c.d. packages showing up, laughing after it's  
blowing up  
Think I'm playing by my pistol, until I'm smacking it  
over ya  
Shooting spiders off my rims, like I got arach-a-  
naphobia  
St. Lunatics say it's tipped, for me that pimp is the drill  
While she tasting my testicles, see the tip of my steel  
Know you getting that scrill, pulling up on whips with  
the grill And if that slab only got fo' you know, it's  
missing a wheel  
Cause I'm a Texas tycoon, flat T.V. screens in my room  
So many flakes in my pinky, say I need Vidal Sassoon  
Fish in the fish tank gon sip drank, yeah they'll be  
leaning by noon  
And the two Brazilian beauties, come in to clean my  
lagoon

Won't see no damn silver spoon, inside my mouth just  
my kitchen  
I'm popped up with the trunk up wreck, in other words  
we tipping  
Looked in my garage, noticed a couple cars is missing  
Let me see one...two...three, my bad I'm tripping  
Kinda look like I'm Crippling, when my paint change to  
blue  
By the way my paint change to red, you would swear  
I'm claiming that too  
Yeah they be banging that Whoo Kid, and be banging  
that Clue  
But down in Texas the changer, ain't never changing  
from Screw  
Seen the slugs that you spittin at me, I mean the slugs

that you missin at me  
Seen you and you ain't getting at me, man the game is  
really getting crappy  
ATL with Killa Kill, Status Quo and that Lil' Scrappy  
I don't wear no throwbacks, cause the trend is really  
getting tacky  
Commercial won't hurt you, cause that's gon get you  
mo' cash  
But spend that cash on security, cause we gon whip  
your ass  
Music slower than a running turtle, tell you what they  
sip in my circle  
Samuel Jackson, Whoopie Goldberg, Oprah Winfrey the  
color purple

(\*talking\*)

Ha-ha (ha-ha), that was a good one  
That was a good one, ha-ha

[Chamillionaire]

I told you you don't want problems, you didn't believe it  
Go get a bodyguard, cause you're gonna need it  
We're gonna bomb you, worse than Osama  
Get it in your head, nigga I tried to warn ya  
All these boys acting like, they be getting do'  
But you can't hide the truth, a real baller gon know  
All these boys acting like, they ain't really hoes  
But you can't hide the truth, a real nigga gon know  
All these boys acting like, they can call a stone  
Let's break these boys off, and let em know we got it  
so-o-o-o-o-wed

Mix Tape, Mi-Mix Tape, Mi-Mix Tape Messiah - 3x

Hey I'm fins to do my thaaaang, hey I'm repping Color  
Chaaaange  
Hey we fins to do our thaaaang, hey I'm repping Color  
Chaaaange

(\*talking\*)

We gon slap box, soon as we done  
That shit was no test, let's see who gets the most hits to  
the head  
I'ma slap the shit out you watch, wish a nigga would of-  
Let the motherfucker touch me, I'm gon smack the shit  
out of him  
I ain't no fucking punk, nigga you better get that-aaah  
hold up  
Oh shit (\*gun shot\*)

