

## Chamillionaire "Thats Gangsta"

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[Chamillionaire]  
She callin' my hands-free phone  
Talkin' bout gettin' her freak on  
No you don't turn me on  
Misses Poof-Pow Be Gone  
If you got hatred on ya mind, I'm not the nigga to speak  
on  
I'm as throwed as the pig-skin in the E-N-D Zone  
I'm lookin' for a faithful, yellow-bone to cheat on  
Latex when we bone, throw up the 4 while she moan  
Yellow bellies I skeet on, better watch ya teeth jones  
'cause after the divorce, I'm movin into, the home  
Bout to be ya step-father  
Me and Lil' Flip flip harder  
Then a hyper-active acrobat with hops like Vince Carter  
8-Ball plus 8-Ballers, yes Koopa pimp harder  
Mr. Jackson, don't like me, caught me kissin' his  
daughter  
Damn it janet, we the throwdest muthafunkaz on the  
planet  
Not enough room, don't panic I'll pull up and expand it  
S.U.V., let you see, paint is wet as the Atlantic

Lug-nuts like some mechanic  
Chome rims is like man it's  
Chamillionaire.com, if you don't like it then sue me  
Little Zane tryin' to sue me, 'cause he's not in my movie  
Can do nothing to me, introduced to my Uzi  
Just 'cause everybody else does, I don't like groupies  
No not either, don't watch cartoons or like goofy  
And I show damn don't like goofy groupies, sellin' tight  
coochie  
Bout to be a..Jetson and I ain't talkin bout Judy  
Look, I know they gon' get Miss Cleo  
Not a slut, I'ma ill  
I know they gon' see me with 2 twins in a trill  
Shout-out to the flows partner ?? before I jill  
(scratching until the song ends)

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