

Chamillionaire

"The Ill Mind Of Koopa"

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You know a rapper don't even introduce me
I know you think Iâ'm a rapper the title don't really suit
me
Iâ'd love to be called a rappers but rappers are really
groupies
And groupies wanna be rappers
Call me a rapper loosely
Wouldn't wanna be in a similar category
Of anyone with a story
For Jerry Springer or Maury
Story's a made up story
Your story don't add up for me
We in a world where publicity stunting is mandatory
Either you're super Dave or a stupid slave
Or acting a stupid slave cuz ya trying to be super paid
Listened to all ya tunes what is this autotune
If this was the NBA then you all woulda got a broom
Woulda Swept ya right out the series
For copying other plays
It worked for the other team
So you trying to throw up a tre
I would empty the bench and replace all you clowns any
day
Who told you you could be Jesus shuttles worth anyway
Think ya balling you Bynum look at ya Andrew
You tried to play all ya cards but look what ya hand
drew
Is it the love or the money why you in the game fool
You can ball but you money won't buy you an ankle
A loss ima hand you cuz the stupidity man do
But see there's an amount of stupidity that I can
handle
You should give an example
Everyones an example
Pure as a virgin until they get ran through
Ugh if ya hoping to see me miss
Hoping to see me fail
Hope that you get ya wish
Those sleeping on me
Should be sleeping on this
Help you to make ya bed

Help you to dig a ditch
Those who never ever don't anything on my list
They can say what they want
They don't even exist
Hope that you keep my name on the tip of your bottom
lip
You can jump off a cliff
Hope ya parachute doesn't fit
And even some I respect
Would lose it all for a check
And then not even get the check
Reason to get upset
But ain't gettin emotional
I'm just not being sociable
Even though that's what Nancy my publicist say I'm
supposed to do
Excuse me if I don't wanna do the interview
They see through and I'm the one that got the inner
view
But Koopa how can you talk because we ain't been
hearing you
You know it always gets hotter after the winters through
They say you're a genius
I say you're a Beavis No pledging allegiance
They'll say you're the meanest But they don't even
mean it
You know that they really gon ride a wave when
convenient
I'm glad that everybody learned how to surf
But I'm shark under that water that's emerging to
murk
Fresh like I'm allergic to dirt
So when I kill em all I'll try not to get blood on my shirt
Every verse is a keeper
Ain't a price for a feature
I just do em to do em
My pockets don't really need ya
If dissing is your procedure
Promise you I'll delete ya
Trying to stay in my lane but you mention me and it's
either
Yeah I'll set up corpse
You can go pick the artist
I'll wet up the charts
Never said I was perfect I'm not better than y'all
But if we talking bout rapping that not better is false
If money talks what is your conversation
Cuz you show me you got a real lack of communication
Rappers, I appreciate inspiration
As long as they don't confuse inspiration for
Immatation

The thought or the implication of that would be
blasphemous
Snatch the words out the mouth of whoever vocab it is
If that rapping is rap Iâ€™m unrapping they packages
Then I repackage it up just to show ya what rapping is
Competition We should start a petition
For every person thatâ€™s still in a major label position
Obvious that you idiots never paid for tuition
You switched up the definition you calling that a
musician
Listen Iâ€™m on a mission
So you just get in the car
Voices all in my ear say try not to get involved
Didnâ€™t give me the option but ima get rid of ya
The I'll mind of Koopa is telling me Kill'em-all

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