

Chamillionaire

"They Ain't Ready Freestyle"

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[Chamillionaire]

The Buddhists they holla Buddah, make sinners say
hollaluah

I'm the God of mix tapes, watch me drive the Impala
through the

Ghetto twenty inch metal, go get your two college
rulers

I'll teach you how to correct your speech, but I'm not a
tutor

How you playas gonna deny the answer, to all your
prayers

It's not fair, you can not compete Chamillionaire
Attitude stinky, from now on when I'm round y'all
Sniff I know you can feel me nigga, like a bloodhound
dog

I done took over the streets, so they call me the
groundhog

When these boys on a cold streak, I bring heat like a
brown log

In the fire place you fired, I'm the boss you the maid
I would suspend you with no pay, but you never got
paid

Don't talk down shut up, like a attic door on the ceiling
Boy I'm a villain, you ain't got no royal you's a kitten
Sipping on some sour milk, Color Changin' tower get
crushed

There ain't a plane, that can wreck and crash harder
than us

Seems like we beefing, but I ain't even know we had
problems

Maybe cause our money's stacked, like Tetris rows in
columns

Not a Saint I'm a lunatic, Nelly ain't colder than him

You going down down baby, speak on us again

You can't win won't say your name, unless you get rich
off of me

Cause if I say your name, then that would be free
publicity

Speak under your breath about royalty, is something
you don't do

And I bet you think this song is about you, don't you

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