

Chamillionaire "They Aint Ready"

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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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