

## Chamillionaire

# "Turn My Swag On Freestyle"

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I'm in the zone, let's go!

I don't mean to brag  
But my cash long  
Yeah I feel like I'm worth a million bucks  
Yeah, I'm countin' 100's  
Yeah-ah-ah  
Got that corporate Swag  
And my cash long  
But in the streets I could make a million bucks  
Yeah, show me the money  
Yeah-ah-ah

You be local  
Imma be in London. No lauren  
They claim to do it for the block cuz they the ones not  
tourin  
Ain't believin in these streets rappers claim to be on  
They really in front of ning like Alonzo Mourning  
(Internet)  
At the rucca with the blucca cuz the worth of my charm  
Street baller, ain't no need to even work on my form  
King of the underground feel like the mixtape Bun  
Label don't even want to move until my mixtapes done  
Bad Breezy in the A then do whatever I want  
And she say that's right, ok, and yeah like she Lil' John  
Sleepin over in the dorm with your chick is a norm'  
In the jacuzzi with my Black Berry on like I'm Ron  
Look into my iPhone if a bad chick what you want  
Height Williams sneak a peak, and big pimpin' was  
born  
Swag deposit in my closet, take whatever you want  
So many horses that my stylist call me Polow da Don  
I be workin until dawn, ladies say I ain't fun  
I ain't down with that complainin so right now you been  
warned  
X'd out of my black booklet you don't wanna be one  
So many X's they addresses lookin like it's some porn  
And that's just my x-man but she still on my arm  
I send her to Magic City you gon' think that she storm  
She turn over in the morn', she can bet I'll be gone

Shoulda known that dot com, be a member and join

Cuz when she hop up out the bed, Imma be gone  
On my grind before you even wake up  
Yeah, I know you love me  
Yeah-ah-ah

I don't like no competition so I guess that I'm greedy  
I walk in Michael Jordan's kitchen and walk out with his  
Wheaties  
So much jewelry that my closet lookin' frosted as Jeezy  
Closet freezy, lookin' like that big commercial on TV  
Rollin' wit a chick magnet I call Arab money  
Could wake up in your momma's bed like I'm your  
stepdad, dummy  
I'm too sick another's nostrils ain't gon' get that runny  
Pimpin' Kenneth and Hugh Hefner, I could pimp that  
bunny  
Chamilli is the truth, puke is what I induce  
I'm so sick that if I spit it look like Cranberry Juice  
Look who's touching on the head, you could say that  
she loose  
I lean backwards while your chick is playing duck, duck,  
goose  
These rappers can't see me just call me the hidden  
truth  
And I'm probably about to wreck it unless there's a  
hidden booth  
All these rappers is fruity but don't ask me for proof  
They so sweet, I can't name them without chippin' a  
tooth  
Not in my Fave 5, not part of my business group  
So when your chick get in the coup, she's part of my  
chicken coop  
You don't know who always kill it, you need to be  
introduced  
And you need to just keep one eye on me like Zeus  
Cuz really

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