

## Chamillionaire

### "U Ain't Gotta Go Home"

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[Intro]

We have the elegant styles of Chamillitary... hmm?  
what?

We have the elegant styles of the Chamillitary Band  
On the bass drum you have the elegant Bose the Bobo  
"The Big Face Spender", and on the bass guitar you  
have Tanto "The Human Beer Blender"

Give it up for Justo's Dirty South DJ of the Year  
I'm sure y'all know the scratch patterns of uhhh...  
uhhh... OG Ron C aka "The Jills in my Shills" oh!, you on  
fire baby

So as we get on to the proceedings this evening, it's  
yours truly...

Chamillitary mayne

[Chorus - singing]

You ain't gotta go home (you ain't gotta go)  
but you gotta get the hell up outta here  
If you got someone (somebody)  
then go get you a room at The Holiday Inn  
You ain't got no one (nobody)  
than go have some fun by yourself (ohhh yeaah)  
But whatever you do  
don't let the door knob hit you on the way out

[Verse 1]

Niggaz was throwin' rocks at the thrown and I got word  
of that

The sequel to The Messiah? For what, I already  
murdered that

Niggaz hatin' on me but look at 'em, the nerve of that  
Nigga this ain't this type of beef you can't take the  
burger back

Burn it back, into my pocket I'm tryin' to stop it  
unless your mouth keeps leakin'

Dick back in your socket

How does it feel, to know you wasted your whole  
lifetime

Livin' your whole lifetime just to worry 'bout mine  
Gimmick niggaz was dissin' me, he was fake they was  
missin' me

Came to replace and make history, B I made 'em  
history  
You could feel like you real because that feeling  
eventually gonna shrivel up when reality turns it into  
misery  
You niggaz is killin' me with your wannabe me's  
You a artist, we bosses the one's that fund the CD's  
All you gonna-be, wannabe, gonna punish me please  
You got me laughin', I'm askin' if niggaz wanna be  
Steve  
Harvey, no your hardly, funny at all  
\*Runnin' the Game\* not at all, homie your runnin' your  
jaw  
We grown folks, kiddie schoolers need to go run up the  
hall  
Nigga's borin', just ignore 'em and the dummy will fall  
My brother is my descendant, we runnin' a mile a  
minute  
Hut, hut! it's time to win it, I'll see you behind the finish  
If you get there, quit there  
Got your swisha lit player?  
Blow smoke in the air for the Color Changin' Click,  
chea...

{\*applause\*}

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Ladies and gentlemen, homie must be on heroine  
Victory for me, but he thought he would have the  
narrow win  
My aim is to blam', when I load it inside the barrel  
and put the third eye on him and do a little more than  
stare at him  
Poet, I know it I'm mister modern day Shakespeare  
I'm a writer, survivalist; what it is? It ain't fear  
The absolute truth is just something some niggaz can't  
hear  
He don't live here no mo', he got convicted he ain't  
here  
How the heck you set fiction on a table, put truth aside  
What you speakin' my nigga, you can't look me into my  
eyes?  
The good Lord spoke the truth and that just got him  
crucified, y'all scared of the sharp dagger  
Your tradin' your truth for lies  
Look me in my eyes, nevermind I ain't tryin' to spook ya  
Voice of the present, the past, yup I'm the future  
Soon as you speak the truth all the hater'll try to  
mute ya, but if you the truth arbitrators will call ya

Koopa  
Martin Luther King Koopa  
Many of 'em will listen, but if you can't take the  
heat than get ya hot ass out the kitchen  
I heard words from Makaveli ridin' was the ambition  
so I bomb first on fake niggaz like I'm in his position  
"Aye Chamillion you trippin'", nuh-uh I'm handling  
business  
Raise my hand to the man and my right hand as my  
witness  
I got a fo' to the fizzle that's sure to damage your  
fitness, but it ain't really even that serious to tan ya with  
stitches  
P you actin' suspicious, you know me better than that  
If it was for a false reason I would never react  
But you know me better than rap, niggaz was tellin' me  
fact  
So you could miss me with publicity if they tellin' me  
that, never that..

{\*applause\*}

[talking]

Thank you, thank you I appreciate the support  
Everyone please take your seats, I'm not done...  
there's more...

[Verse 3]

In this world of falsifying where niggaz be claimin' they  
real  
Turn around and tell you a lie 'bout what he paid on his  
grill  
Same nigga that talk big 'bout what he made on his  
deal  
The same that ask me for advice like "They don't pay  
me Chamill"  
Rappers ain't really real only a few of 'em ball  
pissy colored diamonds yup I'm one of the few of 'em  
y'all  
Talkin' about yo' piece and chain and a few lil' cars  
Four thousand to five thousand for what you do as a  
star  
But keepin' money in the vault is the hardest part of the  
art  
Knowledge got my crew smart even when my crew is  
apart  
"Chamillionaire you did 'em wrong, why don't you get a  
heart?"  
If I showed it to you would you see what it could do in  
the dark  
Whether you like it or not don't really matter to me

'cause most of the love I normally keep inside my  
family tree  
So you can gossip 'bout what really happened with  
Hatta and me, or you can gossip how so and so way  
better than me  
It don't really matter to me, because I'm done with it  
now  
The maturity level that I'm at isn't even fun for a child  
So set your mouse pad on the internet and punish my  
style  
Or set your Reeboks on the streets of Houston runnin'  
me down  
It's whatever I been better at provin' a nigga wrong  
Tell Goliath I don't need rocks to prove a lil' nigga  
strong  
So tell Watts, forgive me I'm groovin', I'm in my zone  
Property of Mike who? He ain't here that little nigga  
gone

{\*applause\*}

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