

## **Chamillionare**

### **"hip hop warning"**

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If Hip-Hop should die before I'm great  
I'ma do more than just murder a mixtape  
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Pollution I smell that in the breeze  
But let's try not to get mad at the trees  
Tell 'em all not to get mad at the leaves  
Let's get mad at the idiots that planted the seeds

When it comes to mixtapes I'm known as the Messiah  
I influence these other rappers to get tighter  
Go to every label and murder the checkwriter  
Whoever hired him we should pray they get fired

As soon as they kick him out on Broadway  
Show him how to make his hip "hop" the hard way  
I bring the whole south with me you should just call me  
And we can make a piñata out of him all day

And I even finnin' to be gentle  
You can murder Seline for sending me the instrumental  
It ain't coincidental how they can get in your mental  
Then the minute you see it they tell you it was  
accidental

All rich rappers do is complain  
Everybody arguing to be on top of the game  
9 out of 10 rap about coppin' them thangs  
Or how the gat go braat braat braat braat when it bang

And it seem like H-Town got the popular slang  
Platinum grills everybody else coppin the same  
Platinum grills everybody else coppin the same  
Then everybody run to that like it's the poppinest thang

What is that man? Where the hell your swagger at?  
Who going to be the first to bring the old swagger  
back?  
Doing what I do seems like boys mad at that  
You was sharp homie where the hell your dagger at?

I was a fan sitting up in the stands  
When it was M-E-T-H-O-D MAN  
You hear M-E-T-H-O-D for Cham  
When Rakim was still thinking of a masterplan

And it worked! And now I'ma fit up in my place  
Stay humble stay focused and show that I got grace  
You better not point the burner to my face  
Better load up the burner and then turn it to myspace

Preach! The same rapper that die hard  
Bruce Willis with a vest under the Izod  
Wanna beat you? Man I ain't gotta try hard  
You getting beat by the internet and your iPod

The label don't want you to be Master P  
Took the master and put it right after P  
"Bump it master" but I won't let them master me  
You're an idiot if you're giving up your masters free

Corporate America is f-ing up the rap game  
While we argue about which rapper got the phat chain  
You real gangsta you pulling out your gat man  
The real gangsta is whoever own your rap name

Like Busta said "You should give a performance"  
That's the truth us rappers shouldn't try to avoid it  
If you're married to the game go ahead and divorce it  
Especially if it's rap we ain't even enjoying it

I am not going to point a 'K at a magazine  
Because of what someone say in the magazine  
I can pull out my chain yelling "Bada Bling"  
Or on a G4 plane sitting by the wing

Telling you "the leather feel good don't it?"  
For 50 Thou you'll have a real good moment  
The plane's landed by the pilot that flown it  
I am not an idiot cause I'm trying to own it

Little kids look at me and say that "You best"  
One point three million in the U-S  
Some label exec getting in a new desk  
I get an award they tell me that I'm too blessed

Honestly it just excited my family  
I just hide the medicine inside of the candy  
Get cured by the music blasting out of your Camry  
If not I'll hide the medicine inside of your brandy

Cause I know that y'all boys gotta be drunk  
To think that Chamillionaire gonna be a industry punk  
I'm a in-da-streets problem you will get stomped  
Get kriss-krossed off when the kid jump

Some of them try to rhyme but they can't rhyme like  
this  
Some of them try to rhyme but they can't rhyme like  
this  
Some of them try to rhyme but they can't rhyme like  
this  
Some of them try to rhyme but they can't

Because I'm the miggity miggity mack that stacks the  
plat plaques  
But rap is so wack so I'm back to spit crack  
March 27th I'm back and that's fact  
So rappers that can't rap get ready 'cause it's a wrap!

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