

Ice Cube F/ Dr. Dre, MC Ren "Roll Call"

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[Intro]

Attention, little kids
I know, you're fans of his
If it ain't no Cham, then it ain't gon jam
I threw it, off a bridge
And, if it hurts your ears
And you're tired, of what you hear
Homie have no fear, the Messiah's here
We gon shut it down, this year yeah

[Chamillionaire]

A.N.I. out in Cleveland, Eminem out in taller
Lucky Music in Abilene, waiting for my arrival
Music City in V.A., say hey ain't nobody tighter
Super Sounds in Atlanta, like where that Mix Tap
Messiah
Colorado fa sho, they say that Koopa's on fire
Ask James at Eackazam, he'll tell you I'm no liar
Been in the game for a minute, I'm one of the biggest
suppliers
I'm the rapper they waiting for, you the rapper they
tired of
How the hell you say you blew up so quick, and then
rub it in
When you ain't seen a royalty check, and know nothing
bout publishing
I feel sorry for the thirteen year old teenagers, who
loving him
They try to tangle with the sharks but I'm sorry, he
doesn't swim
I'ma rip off another limb, no need for partici-hating
I suggest that you get to shaking the spot, and just
switch locations
I wouldn't stop if he told me, if him and Clark Kent was
dating
Cause he couldn't spit hotter than me, if that pussy was
kissing Satan
I know the public is waiting, for Controversy to sell
Most of the rest of the real niggaz locked, and ain't
made bail
Pimp, Z-Ro, 50/50 locked up behind jail

Cause of snitch figga ass niggaz, like Dike Jones trying
to tell
Who (hell naw), who (hell naw)
He told me a different story, then the one he trying to
tell y'all
Who (hell naw), who (hell naw)
I don't wan' diss my old dog, so I'ma chunk a deuce for
Paul
Who told DSR, that he make more than me and P
And my nigga Slim Thee, Dike Jones could it be
You could of praised my whole body, and couldn't
afford a sleeve
I don't even drop a c.d., and still clear more than forty
G's
A month and it's just my check, and ain't even got to
my savings
The money the bank is saving, plus the money my safe
is saving
Let's flame him, since he say that he blazing
He blew up quick, and nobody was there to save him
Keep it cool I tried to, but you know I'm a rider
Get respect in Louisiana, and all the way down to
Florida DJ Smallz, Atlanta with DJ Drama
Off this money I make, I'll probably go hit the
Bahamas
Get respect in Cali, Vallejo they popping collars
Get respect of the streets, you get respected to tollers
So what I'm trying to say is, I'ma be here regardless
I'm the rapper they waiting for, you the rapper they
tired of

(*talking*)

Tha-thank you Chamillion, um
You hear it here first, at WKTB work your booty
Pimp radio station, and um
There seems to be an excessive amount of fraud
artists out here
And we have a couple of artists here, that feel the
same way
Uh, let me hear what you have to say here sir

[Chamillionaire]

Let me silence all the talk, can't match up with my vault
You ain't getting no respect, from real G's on the North
You get put in duct tape, you cupcake you too soft
Ain't no rapper got broke off, this hard since Tha Boss

I've seen your chain, but how much did it cost
You can't be like E.S.G., and let your body defrost
Seen the studio that you was saying, was Swishahouse
But that was Tow Down's studio, and that was the South

You ain't, in the dope game
Real niggaz know, he wasn't moving cocaine
Real niggaz po' a whole cup, of that drank
Niggaz I know, ain't repeating your name

What you gonna say now, Dike is a clown
Come around hurr, and you gon get beat down
Man hold up I'm in the club, sipping crown
And niggaz getting tired of Dike Jones, in D-Town
And a one and a two, and a three nobody
Who he messing with, man it sho ain't nobody
(pass me the Nina), don't worry I got it
Say whodie I'll blow his chest up, he won't have nobody

I was gripping on my steal and wood wheel
Music on the radio, I couldn't feel
Popped in a grey tape, cause I'm trill
Pussy gimmick nigga nigga, get real (get real)

But nigga don't make me grab this steel
Pull it, I'll levitate your crew
Nigga you don't represent the real
My nigga, don't ever say you do
I turn that scene, to a crime scene
Don't make me, yellow tape your shoe
Cause DJ Screw, elevated Screw
And Screw, elevated you

Man bring it back, I'm with it

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