

Ice Cube F/ Dr. Dre, MC Ren "Switch Styles"

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(*talking*)

As we get on the proceedings this evening
Ha-ha, it's Koopa nigga, it's Koopa nigga
Hey man switch styles man, stay switching styles
You know I'm tal'n bout, switch everything nigga
Paint switching, no teams
We ain't switching teams baby, ha already
It's Color Changin' Click, hey Mix Tape Messiah
Let's go, let's go, let's go yeah

[Chamillionaire]

I was at Stokers in ATL, and they was showing Cham
and sluts
My nigga Killa's Klan with us, and did some sh.. I can't
discuss
They was bad they was yellow, they was saying can you
handle us
Pull the door knob on the ceiling, cause I'm about to
handle up
Showing up at the hotel, now is this chick a fan or what
If she sipping that's a plus, but not that Crys' cause
that's for us
Come to the hotel wondering if you stripping, that's a
must
Make a meal out of my nuts, and open up a can of suck
Controversy sells, I swear I spit a rhyme that'll shock
I wreck so I get respect in the digital underground, like
I'm Pac
Labels scheme and they plot, they telling me sign on
the dot
I cracked a platinum smile and he knew, that was a
sign I would not
No warrants when the laws pull up behind, I'ma stop
Princes cuts the size of a window, I'ma wind down my
watch
Pussy passenger still mad, cause I'm rewinding on
chops
Tossed his work inside my lap, and said that I got the
rocks
Screens fall like rain, while my trunk shaking like
thunder

(*mumbling*), my verse sound like a mumble
Onlookers wonder, if I'm level headed or humble
Till I get to speaking bout drama, then I end a sentence
with uh-uh
Back that I'm Israel, I'm Istanbul I'm thinking Pakistani
Foreign cars no I'm dressing up, cause the only gator
comes after Navi
Students getting out of barber school, graduating they
getting happy
All my hoes got longer hair, than Cousin It on the
Adams Family
Sixty inch T.V. screen, I could view from the side angle
In my crib you'll get lost, it's like the Bermuda Triangle
Said I'd knew you'd be a king, so Hakim is what I
named you
I told my mama thanks, now the king is what I claim
fool
When it comes to this rap game nigga, passionate for it
brah
Your c.d. packages showing up, laughing after it's
blowing up
Think I'm playing by my pistol, until I'm smacking it
over ya
Shooting spiders off my rims, like I got arach-a-
naphobia
St. Lunatics say it's tipped, for me that pimp is the drill
While she tasting my testicles, see the tip of my steel
Know you getting that scrill, pulling up on whips with
the grill
And if that slab only got fo' you know, it's missing a
wheel
Cause I'm a Texas tycoon, flat T.V. screens in my room
So many flakes in my pinky, say I need Vidal Sassoon
Fish in the fish tank gon sip drank, yeah they'll be
leaning by noon
And the two Brazilian beauties, come in to clean my
lagoon
Won't see no damn silver spoon, inside my mouth just
my kitchen
I'm popped up with the trunk up wreck, in other words
we tipping
Looked in my garage, noticed a couple cars is missing
Let me see one...two...three, my bad I'm tripping
Kinda look like I'm Crippling, when my paint change to
blue
By the way my paint change to red, you would swear
I'm claiming that too
Yeah they be banging that Whoo Kid, and be banging
that Clue
But down in Texas the changer, ain't never changing
from Screw

Seen the slugs that you spittin at me, I mean the slugs
that you missin at me
Seen you and you ain't getting at me, man the game is
really getting crappy
ATL with Killa Kill, Status Quo and that Lil' Scrappy
I don't wear no throwbacks, cause the trend is really
getting tacky
Commercial won't hurt you, cause that's gon get you
mo' cash
But spend that cash on security, cause we gon whip
your ass
Music slower than a running turtle, tell you what they
sip in my circle
Samuel Jackson, Whoopie Goldberg, Oprah Winfrey the
color purple

(*talking*)

Ha-ha (ha-ha), that was a good one
That was a good one, ha-ha

[Chamillionaire]

I told you you don't want problems, you didn't believe it
Go get a bodyguard, cause you're gonna need it
We're gonna bomb you, worse than Osama
Get it in your head, nigga I tried to warn ya
All these boys acting like, they be getting do'
But you can't hide the truth, a real baller gon know
All these boys acting like, they ain't really hoes
But you can't hide the truth, a real nigga gon know
All these boys acting like, they can call a stone
Let's break these boys off, and let em know we got it
so-o-o-o-o-wed

Mix Tape, Mi-Mix Tape, Mi-Mix Tape Messiah - 3x

Hey I'm fins to do my thaaaang, hey I'm repping Color
Chaaaange
Hey we fins to do our thaaaang, hey I'm repping Color
Chaaaange

(*talking*)

We gon slap box, soon as we done
That shit was no test, let's see who gets the most hits to
the head
I'ma slap the shit out you watch, wish a nigga would of-
Let the motherfucker touch me, I'm gon smack the shit
out of him
I ain't no fucking punk, nigga you better get that-aaah
hold up
Oh shit (*gun shot*)

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