Chamillionaire, Oh No

[O.G. Ron C - Talking] Uh, Swishahouse

[Chorus - Chamillionaire]
(So throwed)
I swared we don' told y'all niggaz before
You must be deaf if you think we ain't gettin' no
With the remote screens fallin' trunk blows
Step up in the club starched down but stay flowed
From that North to the South Pole
Ron C chop it up, make it slow

-Check, Look

The block gets..bled red like a leg in a ant bed My twanks make a crippled girl turn her damn head Hakim' cause a scene when I drop my screens Got more green then mean green sippin' a green cup of lean in a green limousine, I impress myself Might spit game to a nun just to test myself Won't pour up a fo' Sho' I'll throw up the fo' Fa'sho I'll show up to four And bleeh blow up the show Whoa!, ice bright man Like a night-light man

Ice white like the head-lights on a white van As bright as a white man With a light tan Ice bright as the skin on Michael Jackson's right hand, nigga Goddamn ohh! I impress myself I'm so throwed I need a catchers mit to catch myself How much you niggaz wanna bet you'll never get my wealth I'll rather play a solo game of dice and bet myself Whoa hold up Ron C I just done won me a G Lucky me I'm the nigga that wannabe's wannabe i'm tellin' ya, ohh nigga I impress myself So many hoes on my dick I gotta stretch my belt Nigga ya better go handcuff ya honey dip quick My lips don' touched mo' female lips then lipstick My car got more butter then a bunch of biscuits I get chicks while you get dissed and get dismissed I get kissed like I was under missle toe on christmas Paul Wall don' got diamonds embroidered on his kicks Ron C is using platinum turntables for this mix I walk around with a chain that's bigger then slick ricks Warfare and lick 6 we never ride Rav 4 Ride Ac or Jag or maybe a black ford Ridin' round with a gat on the damn dashboard Oh No!, sab war comin' in through the backdoor