Chamillionaire, Sittin Back

(*talking*)
Ha-ha aah, y'all know what it is
Now say it with me (tell 'em the name)
Chamillitary mayn, hold up y'all know what it is
Chamillitary mayn, yeah (hmmm)
Mixtape Messiah, told em

[Hook]

I'm sitting back in my Impala, wondering why niggaz be hating on me And I figure that maybe it's cause, I'm the balling ass nigga that they know they wanna be You got a problem with me then just holla, but better think again before you approach me Just give me that give me that dolla, the mo' you hate me the mo' it motivates me

[Chamillionaire]

Mixtape Messiah 1, don't act like you ain't hear that joint I'm like Young Buck with a knife, niggaz gon get my point So point the hater out, who say that I ain't about Whatever I say I'm bout, and that doubt I'ma fade 'em out It's a class 1-0-1, number one less son Never turn a one-on-one, to a one-on-guns But if it's more than one, and you know that one more come Make him shut his mouth like a nun, that don't want no tongue Now he's done (uhh), I run from home to home To hell with phone sex, I ain't trying to bone the phone Trying to get inside her X, and Y chromosome Turn a empty garage in her home, to a chroming zone Yeah parked up in it, I just got a minute When I spot the kitten, mayn I'm bout to hit it yeah I told 'em I had it locked, they didn't believe me Now they yelling (that's right), like Young Jeezy Ha-ha, you better say it to a nigga face Get up in a nigga place, with a mother's dinner plates They ain't eating like we eating, that's why niggaz gotta hate Delegate a weapon, that'll leave him with the Nelly face (what you mean) Band-Aid on it, (first day pass it) Telling you they sending you a medical, (that's it) Forget a Throwback, Hardwood Classic Lay you on your back on the hardwood, ass kicked Looking for Koopa, don't look for me by your lonely Cause homie I keep it on me, that's only to keep the phonies Laying off in they place not my face, cause niggaz don't want me To make the cake, be like the homie that's up at Sony Bishop Don with the funds nigga, fix your grind I show the green, like his pimping outfits was mine And Slim Thugger that's my boy, so I can switch his lines Forget cars, tell MTV to pimp your rhymes

[Hook]