

# Chamillionaire, Ugly Freestyle

[Chamillionaire]

Smack the face off ya face, and that's all it takes  
For me to make butter-boy, take my verse off his tapes  
Koopas iced out, lights reflect off the face  
Prolly could cough on a plate and make frosted flakes  
Ladies like me, me speakin' like a walkin' baby  
Yall niggas is lady-like like a walkin' lady  
You may not watch MTV or Carson Daly  
But you can watch them TV's in my car son daily  
Caught ya baby, in a akward position  
She was missin' but when you found her, her panties were missin'  
Tried to snatch the chain like a ice crispy treat  
And snap, crackle, pop til' ya drop and hit the street  
Mmm, I don't think you wanna get faybe in a bad look  
Get ya jag took, beef in a minute he's a bad cook  
There will never be a true happy ending like a bad book  
When you keep tryin' to subtract all my dollars like a math book  
Act a ass, look..Me and Gu-U in a true blue;  
Denali prolly while you probably lookin' for a new boo  
Thuggin' wit Lewis too, not just cuz he can rap  
But cuz he can wrap his knuckles around ya neck and snap  
Oops call a ambulance  
You boys don't have a chance  
Bust shots at the ground just to make ya family dance  
Sittin' crooked on my rims, damn..did I say rims  
Damn..did it again, aww man watch you in

(Slim Thug - Talking)