

# Chamillionaire, Weatherman

[Chamillionaire Insert From "In Love With My Money"]  
Big Swangaz and Vouges  
Them 20 inches sittin low  
We Ball 24's 7's all that we know  
Screens and neon lights gon show  
When my trunk unlock pop and show  
Ya already know  
Paint drippin off the door  
Not engaged with no lady, fall in love with 'em no!  
You may think I'm crazy never knew this type of love before  
I'm love with my foreign, yes I'm married to my dough...  
I'm in love with my money

[Chamillionaire - Talking]

Yeah man, me and Paul just goin' 2 different direction man  
Know what I'm sayin', he decided to go back to the Swishahouse  
And I decided not to ya know what I'm sayin'?  
I'm just tryin' to do my thing right now  
And hopefully we'll turn this into a major label debut  
when "Controversy" sells ya feel me?  
But uh, uh we both are with Paid In Full  
I'm not on Paid In Full Records no more, no longer on contract  
I'm doin' my own thing, Chamillitary Entertainment  
and ya already know in this man  
A lil somethin' for the fans  
I'ma let you hear the first song we did off of "Get Ya Mind Correct";  
Ya ain't know I had this did ya?  
---A lil somethin' for the fans  
I'ma let y'all hear the first song we actually did on "Get Ya Mind Correct";  
It's called "Weatherman";, y'all ain't know I still had this did y'all-haha

[Chorus - Paul Wall]

I'm the weatherman ain't nobody stoppin' my reign  
Alot of watered down rappers still hot cuz I came  
I'ma forest fire ain't nobody stoppin' my flame  
Can't nobody stop me from stockin' my change  
(repeat)

[Paul Wall]

I'm the weatherman ain't nobody stoppin' my reign  
On top of my game, decapitate the top show and bang  
They knockin' my fame and biz' cuz of rocks in my watch  
If you was smart you'd watch the golds that's on top of my crotch  
The rocks in my watch, is more then a Rocky Sandlot  
You jealous cuz you bought diamonds from diamond shamrock  
Look, all recruiters should be checkin' my stats  
I cross competition over shake em' dead in they tracks  
I pack an axe by my way, bodyguard by my biscuit  
Make money, lose money never afraid to risk it  
I don't get writers block, I block other writers  
Spittin' fire like if I had a mouth full of lighters  
I'm countin' so much money that I caught a hand-crimp  
I date models you date girls that went to band camp  
I'ma hurricane, you just a gust of wind  
I'm on fire, you just ashes and dust my friend

[Chamillionaire]

Uh, it's just the lil bad weatherman, raindrops drop on ya pours  
They sick of them boys, pullin' up in ridiculous cars  
Ain't no ones, sicker then are's the wizard of oz  
Couldn't give you a bigger brain and make you rich as them boys  
Young Koopa the weatherman, he lelay his weatherband  
With drank in a metal can, wanna stop him get a better plan  
That one you got, that ain't really workin' pat'na

Ya shirt is prada, how come ya flow ain't worth a dollar, holla  
Chamillion's insane niggaz gonna complain  
Can't explain why ya girl wanna give me brain and run a train  
Niggaz runnin' in shame, tellin' them to run in train  
The Lizard stepped in the game and started runnin' thangs  
If ya can't sleep anymore while the raindrops pour  
And you look out your window and hear footsteps on the floor  
If you saw a crooked smile and a glistenin' jaw  
Don't open the door fa' sure time for bad weather y'all, let it reign

[Paul Wall]

Bad weather's ruin about, if you travel my route  
It's time to flood the market, cuz there's been a drought  
Review the resume, my team is undefeatable  
You fabricate ya life with stories unbelievable  
I'ma ballin' star, you a fallin' star  
All used up like no minutes on a callin' card  
I'm the bank you ain't nothin' but a dollar or two  
You just sand on a beach, and I'm the wave that swallows you  
Nobody follows you, your like bad directions  
Ya life needs an eraser, there's too many corrections  
Ever since I was born, I've been far from the norm  
I'm the one that kept ya girl warm when you was gone  
Now you and ya born needin' ya palm  
Watchin' thorn or outside a dorm, humpin' ya horn ya heart torn  
You get warned down the scarecrow and a crop full of corn  
Grab an umbrella cuz them boys bringin' the storm

(Chamillionaire Shouts-Out to DJ's)