

## Here We Go Again

Chamillionaire

Here we go again  
That's life  
Ooh, ooh, ooh... alright  
Can't you see that it's raining? (hol' up)  
Can't you see that it's pouring?  
They just wanna see rainfall (hol' up)  
They just hope that it's storming  
They always gonna tell you when it rains it pours  
Mother Nature's crying inside  
I know I didn't tell you the entire story  
But let me finish what happened that night

I was chilling with Frank Thomas the baseball player  
You know the the one that played for the White Sox  
Uncle Ro and Hurt M Badd is how I hooked up with him  
Thought he could put us in the right spots  
Let me connect the dots...  
On the Chi block, had two Cartier rings that was iced out  
A secretary named Lorraine that was quite hot  
Told me to meet him at the studio, 5 O'clock  
Try'na get to the studio, picked up in a limo  
I recorded a demo, and you know my MO  
H-town slow it way down, here I picked up the tempo  
Thought it was a Benzo, but he wasn't in a Benzo  
I hopped out the car and Frank saw me  
In a parking lot in his Ferrari  
He opened the door and the leather was looking Godly  
Real talk, could've cost a mill  
He was back from New York, he had shopped a deal  
He met with them talked about my appeal  
All the labels were talking but not for real  
Well I think you're wise, and at least ya tried  
At least we know that they'll see you rise  
At least you're floating on decent tires  
I'm headed home but don't be surprised  
That's where I be if they want me  
They pro'lly don't but just call me  
Gave me a couple of stacks  
Because he knew I was headed right back to the hood, I think it scarred me  
Then I got on the plane, headed back to Houston like it's part of the game  
Gave the money to my mother and she couldn't complain  
Then I headed to the Swishahouse and started a flame  
Everything started moving up  
After high school we was cool enough  
I'm like this ain't got nothin' to do with luck  
I watched Slim and Braceface candy blue a truck  
The 312 What I got to dial  
I called Hurt 'Em Bad like, "we got a lot to smile...  
... about Hurt, we can make a profit now  
I need beats because we're about to put an album out"  
That conversation wasn't friendly  
Thought he had some beats that he could lend me  
But he told me that they have a price tag  
And a beat from him would cost 10 G's  
That's when my heart turned empty  
I wasn't trying to get them free but didn't think that you would rob me  
I recorded all them songs for you and never asked you for a dollar

Now you tryna charge me? On the window pane we can all see the rain  
Somebody gotta let me know what part of the game is this  
Wait, now I got a call from Lorraine, "Hello?"  
What's up, she's no longer working with Frank at all  
And told me the reason she made the call  
Is to tell what really happened with the major talk  
"They liked you Cham and they said you're raw  
They liked your music but hated all the rest of the artist  
He told them, nah, you wanna sign him? Gotta pay us all"  
I knew that I wasn't ever signed to her  
I knew that I wasn't ever signed to Frank  
And Frank, he already had a lot of bank  
I'm never letting anyone decide my fate  
Who knew that I would do what I do?  
Who knew that Michael Watts would try to screw what he screw  
Who knew that Ron C was good at screwin' it too?  
And how can anybody act like they had a clue?  
We wasn't sittin' by a stewardess  
You wasn't riding on the tour bus, and it was more than a few of us  
I couldn't tell you where the jeweler was, but I could tell you where the se  
wer was, labels were was suing us  
Switch back to Chicago, where everybody duck 5-0 and pimps ride fly though  
They say "in God we trust", but keep a weapon in the Bible  
He said "what it look like Joe?"  
He was puffing on a green leaf  
In a foreign with the cream seats, matter of fact it was black  
He was in the streets knee deep, now he the manager for Chief Keef  
Wait, that's Uncle Ro, the one who used to take me to the studio  
The one that used to tag everything we drove  
We both somehow made some major dough - woah  
Fast-forward with the curry  
Could have sold out to the change in a hurry  
I wouldn't have an AMG Benz at thirty  
I probably would'a never ever made Ridin' Dirty  
And now they wanna see my reign fall?  
And now they wanna see my name fall?  
And now they tell me that I can't ball?  
Tell me what, is you a lame dawg?  
Don't you realise I made y'all?  
Promise I'm a take off  
All they do is pretend  
They never really care how many times that you win  
Can't do it nine times if you ain't doing it ten  
Chamillionaire, where have you been?  
Here we go again

Came from the gutter, but I made it out  
The young CEO with major clout  
It's like a major bout  
They try to tell me that I'm fading out  
Until I uppercut, swing and POW!  
Bet that erase the doubt  
I can hear you haters talking slick  
But why'd you pick the Houston 2Pacalypse  
Get off my tip  
But let me give you all a tip  
I never liked ya'll, I think you all should quit  
You not as rich and plus you're the type of prick to send a girl a text mess  
age with a topless pic  
You talking slick, but really you ain't copped them whips  
The only time you shop is when you PhotoShop your dick  
I park my whip, I might let you cop a flick  
See, I can spit, you rap, but you're not as sick

She's not as thick, your girlfriend is not a chick  
Your whole life's a catfish and you do not exist  
Haha