

I Mean That There

Chamillionaire

Yeah uh-huh, Chamillitary mayn, Chamillitary mayn
And I mean that there, and I mean that there
And I mean that there, yeah-yeah
Yeah-yeah-yeah, and I mean that there
And I mean that there, and I mean that there yeah-yeah

Not a angel I'm filled with anger, to the industry I'm a danger
They make friends with dick suckers, said they tell you that I'm a stranger
Kick some dirt on my name, but really how can I blame you
I'm the next to blow, so they put me on punishment for bad behavior
They said I should of went major, but I'm a procrastinator
I get the job done playa, but I'm busy now ask me later
Stay with a calculator, my lawyer get a grand retainer
Why cause I'm a better business man, than your average hater
But now I wanna ask a favor, don't talk to me like I'm stupid
Got no love for you haters, so send that message to cupid
Give a shout out to Who Kid, (why give a shout out to Who Kid)
Cause I'm wearing something, that match the size of a G-Unit shoe kid
What's that a nine stupid, you do the math why
I tried to be nice to the dyke, but that was my last try
And since it seems the industry, is infatuated with the bad guy
I'm spitting and pissing on gimmick niggaz, when they pass by
Get mad that I get green, you dealing with the Hulk
I put my anger in the music, nigga this is the result
Did a hundred thousand independent, now I move c.d.'s in bulk
Check on Chamillionaire.com, my fan base is a cult
I'm that nigga that'll spot you, see you in the streets and box you
You acting like you a problem, I bet I do something bout you
Run the South when it come to making mix tapes, I'm a monster
Napster crashed, but I wanna give a special shout out to Kazaa
Long as Lil' Jon, and Manny keep making beats
Chamillionaire gon be a ghetto millionaire, in these streets
I speak my mind, so stop acting so sentimental
You soft, if you go to jail you'll get used for a prison pillow
You scared, shooting slugs behind the bushes and not a brick
Like a bush is gon protect you, you know who you dealing with
Chamillitary hideous mood, and I pity the fool
If I walk in I bet every sissy, in the city'd move
Ain't got to walk a city for food, like Diddy did dude
If you hungry for drama, I'll see that my Semi get chewed
Give me the tool I'm from Texas, but I ain't no damn bammer
Mess with Killa Mike, Ron Thomas that Quo down in Atlanta
Lil' Flip and my man Banner, come here and get man handled
By Slim, E.S.G., OG Ron C fix your damn channel
If you think we all right thurr, and speaking with bad grammar
I know Bun B, Lil' O and S.U.C. ain't no damn bammers
Rasaq ain't no damn bammer, Play-N-Skillz ain't no damn bammers
The clip in the hand jammer, to use it for a damn hammer
Hit you on top of your head, and leave humps like a tan camel
Keep a couch with a full house, like Dan Tanner
That's plenty of bricks, that's plenty of chips
There's plenty of fine groupies, there's plenty of chicks
Like dominatrix chicks, there's plenty of whips
So you bricks can do a flip, off the end of my dick
Get off the end of my tip, nigga you a crash test dummy
You album dropped you smile and frown, after the math get funny
I'm getting all my publishing, never had that kept from me

I'm buying Color Changin' vehicles, with my ass cap money
Promises that they gave you, made you feel like you major
Navigator and two-way pager, they gave you then made you
Go lie about how they paid you, and never will play you
You's a puppet go get a refund, I think that they played you
You album was whack huh, it's still on the rack huh
Repo man hopped in your vehicle, they took it back huh
You go get a dagger, then hop in a cab huh
You looking for a A&R or CEO, you can stab huh
Did a hundred thousand independent, ain't really nothing to prove
I make a million disappear, quicker than Nelly with jewels
See the industry wouldn't listen, so I stopped being a humble guy
Now I'm the come get it, if you ready to royal rumble guy

And I mean that there, and I mean that there
And I mean that there yeah, (throw you out the game)