

## In the Trunk

Chamillonaire

This, is, the-the sound of revenge  
You in the presence of the finest  
Chamillitary mayne! This for the streets  
Let's give 'em somethin they can bump (innnn the trunk)  
At this point you should be turnin your speakers up  
Turn your speakers up - Chamillonaire man!  
Let it bump, it's a southern thing  
Ha ha, Chamillitary mayne! (innnn the trunk)

I heard somebody say that the South ain't got no lyricists  
Well 'bang bang' at the game like everyone down here is pissed  
You lookin for the truth then look no further, here it is  
Turn it up a notch so they can not say they not hearin this  
They say Chamill is sick, click click, here's a clip  
'Bang bang' at the rap game to make your spirits lift  
And it seems to me the industry is all on Jigga's dick  
Who? You, you, you, and you nigga - pick a click  
Universal sent me to bring some realness to the industry  
Got here, then I realized that ain't nobody real but me  
Okay, a couple niggaz but none of 'em real as me  
Tell your favorite rapper he should diss me if he disagree  
I bet I'm actin like your favorite rapper isn't me  
Tell your second favorite whose the best and show 'em a picture of me  
He'd have to take me out to prove that he's as sick as me  
So me verse me, the only battle that y'all gonna get to see  
I'm plainly sayin what I'm sayin to make these haters mad  
Perpetratin hatin ass, see me ridin candy slab  
Disbelieve his ass, how many vehicles can he have?  
I be losin count myself and I ain't even that bad at math  
That's how we do it in Texas, poppin trunk and grippin wood  
We reply to threats (how?) Nigga, I wish you would  
You can keep on talking, but that's only if you could  
Gotta turn my speakers up, can you hear 'em now? (No) Good!

Ain't runnin from a thang, cause I ain't never been a punk  
Drama ain't a thang, cause I can bring it if they want  
I'ma let it bang, so they can feel it in the (innnn the trunk)  
You bout it wit'cha game, decide your rep and throw it up  
What you tryin to drank, cause I'ma bout to get you drunk  
Keep it pimpin mayne, so they can feel it in the (innnn the trunk)

This for the street niggaz knowin they gotta pee in a cup  
Know your peace officer tossin ya when he see the results  
This for the G's, hate is what you see in the scope  
Gauge gonna get sprayed like it's Raid when you see him approach  
Tell you ahead of time, solo I can handle mine  
You ain't too smart but play the part like you a pantomime  
But you don't have a nine, I'll show you I hammer mine  
Time to make you do the Running Man like it's Hammer Time  
Shout out to the west and all my gangstas pack heat up  
Actin up and pack enough heat to make you back it up  
The hoes back it up, soon as they hear the back of the trunk  
Now I'ma stock like New York slang (What you mean?) That's what;s up  
Money stack it up when they feel they have enough  
Get the chips and add 'em up, then she givin that to us  
Don't put all that in cuffs, treat your money like a slut  
Niggaz better share, hell yeah, cause I just wanna cut

A hater gettin cut, someone gon' get hurt (hurt)  
Especially if you met me and was disrespect turf (turf)  
(Houston, Texas) I'm the worst, ice looking like sherbert  
Bouncin off my chest, you're starin at it like a pervert  
Mixtape god, don't hate me, go to church first (why?)  
Might as well since all the rappers wearin church shirts  
Better think ahead of time, call yourself a nurse (nurse!)  
Diss me in your second and you won't get to finish your third verse

You in the presence of the finest  
The game is full of fakes, all these rappin niggaz front (front)  
\_Controversy Sells\_, the industry givin 'em what they want (want)  
See he ain't gangsta as he say, that's why they dress 'em up  
Get a vest, a plastic gun and go pull a publicity stunt  
Hoe act like she slow, don't know that I'm rich  
And ignore the handles missing from the do's of my whip  
But then she saw me on TV and told me pause for a flick  
(What you tell her?) You can "106 & Park" on my dick (on my dick)  
Can't speak about Texas and not mention me  
Cause the world gon' have to see the truth come out eventually  
I'll rip any gimmick rapper out from A to Z  
934-829 to the 2 if you still disagree  
We never marry a hoe, what I'ma marry you fo'  
I'm too busy tearin my shows up and getting married to dough (dough)  
Grave dig a nigga, (Whatchu mean?) I bury a flow  
Run, go get your city, come back and then I'ma bury your area code