

# I Mean That There

## Chamillionaire

(\*talking\*)

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[Chamillionaire]

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)  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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