

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'llly 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