Cha Cha, It's Like That

(Trick Daddy)
I just hope y'all niggas know
That when it's time that you niggas gotta be ready for war
You niggas gotta be prepared
You niggas gotta know that I'm serious about this shit
I'mma run 'em down, nigga

I've done been used, abused, and accused of things that ain't true And been told some shit about some things that ain't even new But what I done heard is true, I know y'all done heard it too Been saying shit like Trick run hit from a bird or two And y'all claiming that I'm the man I got these banging ass bitches standing around with their hands out Word is on the streets is that a nigga like me Done went from jack boy from dope boy in less than a week See I got more snitches and bitches than my clique ever saw And I hang with crooked ass judges, lawyers, cops, and robbers I wish I had a block of that shit I give my block to my chick And set up shop in this bitch I wish I meant a country bitch from a hick town and I Send her to get a table and break a whole half of brick down Y'all niggas know it cost money to go to war

And I know a couple niggas with a couple of millions to blow, it's on

1 - (Jim Crow)

It's on, just stay calm
We ain't bullshittin' nigga we droppin' bombs
Uhh it's like that
Ain't done right the first time we coming back
It's on, just stay calm
We ain't bullshittin' nigga we droppin' bombs
Uhh it's like that
Ain't done right the first time we coming back

(Jim Crow)
Ha, Cha Cha
We got the hoes in a headlock now Cha
A new millennium baby
Make 'em bounce, make 'em bounce

(Cha Cha)

Where can I start cause baby girl ain't go no ghetto tales I'd rather tell how good the leather smell in the SL That was eleventh and twelfth

Been ahead of myself

So these broads been trying to ride before accepted this wealth

Wasn't born with silver spoons Seen plenty of silver moons

Sat in mid June on the beaches of Cancun

And that was just family trips Ride in grip family whips

Now it's my own candy six, nigga you ain't hand me this

So what you beefin' this?

Believe me this

I'll have you on your knees for this

Just pleading the fifth

You acting real displeased with this, fatigued a bit?

You're messing with this seasoned chick

That'll leave ya sick

Take it all, y'all won't be needing

Call her six, no let mommy hold the keys to this Don't even trip you know we like two peas in this

Breathe evilness,

And we won't split until we even this Deceitfulness, where it's at, yeah

Repeat 1

(Juvenile) I just come up with money from busting heads And niggas I f**k with just got out of the feds My paper done got scraped So naw cool relax Yo Juve what you doing? Look I'm just chilling to the max My niggas already left me and they ain't coming back I look like a drug dealer They think I'm selling crack If the motherf**kin' money ain't right I ain't handling it Nigga I don't wanna talk to you so stop mouthing Can't you see that Juve 'bout his business boy?' Or do I have to put holes in your kidneys boy? Straight up knock the bitch out We'll pick the bitch up Then get rough and duck, cut them, Cha is loose in the cut Look that wouldn't happen to you if you'd mind her And y'all been hustling, warning this is my turn F**k the press, f**k a tv, f**k a cd When you got money come and see me

Repeat 1 (2x)