

# 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)