

Cherish, Miss P.

[Intro: Jermaine Dupri]

Yo this is one of them ones when they come on
It makes you wanna say (ohh)
You can't listen to this low man
You gotta turn it up know what I'm sayin' (ohh)
Yeah Cherish, So So Def ya'll know (ohh)
This is how it go man double O three
Felicia holla at 'em

[Verse 1: Cherish]

If I walk up and said what's up
Would you give me that look
And act like your tough
As I walked back
Would you give me the eye
Admire my strut checking out my look
See you look like you'd be the type
That be getting numbers all night, night, night
From night baby that's alright
You be getting numbers so do I

[Chorus x2: Cherish]

You could call me M-I-crooked letter-crooked letter P-I-M-P
I know you think u got game
But baby let me tell you
You ain't got more than me

[Verse 2: Cherish]

Sweetie I'm no freak
So you won't have me
But I'll have you messed up
With the words I speak
We can be just friends
Are you can dish feelings
You'll be callin' up and you'll be checkin' it
I know this might sound like its hype
But if I want you boy
You'll be mine, mine, mine
One tick my conversations tight
Cuz now I got you curious right

[Chorus x2: Cherish]

You could call me M-I-crooked letter-crooked letter P-I-M-P
I know you think u got game
But baby let me tell you
You ain't got more than me

[Verse 3: Cherish (Jermaine Dupri)]

Yeah I'm in the C-H-E-R-I-crooked letter-H
And we don't play when it comes to
Pimpin' this music, pimpin' these tracks,
Pimpin' this game until we get pa-aid
And we gon' P-I-M-P this music industry
Until everyone know our name (What's your name?)
Felicia, Ferrah, Fallon, Neosha
Got you open until these vocals
Is what you gon' be sayin'

[Chorus x2: Cherish]

You could call me M-I-crooked letter-crooked letter P-I-M-P
I know you think u got game
But baby let me tell you
You ain't got more than me

[Verse 4: Da Brat]

I cherish bein' a pimp
It ain't necessarily bad
I'm not embarrassed to demonstrate I party
They call me Miss Harris
Favorite color is orange
Cherish is glowin'
I'm chuch from my head to my toe and
It's obvious its showin' cuz
I'm hopin' my color don't bother us
When it's gametime
Everyday flametime
This game shine
I have no other choice but to
Blow your mind
I'm more soldier that the lieutenant
When it's cold I'm in drapes until the floor
Chinchilla, I look good in it
With the hood in it
600 wool in it, we runnin' get money
Dis honey ain't bullsittin' still ain't funny, ain't it
Yo pimp showtainin'
Don't hate on me, why don't you go and get you some
I'm sayin' my whole crew bangin', we stay sharp as tack
It's J.D. and Brat
Pimpin' this industry to the max believe that

[Chorus x2: Cherish]

You could call me M-I-crooked letter-crooked letter P-I-M-P
I know you think u got game
But baby let me tell you
You ain't got more than me