

Cha Cha, M.O.M.M.Y.

(Nas)

A matter of fact I'm ready to spit it so whenever, yeah, yeah
Gangsta, Cha Cha, Esco, the don, the Gucci princess, ya heard, what
Y'all can bounce to this

(Cha Cha)

Cha Cha, I, I

Imagine Tuskadero, a.k.a. as the wifee
And I don't give a damn if these broads don't like me
Cold as the freezer cause the baby stay iced
Heard the neck broke, how these chickens wanna fight?
Might be the reason they lost complete faith in your market department
Scared to hear the release date
Keep the beats laced, sell a mill in each state
See the wife get the house and extra keys to the safe

(Nas)

You know this game that I'm in
The pain that I'm in
Esco, cars, jewelry
Catz be out to kill me
The last girl that I tried to make my wife
Was kidnapped, the ransom was an outrageous price
Still paid it, dangerous life
Now I seek out a gangstress made for this life, for me to bang with
I think you'll fit perfect
You're young and you're pretty
You're something that I can work with
We'll be running the city, ya heard

1 - (Cha Cha)

You gotta have money if ya dealing with me

(Nas)

But ya gotta be a live one to get it from me

(Cha Cha)

You ain't never met a broad that's expensive as me

(Nas)

And you ain't never met a thug that can pimp it like me

(Cha Cha)

Yo, you gotta have money if ya dealing with me

(Nas)

But ya gotta be a live one to get it from me

(Cha Cha)

You ain't never met a broad that's expensive as me

(Nas)

And you ain't never met a thug that can pimp it like me, get it

(Cha Cha)

See mommy, and niggas pop me and replace me like copies
Crying for weeks, thinking what he'd do with out me
Your cake holder, flying all through the states for ya
The one who gets you out of the jams with the fake lawyer
Came along way from the pants-pocket inspector
The young beeper check, collect call acceptor
See I was with you, when you was a two figga nigga
Way before they knew you was that Escobar nigga
You best remember, who kept ya warm during the winter
And kept the judges paid through the whole trial in September
Cause if ya every try and flip on me
Know everything's in my name that requires a key
So you'll be home missing car notes before you walk over me
Sorry to see, and sorry that you started with me
Cause when you beefed, I kissed you on your bruised lips
Put you in your blue chips and your new whips

Now you don't wanna lose this

Repeat 1

(Nas)

Who gave you bubble baths?

Loving you, bundles of cash

My tongue in you

Hummers to crash, bought you another one, thugging you

Chinchilla furs, Rolls Royce, silver spurs

Who hit it till it hurts, put ya in fifty skirts?

Before me you was getting jerked

Transporting any nigga work, now your clothes matching fifty purse

You was a thug mommy, wild in the club mommy

But now I got to know you, it's nothing but love mommy

I hold you down with the pump to the handgun

Prince Handsome, Escobar, nobody compares

In this cold world it's hard to find somebody who cares

And you was there, when I thought I was getting twenty-five years

When them fake niggas left me, you stayed

When them jakes tried to arrest me, I only got away cause you sprayed

Top of the world, just us two, got you

Nas and Cha Cha, amazing, worth respect, I trust you mama

Repeat 1 (3x)