

La Chat, Peanut Butter

(Verse 1)

Mayn the pitty process always tryin to dynamack
All the (?) chickens wishin they can be La' Chat
Ain't no way that you can be me, I got thuggin' in my blood
Cookin' pork chops and that rice, Makin' scrubs fall in love
Don't you wish that you could ride my ride, And stay up in my grill
Makin' cheese cashin checks, Yeah you know thats how I live
Hope that you can be like me, Freak I'm just like (?)
Shakin trout, For her sugar daddy, take her mami's friend
Everythang you wanna do is all the things that I dun did
Drank a 12 case of beur, Rollin' chockin' with my nigs
Ride (?) independent
All you haters and you dudes tryin to choose, Ya'll can holla at me later
Talkin' bad about La' Chat, But you know you lovin' that
Cause between these legs is fa..fa..fa..fa.fat
Ain't no messin with yo game, Cause yo kind ain't know my numbers
Say you takein' care of me, Boy please whatever

(Chorus) x2

She's a peanut butter, mutha fucka, nappy weave biitch
Every time I see the hoe, she all in my shiit
All my baby daddy tryna' get what I get
Need to stay up out of mine and get some buisness

(Verse 2)

All you boys be on my do, Wish that you could be in my shoes
I ain't messed up with no sucker, It's to many thugs to choose
Now you wish that you could be the one thats gettin' all that cheese
Even if he mess with you, He still gone come up in my knees
All you freaks wanna run and tell me somethin about this boy
Cause you know that I'm the one he's liable to still kill and fuck
I don't know how you stoopid tricks be all in my biz
I got (?)
Wanna listen, Wanna learn, I got somethin' that I can teach
If I die there will never be another one like me
Spreading rumors, Tellin' lies, Anything to do me in
But the ones that be talking really want to be my friend
Yeah I know I got you hott, Cause my name is all around town
If you try to run up on me mayn you know its goin' down
Ain't no telling what I'm thinking yet, I keep a plan in mind
Why you talkin' thats the reason why La' Chat will always shine

(Chorus) x2

(Verse 2)

Yeah you can criticize my name it only bring me mo' fame
I already know what's goin on a lot of hatin' in this game
It be nothing having broads that be living for hate
It be these (?) looking broads La' Chat immitate
I got no time for none of that nonsense, I'm bout makin' cheese
And already don't want hear no bullshit, I'm stacking them cheese
It's just to hot out here to live I'm only tryin to maintain
These freaks be jocking my baby daddy just because of my name
But I ain't said a thang tho, He can get all yo dough
You stoopid broads be droppin it off be thinkin' yo gon' get mo'
I'll let you know when he be doing after he get all your checks
He coming home, He keepin' me and his baby so fresh
And I ain't gotta mess with him, I stay away from the drama
See if you haven't learned yet, They lovin the baby mama
So keep yo distance, keep on wishin', Ain't no gettin' what I got
And keep on buyin all my cd's to keep my name hot

(Chorus) x2