

La'Chat, You Ain't Mad Iz Ya?

(Hook x2: Juicy J & La Chat)

She like them twenties sittin' tall on the truck
You ain't mad is ya
Love to shake that thang and back it up
You ain't mad is ya
Tryin' to catch a baller with them figures
You ain't mad is ya
Gold diggers, we call em' gold diggers

(La Chat)

You petty niggas get the f**k on, you got nothin' on us Jones
You flodgin' like you on, just because you got a cell phone
You need to come on down man, you think that I am so lame
I worked out with them fiftens and I'm ridin' on them chrome thangs
So what the f**k's that tellin' you, I'm a ballerhollic too
Always fresh as hell, with them twelve gold, grillin fool
When you see me in the club, I be checkin out the thugs
Scopin' out from head to toe, lookin' for a baller ho
Wanna holla at me, you gotta drop off that cheese
I'm lookin' for some real G's, I'm so damn money hungry
I'm hot off all you niggas, I'm mad about my figures
I got no time for playin' games, I'm f**ked up on that liquor
So ain't no need in stallin' I see you over there ballin'
You kickin' it with yo dog and the shots I here you callin'
I need to holla at cha' my nig I gots to get cha'
Ain't worried about a damn thang cause I know I'm gonna sweat cha'

(Hook x2)

(Juicy J)

No chickenhead get no respect trick
And these cowards get a classic playa pluckin' on 'em
I be's bout paper, I be's bout green
I be some where workin' with a triple beam
Gettin' my freak on, keepin' my mouth strong
Off in somebody's hood with a big tone
Sometimes man it's dangerous life that
Bang yo baby mama, now he hate that

(DJ Paul)

Don't get mad dog, used to be man
Supplyin' broads with the cheese off ya work man
Table dances, tricks and trances
Big ol' pimps breakin' wenches through romances
Dances with wolves, lil' red ridin'
I'm on the prowl, wow, don't be hidin'
I'll be findin' where that hot spot
Get that thang wet, make that thang pop

(Hook x2)

(La Chat)

You see I be up on these niggas, I'm tryin' to see
Can he fulfill my needs and give me cheese
Shit a bitch that want cho' pockets, I'm checkin' wallets
ATM, yo check book whatever you call it
I'm a mack, I spit my pimpin' and get chu' hooked
You shouldn't have looked cause once you look, you gon' get took
Be out the frame, I'm runnin' thangs
It ain't no doubt, I'll take yo check
And with respect, I'll put chu' out
I'll break you down, you say you pimp
You gon' get ganked, I got chu' mean
Mean whipped withdraws out from yo bank

You super trickin' and then you lickin'
I let it be known it ain't no stickin'
You say you hittin' man I be trippin' all the time
I know the biz, you think you slick, you tell yo friends
That chu' be in, ain't that some shit
I need that fetti, that ghetty, ghetty
Man I be yetty, you gon' let me
This shit is hectic, you shouldn't have met me

(Hook to fade)