

CJ Mac f/ Too \$hort

"Cha Cha"

Visit "[Cha Cha](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[CJ Mac] (Too \$hort)
(God damn!... CJ) What up Too \$hort?
(What we gon' do with this hoe?)
I feel like doin' the motherfuckin' Cha Cha or somethin'
Cha Cha bitch (Beotch!) Cha Cha bitch (Beotch!)
Cha Cha bitch (Beotch!) Cha Cha bitch (Beotch!)
\$hort this bitch act like she don't wanna Cha Cha, man
(Man you can't make that bitch Cha Cha?)

[CJ Mac]
Smilin' at the wrong piece of work baby, I lust for cash
and jewels
Quick to blast and ain't no rules
Fuck around and get used, a square bitch just ain't my
hype
And I can tell by them shoes that you ain't my type
Look how these alligators rest around my feet
You still meetin' at the swap baby, so what the fuck
make you want me?
Can you handle a man that's gon' boogie and bang
and put you on a plane with about 10 of them thangs?
She got this workin', neck workin', hands swingin' side
to side
Talkin' about she wanted a playa like me and she was
down to ride
I said what, high as fuck, but she ain't freeze up
So I bought her that bullshit dress she wanted and put
her in the truck
For two nights, I had her butt naked playin' in my jewels
Runnin' up my phone bill and orderin' up my food
She just uh smilin' and playin' and dancin' and shit
The Hotel Nikko a motherfucker when you ain't never
had shit
She said "Mac, playa thank you for the fly outfit"
She laughed and said "But what's this big ass gertle
and shit?"
I said it's kinda fly baby, but you wannabe rich?
You said "uh-uh", I said don't talk about it be about it
bitch

Cha Cha bitch, Cha Cha bitch

Cha Cha bitch, Cha Cha bitch
(\$hort \$hort \$hort, it don't stop
funky fresh to the motherfuckin' beat beotch)
Cha Cha bitch, Cha Cha bitch
Cha Cha bitch (That's right)
Bitch do you hear me speakin' to you?
(Beotch!)... Beotch!

[Too \$hort]
I met you at a rap show standin' in the crowd
Hands in the air, screamin' out loud
I knew you was a Too \$hort fan, I said what's up with
you
Knowin' later on, I'll probably be fuckin' you
Two hours later, the bed squeakin'
We talked about doin' this shit every weekend
I asked you could my homie fuck, you said "Cool"
"No problem... we could do that too"
So I flew you to my town, the next Friday
You do what I say, we gon' do this shit my way
Put you in the car, burnin' rubber out the airport
You kissed me on the cheek said "You's a real player
\$hort"
I said I know, this my homie Pizzo
Remember what you said about my homie before?
She said it's on, she gon' fuck him and suck his dick
I said don't talk about it be about it bitch

Visit [CJ Mac f/ Too \\$hort](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.