

AJ McLean

"Cheeba Cheeba"

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(Voices)

Cheeba Cheeba La Mota Hah Ha... I got what you need

...

(Chorus: Pony Boy)

Cheeba Cheeba Ya'll Cheeba Cheeba Ya'll

I got the Yescas ready to ball

Cheeba Cheeba Ya'll Cheeba Cheeba Ya'll

Pick up my Delivery you know my shit is raw

Cheeba Cheeba Ya'll Cheeba Cheeba Ya'll

I got the Yescas you make the call

Cheeba Cheeba Ya'll Cheeba Cheeba Ya'll

Don't be scared of the mutha fucking Law

(Pony Boy)

I got the M-E-T-H-O-D ... MAN!

18 wheeler filled up to the can!

taking pre orders VIP to the fans

Serving everybody to the mid West lands

Like Al Capon I'm bad to the bone.

King of Chicago where ever I may Roll!

Like Metallica spaced out battles like Galactich

Amsterdam Status check your Apparatus

taker to your mind and see who's the baddest

your friend the heal-ah medical heal-ah!

From the government I take like a steal-ah!

God forgive but I Gotta live

I always puff up then I pass cause I give

pot of gold break the fucking mold

keep on going cause you know I'm gonna hold...

(Chorus)

(Scribe)

La Mota la cargo Yo todo el tiempo

la tengo que fumar cada momento

se-Ciente bein es como la meil

entre mas omorosa mas peligrosa

de todas las mujeres la mas hermosa

La compro la vendo la fumo y en el trabajo tambien la

consumo

como saco un cinco consumando un deis resando
dispues
el mundo esta a mis peas

(Yo Scribe I need 300 pounds by tomorrow homie...
[Sobre])

(Scribe)

El Conectado la mafia de Mi Lado
cin nigon problema mi la paso deste lado
Mi enquenterian en los balles Siempre reparteindo
puro con mis cuates no mas consumiendo
La Mota repartida la chota se mordeda
hay que mocharse no hay otra saleda

(Chorus)

(Psychodrama)

Another deal is Seal
contract twisted and tied in saran wrap
Big fam expanded the map
keep it smack staff in the ass crack
everyone grab a blunt nigga pass that! (pass that shit)
ten dollar flap jacks for my weed
for my weed things stank green and cream from the
swamp
whatchu need Some booger sugar my nugar
oh I got some fire big thing three for fifties
I'm bagging up twats fuck them laws.
We having a party in the back with some finkies (wha)
they keep passing me Twinkies
Tonight ain't over yet, we gonna turn to astronauts
Special K, vicadins and purple mica dimes
With juke juice moon shining cool your mind
(ay but what about the ecstasy dog?)

(Chorus)

Cheeba Cheeba (8x)

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