

Aufray Hugues**"Chi-Town"**

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[Intro - Mannie Fresh]

Whoa! (watch ya self baby)
(yeah, yeah)
Yeah! this that one (ok)
(comin through, comin through)
Yeah! uh

[Chorus - Mannie Fresh] + (Tateeze)

Chicken, fish, bossy outfits
Cadillac Escalades, with drop kits
Arrows on the grills, big spinnin wheels
And a Midwest girl, dressed in high heels, we
(Chi-Toooooooooown!)
(At its best) c'mon, c'mon, c'mon, woo!
(Chi-Toooooooooown!)
(Better wear that vest)

[Verse 1 - Boo]

Hop in my Escalade and let's roll
Keep a pocket full of dough, cause my Midwest flow
Wrists stay glow, eyes stay low
You know I stay puffin on that stank, stank, oh!

[Gotti]

Now I came through the door, what did I see
A couple hot chicks, lookin at me
Like what's your name, and you with
Gotti the name, Cash Money the clique

[Boo]

Now when you cop that whip, you better put them
stunnas on 'em
And I don't tickle my women, I spill Crisy on 'em
You see the jeans, 700 what I spent on 'em
That's ballin baby we got chips don't we

[Gotti]

Now when I throw a party it don't end 'til six
That's just how it is when you get this rich
You should be like damn I wanna get that whip
Now I got chips, I could buy a Six

[Chorus w/ ad-libs]

[Verse 2 - Gotti]

Throw on ya mink coat, wit ya shoppin stick
Don't make me pass the fifth, I got cash to get
Champagne like water, chicks flashin Cris
Got mo' game, when I crash in blitz
You can rock to this, or do the wat to this
Ballers, hustlers, chop ya bricks
Been a long time coming, got a lot to get
It adds to the snow, when we frost our wrist

[Boo]

Keep ya mind on ya money, pack an extra clip
Don't ever get fronted, so you don't know shit
If I don't know nothin, I know that strip
Doubled-up twice, now I got the brick
Yeah you love that shit, how ya boy so slick
And that cherry-red, Austin move so quick
Birdman, got a nigga on his flossin shit
Let's hit the club, and go toss a bitch, uh

[Chorus w/ ad-libs]

[Verse 3 - Boo]

Well I'ma hood cat, that love a hood rat
You can hit it in the truck, or the back of the 'Lac
If I get her mad, she would come right back
Just cop the Gucci hat, wit the shoes to match

[Gotti]

I love this flossin, I'm the big bossman
Never met defeat, cause I never loss man
When I'm at the streets, school is out and I'm playin
Now girls are fool whip, want juice on they hand

[Boo]

Dog keep it real, let ya game do the rest
Stay far from lames, don't settle for less
Listen to the hook, please keep that vest
This is CMR homie, at its best

[Gotti]

Cats try to be me, I just gotta be me
It's a fact actually, you gotta believe
I just rap to the beat, make you clap to the beat
Never left, so I ain't gotta go back to the streets

[Chorus]

[Outro]
[Boo] Better wear that vest
[Gotti] Cash Money or nothin
[Gotti] Who thought Fresh couldn't do it?
[Boo] Gotti, I don't know about you, but I'm ready to
blow
[Boo] It's our time homie
[Gotti] Fresh you did it for us baby
[Gotti] We ain't have to look no where else
[Gotti] It was right here all the time baby
[Boo] Mannie Frezzle, hot sauce
[Gotti] Slim where you at?
[Gotti] Get you a cameo Slim
[Gotti] You gotta start comin out baby
[Gotti] Birdman love you boy
[Boo] Keep it pimpin Fresh
[Gotti] Pimp Mizzle
[Boo] I see you daddy
[Gotti] CMR big things '03 and forever
[Gotti] CMR or nothin

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