

Finley Quaye

"Got Cha Humpin'"

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Geah

My nigga Muggs in the house

Who keeps you humpin'

Eihthype keeps you thumpin'

Always into somethin'

Westside got it going on

Westside got it going on

Who creeps in smooth with moves like Gotti

Trips to make grips and back to the party

Million dollar holler with the Jazzy Belles

97 makes moves with the freaky tales

Hold up, stop the presses

Floats to the club and show me love in little short dresses

From 8 at night till 6 in the morn'

Intend to get ?naked?, try to put me on

Tick tock, it don't stop, clock keeps tickin'

Pour one more and wait for the liquor to kick in

Lookin suspicious cause you don't know the game plan

To the V.I.P. you peeps the ?three span?

Naughty as I wanna be, so check it

Drama to the women I perfected to get naked

2 shots of the V.S.O.P. RÄ©my

Converstions as I tugs on your bikini

Got to get it, cause I've never had

Takes the party back to my pad, color me bad

Oops... I swoops up in the Coupe

One more pussy to loop, I'm knockin the boots

Geah

Who got you humpin'

Eihthype's always bumpin'

Always into somethin' (geah)

Westside's got it goin' on

Number one desperado, packin the hollows

In a nice tight suit with Christy to swallow

Who's the role model, bitch butt-naked on the boat

'cross the lake, we skate with the heavy weights

Can you feel me? Surfs all night, be rich

500 super sport, low-low's hittin' the switch
Gots long dough, fo' sho', cops paid by the month
Weekly in the club, gots ho's to hunt
Gets mine, nose to the grind, makes cheese
Ain't never seen three niggas like these
Still gots the connects, pulls china white from Muggs
Rolex, more sex by the Compton thugs
Senoritas and peso's for the Amigos
Wherever the wind blows, you're sure to see those
Heavyweight hustlers that got the green
Chronic, snaps and bitches, the American Dream
Geah

Chorus...

Makes me wanna throw my hands up and holler
It all seems like a dream
How we gettin the cream and still in Impalas, c'mon
If you gots the time, then I gots the time
Best not be that bitch dropped dime
Stops my money flow, where's my money, hoe?
Out the door, watch the pimp with the gangsta limp
Limo rides, westside, I keep it crackin
Thousand dollar suits while the Gators keep snappin
Bird flies in, top dollar bitches to stab
Sets up nice on Boom Bam ab
Makes me laugh sometimes... ha-ha
Fine bitches and money makes me do the cha cha
Ooh-lah-lah, 'cross the board money to spend
Open the door, bitch, get in

Chorus...

My nigga Muggs one time, c'mon
Geah
Ya know how we do, ya know how we do
Come on, get down like you live, get down like you live
Geah

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