

## Fischer-Z

### "Got Cha Humpin'"

Visit "[Got Cha Humpin'](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

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

Visit [Fischer-Z](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.