

Flipmode Squad "Cha Cha Cha"

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(Intro / Spliff Star):

Hah...
Rah Digga...
Spliff Star...
Flipmode...
In ya face nigga...
You wanna battle nigga...

(Spliff Star):

Yo, Yo, Yo!
It's my time to shine and I'm a shine bright
Sodomize the mic
Get the crowd hype
Make 'em want to fight
You see the rhymes I construct
The flows I conduct
It fucked up the party like somebody got bucked
Nigga word!
I lays it down flat like a door mat
Get head in every state wherever I toured at
Spliff ah spliff
Duh-ty nigga what the undisputed
Counting traps
Taking trip out the cacilac
Smokin' quan-quan
Doggie style chicks in the Montreaon
Cracking many bar
Fuck it
Nigga grab an Averon
Me Spliff, be the fucking tailor of my fashion
Fuck what niggas think
Watch a nigga turn platinum

(Chorus / Busta Rhymes):

Ya'll niggas wanna get down
Ya niggas wanna battle
Eh, what ya'll wannna do
Let's cha cha cha cha cha

Ya'll niggas wanna get down
Ya niggas wanna battle
Just what ya'll wannna do

Let's cha cha cha cha cha

Ya'll niggas wanna get down
Let's cha cha cha cha cha
Ya niggas wanna battle
Let's cha cha cha cha cha
Eh what Ya'll wannna do
Let's cha cha cha cha cha
Cha cha cha cha cha cha cha

(Rah Digga):

Digga, Digga
First name Rahshea
Sweetest person had no idea
Just like that honey flipped three times
With nickles and dime staking rhymes by the eon
Situation around the way with my women
Looking spiffy wit the vendi type linen
Totin' herbals
We got papers like staples
Marla Marples
Didn't think I could take you
Confrontation now niggas wanna run up
Trying to flex muscle on a bitch tring to come up
Rhymes hotter than concrete statues in Egypt
Roll they ass out like they parapilegic
Boy! I got shit for the brain
You faker than them new heads calling me by my
nickname
I shatter an ego quick
I be that chick
The wrong niggas gonna be round to see that shit

(Chorus / Busta Rhymes):

Ya'll niggas wanna get down

Ya niggas wanna battle
Eh, what ya'll wannna do
Let's cha cha cha cha cha

Ya'll niggas wanna get down
Ya niggas wanna battle
Eh, what ya'll wannna do
Let's cha cha cha cha cha

Ya'll niggas wanna get down
Let's cha cha cha cha cha
Ya niggas wanna battle
Let's cha cha cha cha cha
Eh, what Ya'll wannna do
Let's cha cha cha cha cha

Cha cha cha cha cha cha cha cha

(Baby Sham):

Get the royal blue nab and swing my way
On some real party shit if you hold your way
I can hold mine
You wanna battle blow some lines
Rocks gleam on the top of my wrist
You want this
Be the same dude that hop on the pubic splits
You can't hold this
You jealous cause ya shorty want this
Dig her back out in front of my crib
Her man staked out
On the rare the cloud sh...shut your mouth
What you chap 'bout, the same shit
Been on for chris
The style got you twist up
Walk wit face ice grilled up
Some cat pulled up in a black suburb
Let me move first so I can park my shit on the curb
Ya moves slow get bashed in from Q.B. to Aspen
I'm short for reason
You spoke and should have passed that
Don't ask my age cause the world made me like that
Blast a hole in ya face soon as my nine cock back

(Chorus / Busta Rhymes):

Ya'll niggas wanna get down
Ya niggas wanna battle
Eh, what ya'll wannna do
Let's cha cha cha cha cha

Ya'll niggas wanna get down
Ya niggas wanna battle
Let's, what ya'll wannna do
Na cha cha cha cha cha

Ya'll niggas wanna get down
Let's cha cha cha cha cha
Ya niggas wanna battle
Let's cha cha cha cha cha
Eh, what Ya'll wannna do
Let's cha cha cha cha cha
Cha cha cha cha cha cha cha cha

(Outro / Busta Rhymes):

Yeah...
Rah Digga...
Sliff Star...
Baby Sham...

Flipmode Squad nigga...
Fuck is the deal...
'98 shit...
'99 shit...
2000 shit...
2001 shit...
2002 shit...
Eternal shit motherfucker...
Stay tuned...

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