

Helmet

"What Cha Like"

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verse 1:

Light yourself a dank joint, letcha mind go
Listen to these lyrics as I let this rhyme flow
I'm funky with this shit 'cause my style is authentic
It keeps them suckas jockin' so my windows stay tinted
I meant it when I said "I will pimp til I die"
Makin' them bitches cry
And nigga, dont ask me why
I flow that pimp shit 'cause I know that pimp shit
I smoke that hemp shit - not with that simp shit
Stupid doo-doo dumb is the only way I come
Let the track ride, gimme the mic and I'll run
Smooth with the groove like a saxophone
My backs is on, and man, caps is blown
Straight off suckas' heads with the rhymes I shoot
Fuckin with the bitch as she's kind of cute
I find a loop
I shake the spot
You'll never hear a bitch say I ate the cock
I mack, kick back, and stack that cash
I throw these things fool, don't make me tap that ass
The Mac named Dre is the man for real
Hoes wanna ride in me Sedan DeVille
Cause I'm a - young playa with that Crest Side game
Kickin the funky shit, makin the rest sound lame, and...

chorus:

Every time I rap, I bust what cha like
Cuz I'm the coldest MC to ever touch the mic (2x)

verse 2:

They trips when I flips cause I'm nothing respectable
But still when I spill, boy, I'm nothing correctable
I got raps that make them niggaz say "Goddamn -
He the fool with the mic in his hand"
I could teach a square everything he's lackin'
Cause partna, I'm a playa with some uncut mackin'
I spit that shit that makes tricks go run and hide
Damn them clowns around town that wonder why
I never give a bitch who ain't rich the time of day
They got to be fucked up if they think that I'ma pay

I'ma play
Until she's all played out
Have her friends sayin' "Damn girl, you Mac Dre'd out!"

chorus

verse 3:

At the drop of a dime, I can rhyme a tight rap
And make them motherfuckers say "Damn, he like
that"
Get them with the tongue that will run for many miles
Gettin' niggaz sprung cause I come with many styles
Hoes come in rows to get chose, they gettin' wit me
Sayin I'm the flyest on the side of the Mississippi
Banned in six states by the surgeon general
I'm known to be addictive, sellin dope subliminals
And I don't stop servin' like them fools at Denny's
Like Julius Erving, Michael Jordan, and Penny
I go coast to coast with a dose of this realness
Slappin' your brain with this game, can you feel this?
I flow like river water
Ain't no nigga harder
Others that was rockin is forgotten like Jimmy Carter
But I'm gon' be around
Just like hand-me-downs
An old-ass playa still pullin' them panties down

chorus

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