

Cha Cha "Ride Out"

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Haters approach but they DOA'd
Try next week we ain't with it today
It ain't my fault you got no money
You need to go get you some, won't make me none
I hit hard like a slam drum
Slum and slang with a ton of games
Wreck my brain, my patience wearing in
Fake friends trying to blend in
It tend to get on my nerves
My circles get 'sturbed
Split a check firt a real man Chula furs
Try to make it home but he struck on third
Me fall off? No sir
Had did it once before, but I call it whiplash
Snap back quick when It comes to cash
That's when them niggas start watching ya ass
But I make 'em dizzy you like who is it

Chorus:2xs

[Jim Crow]

The backstabbers keep an eye out
You better watch out, before they find out
Where you hide out, deep down south
Shorty ride out, before ya time out

[Cha Cha]

How many niggas you know down and crazy
Down to lie for the baby, in a ride like y'all
To many ladies is jealous of the Mercedes
And how close we are lately, that's why I don't like
broads
Either you chickens like all in the business
Asking y'all who did it, them inquiring type broads
Intimidated cause I could be the misses
But I'm like a little sister and I'm tired of liking y'all
I only ride shot gun cause it's rightful
Make her hope in the back just to be fightful
Just because I know it's tight when my eyes closed
Just as soon as these niggas drop me off she gone be
out though
Both times I co-signed the whole nine
Proved to be ya third eye when you go blind

Know I'm, Miss Cha Cha sadiddy
Off the top and many, pop them any
And the Crow out to get him

Chorus:

What's it's gone be is you and me
We in the middle of the streets, it's midnight
You got a problem wit me my nigga, then get right
But sit tight, hold on I got shit up on my mind
And every time I rhyme I represent niggas that grind
And I find that these gold digging hoes, they out to get
a nigga
Fuck up my foes and enemies, I'm bout to hit a nigga
Let a nigga mettle wit not cheddar, will I kill a nigga?
Just because he jealous of the fellas got him drinking
liquor
Thinking that a nigga is slipping, but I ain't shorty
Damn what you keep money for?
In the bank shorty, (Wanna get some)
Well I can't doubt it, might as well forget about it
Lot of folk talk I'm talking shit about him
Jack move, get up out it
When we pull the ball out to test, so bitch I been bout it
Mama said attend college
Make it big, my friends doubt it
In 5 years I'm gone buy myself about 10 houses
Get chin from 10 shorties at the same time
Jump in my whip, hit the strip then shine
Cha Cha, Jim Crow, Noontime
Oww, I'm so fresh like a shoe shine
I ain't lying

Chorus:

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