

Cha Cha

"What Cha Wanna Do [New Millenium]"

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[JD]

Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Noontime and So So Def
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh
See it don't stop
Y'all don't stop, yo

[Cha Cha](JD)

Yo I'm killing the flow, I'm promo crossing the globe
Got these rap chicks scared to breathe the cough on
their toe
Crossing their toes damn near fart through their nose
Buckin' that whoa, I hope they put her project on hold
Few seconds ago, seems like I had your blessings to
flow
Now I'm next and you're nervous and hexing me mo'
You make the call I can school you on becoming a
broad
It ain't hard to find me y'all I'll show you how mommy
ball
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)

[JD]

All my niggas keep getting that paper
Stand your ground let nobody take you
Look them bitches right dead in the face
And say what'cha want to do?

[Cha Cha]

All my down broads keep taking that paper
Stand your ground let nobody break you
Look them niggas right dead in the face
And say what y'all wanna do, holla

[Cha Cha]

Face to face with you, face the case with you
Visit rooms every time the state say switch you
To state the truth, probably a thing I wouldn't do
Except blaze with you and get your face tattooed
Mistake you fool I wish I would chase that dude
Wait for dude and let alone lace that dude
See too many checks get to many banks

You're on my neck, you're just a guess
I'm too in effect, I'm doing my best
Two on my right, two on my left
Who under stress?
You got me in the Lex doing the preps
See these checks is peever
Cha spitting the fever
Don't smoke so imagine if I was hitting the refer
See mamacita, miss seniorita
Spend your visa till you give your keys up
Have you higher than chocha
And niggas that know Cha know she's livin' la vida loca

[JD]

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[Cha Cha]

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And say what y'all wanna do, holla

[Cha Cha]

So hectic, dealing with broads least expected
Accepted, I'mma problem too late for correction
Exceptions, none given, you just need direction
Either exit or take a few keen suggestions
This year I hope you know I'mma keep me dough
Cha Cha and Chi Chi, yo the remix ho
Seasoned flow, trying to get this cheese to marvelous
So umph get off me, uh get off me
Its small change is what these broads should be
costing me
They all small time chicks that I'm straining to see
Angry with me, don't get mad your man came up to me
It's ain't my fault he holler at everybody famous he see
Blame it on me, because I want the goodies with gems,
no hoodies
And ten Timbs, and grain wood in the Benz
Too many friends, niggas be assuming we friends
If I fool with you daddy, I be dead before I do it again

[JD]

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[Cha Cha]

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Look them bitches right dead in the face
And say what'cha want to do?

[Cha Cha](JD)

All my down broads keep taking that paper
Stand your ground let nobody break you
Look them niggas right dead in the face
And say what y'all wanna do, holla, holla, holla, holla
(What'cha wanna do?) Holla

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