

La' Chat

"Peanut Butter"

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[verse 1]

Mayn the pitty process always tryin to dynamack
All the (?) chickens wishin they can be la' chat
Ain't no way that you can be me, i got thuggin' in my
blood
Cookin' pork chops and that rice, makin' scrubs fall in
love
Don't you wish that you could ride my ride, and stay up
in my grill
Makin' cheese cashin checks, yeah you know thats how
i live
Hope that you can be like me, freak i'm just like (?)
Shakin trout, for her sugar daddy, take her mamis'
friend
Everythang you wanna do is all the things that i dun did
Drank a 12 case of beur, rollin' chockin' with my nigs
Ride (?) independent
All you haters and you dudes tryin to choose, ya'll can
holla at me later
Talkin' bad about la' chat, but you know you lovin' that
Cause between these legs is fa..fa..fa..fa..fat
Ain't no messin with yo game, cause yo kind ain't know
my numbers
Say you takein' care of me, boy please whatever

[chorus x2]

She's a peanut butter, mutha fucka, nappy weave biitch
Every time i see the hoe, she all in my shiit
All my baby daddy tryna' get what i get
Need to stay up out of mine and get some buisness

[verse 2]

All you boys be on my do, wish that you could be in my
shoes
I ain't messed up with no sucker, it's to many thugs to
choose
Now you wish that you could be the one thats gettin' all
that cheese
Even if he mess with you, he still gone come up in my
knees
All you freaks wanna run and tell me somethin about

this boy
Cause you know that i'm the one he's liable to still kill
and fuck
I don't know how you stoopid tricks be all in my biz
I got (?)
Wanna listen, wanna learn, i got somethin' that i can
teach
If i die there will never be another one like me
Spreading rumors, tellin' lies, anything to do me in
But the ones that be talking really want to be my friend
Yeah i know i got you hott, cause my name is all around
town
If you try to run up on me mayn you know its goin' down
Ain't no telling what i'm thinking yet, i keep a plan in
mind
Why you talkin' thats the reason why la' chat will always
shine

[chorus x2]

[verse 2]

Yeah you can critisize my name it only bring me mo'
fame
I already know what's goin on a lot of hatin' in this
game
It be nothing having broads that be living for hate
It be these (?) looking broads la' chat immitate
I got no time for none of that nonsense, i'm bout makin'
cheese
And already don't want hear no bullshit, i'm stacking
them cheese
It's just to hot out here to live i'm only tryin to maintain
These freaks be jocking my baby daddy just because
of my name
But i ain't said a thang tho, he can get all yo dough
You stoopid broads be droppin it off be thinkin' yo gon'
get mo'
I'll let you know when he be doing after he get all your
checks
He coming home, he keepin' me and his baby so fresh
And i ain't gotta mess with him, i stay away from the
drama
See if you haven't learned yet, they lovin the baby
mama
So keep yo distance, keep on wishin', ain't no gettin'
what i got
And keep on buyin all my cd's to keep my name hot

[chorus x2]

