

**Beck Robin****"What Cha Wanna Do Remix"**

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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 senorita  
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]

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]

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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[JD]

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[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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