

## **H.A.W.K. f/ Big Pokey, Mr. 3-2, Clay Doe**

### **"Cheddar"**

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[Hook: Big Pokey]

Cheddar, cheddar  
Makes things better, (get your paper mayn)  
Cheddar, cheddar  
Makes things better, (get your paper mayn)  
Cheddar, cheddar  
Makes things better, (get your paper mayn)  
Cheddar, cheddar  
Makes things better, (we having lavish things)

[Mr. 3-2]

Cheddar, scrilla cream  
I got's to go get it playboy, by all means  
Got killas on my team, that'll get with you for a price  
In less than 24 hours, your body'll be on ice  
This dirty game ain't nothing nice, don't let it jack knife  
own ya  
I'm knocking on boys do's for my feddy, I'ma warn ya  
From Texas to California, we bleeding in the state  
Big weight, c.d.'s and tapes for six figga papas  
Cheddar, it makes things better  
Got me sitting in a five room house, on big leather  
Gucci sweater, glocks and barettas it's gravy  
Ain't nothing but God, and the root of all evil that can  
save me  
Now feel this platinum shit baby, hungry for the payroll  
We want points and publishing, and cheddar out the  
do'  
Mo' money mo', gotta have it gotta grab it  
Cause living lavish is a habit, as I expose my karats  
baby

[Hook]

[Clay Doe]

Now I remember, since spaghetti and Cheerios  
I always been a youngster, out risking it for the do'  
For every buck I made, I wanted a couple mo'  
But now I keep it coming, and run it at a constant flow  
Together nigga, we get this green forever nigga  
Together nigga, we buying off McGregor nigga

Whether you 9 to 5, or you slang baretas  
Cheddar, nigga always gonna make shit better  
Whoever you are, or whoever you be  
You better keep your hands, up on you some currency  
For the loot I shoot, to execute avoid cases  
Me and my aces leaving spaces, up in niggaz faces  
Murder after murder, we out with no traces  
To protect mine if I have to, I do it on a daily basis  
Take it from Clay Day, Laf Tex the go-getter  
C-O braniac, with a payday about cheddar

[Hook]

[H.A.W.K.]

On the streets of Texas, we mob like goodfellas  
Blades chop like propellers, on these tapes for cheddar  
Haters get jealous, or a bit over zealous  
As they ply with the FED's, on schemes and try to nail  
us  
Pops tried to tell us, but we fail to listen  
My subtraction and addition, told me some'ing was  
missing  
So I flipped the script, for the cheddar to chips  
To straight the whip, the pale to sip I'm fully equipped  
Now on the ship, from the feddy the cream  
The cheddar the green, my motto was by all means  
I flooded the scene, confiscating amphetamines  
As I devised a scheme, to try to spread my wings  
Lavish things, limousines loaded with screens  
Gone playas a team, watching pinky rings  
On a chase for cream, with my loaded baretta  
My urge to splurge, got me on this chase for cheddar

[Hook]

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