

# The Cha Cha

Joyner Lucas

Uh uh uh whoo whoo uh yeah uh yeah whoo  
Uh uh yeah uh yeah whoo whoo uh uh  
Got some motherfuckin' Ciroc in the buildin'  
And I got some motherfuckin' Henny in the buildin' too  
And I got my nigga J Black in here too  
And I got my nigga Ave in here too  
And I got my nigga Azi in here too  
My nigga Kev in here too

Say I'll do my thing just because I need to fuck what you hoe niggas thinkin  
g?  
Tryna make it all stat with the cash in a wrap and I'm fuckin' your hoes on  
the weekend  
Maybe pass in the back now I'm passing the black matter fact how you hoes wa  
nna do this?  
Super stupid, dark as chocolate, big pocket, Joyner Lucas  
I'm a fool, let me get it all too  
Fuck your girl in the pillow I'll drool  
Fuck this world, when I fuck your girl, Imma flex so hard when I fuckin' cur  
l  
You feel it, haters stoppin', Trayvon Martin, but gun concealin'  
I pop if you [?], man give you balls, you ain't feeling it, uh  
Y'all niggas ain't cool, y'all niggas ain't hot, y'all niggas ain't nothing  
different  
Y'all niggas ain't do the most [?], y'all niggas ain't even pimpin'  
Probably got your bitches dry as fuck and I keep it drippin'  
Ay ay, with your baby, you keep her sober, I keep her sippin'  
Big difference, from bitchin' pitchin', switchin' words to a vision and flip  
pin' birds in the kitchen  
They slick, conversing with women the frickin' nerve of you niggas  
Tryna tell us that we ain't the greatest  
We love to love and give the same to haters  
Can't fade away, let's just play to play this  
I'm good, these niggas just mad 'coz me and my niggas got hoes on speed dial  
So they hittin' they phone and they don't pick up and they hang once more wi  
th the redial  
Leased out when I pee now  
Probably fuck dirty bitches and you when I'm senile  
Future's what I see now, take a puff of the blunt if you really wanna see ho  
w  
Rappers, gangstas, killers, smokers, bunch of niggas with feelings  
Models, hoes, and strippers, hookers, bunch of bitches with children  
What you think is appealing me I be fighting the feeling  
Just livin' life in the ceilin', ain't gotta like it but feel it

Get you, get you, ya ya  
The killers on the corner  
That hit you with the chopper  
Then make you do the cha cha  
Make you do the cha cha  
Then make you do the cha cha  
The killers on the corner  
They make you do the cha cha  
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And I know these niggas just mad 'coz me and J Black got hoes on speed dial  
Better ride on out, cut your eyeballs out until you look at me now  
And I spit so hard you can dive inside my drool, go swimming and float  
By the stop sign too with a woman and hoes on the outside too  
I'm hot times 2 times 6 times 7, eight breaks inside my crib when I tie my s  
hoe  
Gotta hide my shit, when I ride by you, finna pop my shit, better stop that  
shit you know better  
If I ain't got it I get it, go get it, you got it, I'm a goddamn go-getter  
If you knew better you'd do better bet I'm better than you niggas don't know  
better  
How the hell you feelin'? I'm feelin' all great, I'm feelin' like winnin'  
I'm feelin' on free like dinner in prison, she feelin' on me, I'm feelin' li  
ke sinnin' now  
I ain't pop no molly, ain't pop no pills, ain't pop no guns, I'm coolin'  
She ain't pop no booty, ain't pop no pussy, she swallowed my dick, she drool  
in'  
Rappers, gangstas, killers, smokers, bunch of niggas with feelings  
Models, hoes, and strippers, hookers, bunch of bitches with children  
Can't pay my rent, never paid more sense, Imma rob motherfuckers  
I catch you chillin' with the wrong motherfuckers  
Explode your crib put a bomb in the oven  
With a match in the wick in the back of the truck when you catch your shit,  
I be laughing or something  
While I'm walking on trains in the back of the tunnel  
On the ground, escape [?]  
And grab me a gun just blast me a nun  
Don't pass me the blunt, just pass me the lunch  
I eat that plate and I need that cake  
When I see that bank Imma need that safe  
Imma need that cave, when I see that Jake, Imma squeeze that thing  
When you see that flame, you gon' need that cane, Imma leave that pain  
Imma eat that brain, I don't need champagne, I don't eat pancakes  
Plus herbal herbs, y'all get on my nerves, don't shit on my words, don't spi  
t on my verse  
I spit in your face, I'll piss in your grave, y'all niggas is birds, my shit  
is absurd

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