

Walk Like That

Hurricane Chris

Why you walk like that
Cause I walk like that
I walk like that
Why you talk like that
Cause I talk like that
I talk that
Cause I talk like that

Lil mama ask me why I walk like that
Then she started hollin at me
So I holla right back (like dat)
She know I'm from ratchet city and I'm ballin
She like the way I talk so she told me to keep talking

I told her baby you could ride with a beast
Walk with a g
I'm a toss me a freak
She whispered in my ear and said she used to be a stripped
She took me in the bathroom pullin on my zipper
I bent her over from the back and hit her with the missile
I beeum beeum beeum and I didn't mean kiss her
I beat it out the frame you know I'm hurricane
Then I dipped off in the middle of the night in the range switchin lanes

Go Live entertainment
See the gold bangin
Walk like that cause I talk like that
I walk like that cause I talk like that
All you out there fakin better chill out (hold up)

Why you walk like that?
Cause I walk like that
I walk like that
Why you talk like that
Cause I talk like that
I talk like that
Cause I talk like that

Look at my pants
Look at my shirt
Look at my shoes
Look at my feet
I walk like that cause I talk like that
I walk like that cause I talk like that
You just said the same thang
I just said the same thang

I'm from Louisiana you could tell by the accent
Well I'm a get in the doors on impalas with the phantom kits
Pull up at the party hop out and get it started
Plus I'm full of bicardi I think I'm getting nauseous
Now I'm feelin retarded
Looking for a broad to go get another broad
And then I'm a get it stared
Talk like I talk
And when I walk I be mobbin
And gun pumpin to get you stumped it ain't a problem

Why you walk like dat?
Cause I walk like dat
I walk like dat
Why you talk like dat
Cause I talk like dat
I talk like dat
Cause I talk like dat

I walk like this cause there's a lump in my pants
And when I hit the club they call me the money man
I hit the V.I.P that when I spend a couple grand
Then I walk on the floor with a couple stacks in my hand
Lil mamma got to poppin and pullin all on my waist
That's when I took my shades off and let her see my face
The shirt that I got on the same brand as my cologne
The same ratchets on my phone I can't help it I'm a dog
I go harder than the average take a trip to paris
30in with candypaint on the volkswagon
Pants stay saggin can't help it I'm just rachet
Money make me happy hoes like my swag
And I get it from my daddy black on black in that caddy
Walk like dis cause I used to walk home
But now I walk to the parkin lot to see I sit on chrome
26's yea I'm sittin on that chrome

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