Chick Like Me

Cherish

Yea, D-lo, OK, Sho'Nuff.
So what we got here ya'll.
This right here is what we call female pimpin'.
Understand that Rasheeda, OK, Cherish baby, Ok.
Don Vito you a little foolish, ha ha.
I Like this. ATL.

Straight up.
A-Town. That's my type.
Thugged out. From the hood.
That's what I like.
Neck, ears.
Wrist shinning so bright.
Give me paper or plastic.
Anything I like.
You see I like 'em kind of cool.
Black shades, black tee, and black shoes.
Candy painted Impala on 22s.
Straight up gutta.
Is just my kind of dude.

Where my Chi Town gangstas.
Down for whatever.
And all my Midwest riders.
My Saint Loui players.
Where my East Coast hustlers.
My New Yorkers holla.
Cause we don't need no bustas.
We don't need no haters.
I need a down south G.
The ones that ride so good.
That can give me what I need.
The ones that talk so hood.
The boys from the West Coast scene.
My crip walkin soldiers.
That can handle a chick like me.
A chick like me.

All my fellas need to hear me.
I want ya'll to hear me clearly.
I'm not the picky type.
I like my thugs from every city.
GA, LA, on back to Philly.
But them dirty boys.
Oh they do something to me.
See I have to disagree.
I like my thugs from the NYC.
Steady trappin' on the gangsta scene.
Ridin' in cars up on that gangsta lean.

Yea, Rasheeda, Chersih baby.
Ima break it down and tell you how I like it.
Red monkey jeans hanging low with a black-T.
Gotta mean swag and he trappin' on the back street.
Now man it's somthing 'bout them G's.
Make Rasheeda tempertaure jump 100 degrees.
Is it the money or the candy paint dripping.

Or the way he hold me down and keep it pimpin'.
Plus he know just how to beat it up.
Can't get enough so he always wanna eat it up.

That's how it's going down right here baby.
We calling out all the G's all around the world.
Please believe it.
Ya'll need to keep it pimpin'.
Keep ya A game.
Keep it tight baby.
This Cherish right here.
This Rasheeda right here, the Georgia peach.
The Urban Legend.
It don't get no better than this.
A.