

Got Cha Humpin'

MC Eih

Geah, geah, my nigga Muggs in the house
Who keeps you humpin'?
Eihthype keeps you thumpin', always into somethin'
Westside got it going on, Westside got it going on

Who creeps in smooth with moves like Gotti
Trips to make grips and back to the party
Million dollar holler with the Jazzy Belles
97 makes moves with the freaky tales

Hold up, stop the presses
Floats to the club, show me love in little short dresses
From 8 at night till 6 in the morn'
Intend to get naked, try to put me on

Tick, tock, it don't stop, clock keeps tickin'
Pour one more and wait for the liquor to kick in
Lookin' suspicious 'cause you don't know the game plan
To the V.I.P., you peeps the G-span

Naughty as I wanna be, so check it
Drama to the women, I perfected to get naked
2 shots of the V.S.O.P. Remy
Converstions as I tugs on your bikini

Got to get it 'cause I've never had
Takes the party back to my pad, color me bad
Oops, I swoops up in the Coupe
One more pussy to loop, I'm knockin' the boots, geah

Who got you humpin'?
Eihthype's always bumpin'
Always into somethin', geah
Westside's got it goin' on

Number one desperado, packin' the hollows
In a nice tight suit with Christy to swallow
Who's the role model? Bitch, butt naked on the boat
'Cross the lake, we skate with the heavy weights

Can you feel me? Surfs all night, be rich
500 super sport, low-low's hittin' the switch
Gots long dough, fo' sho', cops paid by the month
Weekly in the club, gots ho's to hunt

Gets mine, nose to the grind, makes cheese
Ain't never seen clean niggas like these
Still gots the connects, pulls China White from Muggs
Rolex, more sex by the Compton thugs

Senoritas and Peso's for the Amigos
Wherever the wind blows you're sure to see those
Heavyweight hustlers that got the cream
Chronic, snaps and bitches, the American Dream, geah

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Makes me wanna throw my hands up
And holler, it all seems like a dream, how we gettin the cream
And still in Impalas, c'mon, if you got the time, then I got the time
Best not be that bitch, dropped dime

Stops my money flow, brings my money, hoe
Out the door, watch the pimp with the gangsta limp
Limo rides, Westside, I keep it crackin'
Thousand dollar suits while the Gators keep snappin'

Bird flies in, top dollar bitches to stab
Sets up nice on boom, bam ab, makes me laugh sometimes
Fine bitches and money makes me do the cha-cha, ooh, la, la
'Cross the board, money to spend, open the door, bitch, get in

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My nigga Muggs one time, c'mon, geah
Ya know how we do, ya know how we do
Come on, down like you live, get down like you live
Geah