

C-walkin' Cha Cha Cha

Tha Dogg Pound

In a matter of time, pullin out my pistols and bombs
Me and diggy gettin wiggly wet out of our minds (hey!)
In a couple of days, switch it up a couple of ways
In a matter of time, findin out so this world could be mine

I'ma crack the bolt, snatch all the money and coke
I'm goin for broke pistols, poppin off from the doe
I'm launchin 'em all, missiles in the swarm of the war
Storm, now everybody on the motherfuckin floor
In five seconds, 'bout to leave, five reasons why
High on sky, 'bout to blast everythin inside

I think I'm good at the (?), C-Walkin cha cha cha
To the bang bang boogie, ha ha! (ha ha ha!)

Nigga we smokin on some bomb bomb, rollin wit my lights off
Not givin a fuck nigga, Daz and Kurupt nigga
Pistols in my right palm, just in case the war's on (yeah!)
Over through the war zone, with calicos and the chrome

(Kurupt)

What you forgot about the chucks, the khaks, the t-shirts
The glocks, the dope spots, the curb, the herb
Swangin, gang-bangin, O.G.'s, double fo's, six fo's
Bitches and hoes, methodone, head up, scramble
Ridin by high, wit the heaters bout to heat the sky
I'm about to drop the bomb, nigga load the clip
(The motherfuckin G's back up in this bitch)