

C-Walkin' Cha Cha Cha

Tha Dogg Pound

In a matter of time, pullin' out my pistols and bombs
Me and Diggy gettin' wiggy wet out of our minds
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 alabara
C-Walkin' cha cha cha
To the bang bang boogie daha I think, I'm good at the alabara
C-Walkin' cha cha cha
To the bang bang boogie daha 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 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 I think, I'm good at the alabara
C-Walkin' cha cha cha
To the bang bang boogie daha I think, I'm good at the alamara
C-Walkin' cha cha cha
To the bang bang boogie haha I think, I'm good at the alabara
C-Walkin' cha cha cha
To the bang bang boogie daha I think, I'm good at the alamara
C-Walkin' cha cha cha
To the bang bang boogie haha

Songwriters

Gregory Hutchinson; Cordozar Broadus
Published by
MY OWN CHIT MUSIC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>