Chingy Jackpot

Chingy

[Robotic voice]
This is another Trak Star production

[Record scratching]

[Chingy]
Oh, oh, oh, uh
Oh, oh, oh, uh
Oh, oh, oh, uh
Oh, oh
Who am I?

[Hook 2X: Chingy + (Girl)]
[Chingy] What's up?
(Why yo eyes so chinky?) I dunno
(Is it because you've been smoking and drinking?)
Maybe so
(I've been thinking) huh?
(Maybe you come get me) and do what?
Wine me, dine me, take me home and eat me
Okay
[Record scratches at end of hook]

[Verse 1: Chingy]
Chingy Jackpot, "pop" like a crack spot
Ladies on the strip, keep me with a fat knot, 'Lac drop
Rag top on the jag drop, uh
Phat stop you know that's hot, huh
Mack spinnin wit the piece in my pocket
People hop out, I'm releasin a rocket (bloaw bloaw)
For a piece of the profit, St. Louis we the topic
Let the women jock it, pimpin, you know how I get
Once my album drop, all you heavy waiters better watch it
Vokal, yeah I rock it
Step in the spot shit, men leave I was somethin hot quick
'Cris holdin that bottle, won't you pop it
I threw the key to the city, since I locked it
Girl I don't want no brain, give me a pop quiz
I get multiple choice head, derty watch this

[Hook - 2X]

[Verse 2: Chingy]
They tell me what you tell me, you ain't gotta be in a rush
Errything I do is top secret, that's on the hush (shhhh)
Cat handlin hard in the city, makin women blush
From 314 to 617, gotta give it up
Treat my women like a structure, workers work the streets
Twerk ya meat, go get it till it hurts ya feet
Hurt in ya sleep, get wit me and we could ching all night
Hearr the slots ring all night
But if you try to get at the drama, I'll bring all night
We keep Atlanta throwin bows
And New Orleans, we got the thugs showin golds
Take it to New York, and party at Madison Squarre
We'll hit Cali and smash a model chick wit long hairr
No hatin on my part, let the ceremony start
Crowd around us sumthin new, sittin on top of the Arch
STL, where I dwell, Northside of the streets
They keep a quarter piece freak for the sheets, now speak uh

[Hook - 2X]

[Verse 3: Chingy]
Uh, I got tired of being broke dogg (fa sho)
Ice Sleeve won't you pass me some smoke dogg
Can I come up without jealousy?
"You ain't gon make it", what they tellin me
So I showed them, it ain't that hard
Can't play me, cuz I ain't got a whole card
Got Lee way in my hometown (STL)
No mo' jokin cuz it's on now
Who gon' stop, me not a soul
Strap, in, now, let's, roll
Keep it, real, what-eva I do
Got's up Keith, comin from U
Squash that, mind ya own, beats
There's a new ching, in the streets
Watch ya step, or I'll ruin ya rep
Now let's "get it" like Puff and G-Dep

[Hook - 2X]

[Chingy]
Oh, oh, oh, uh

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Oh, oh, oh, uh
Oh, oh
Who am I?

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