

# Cheez-z-Fux

## Papa Roach

Butterfly colour, in the city gone pumpin  
The butterfly colour, in the city gone pumpinHe's trying to say that he's trapped,He's got gold chains and hairy  
chest  
He's making me sick in his Saturday night bestShut your mouth, play on bounced  
Money could be a...Butterfly colour, in the city gone pumpin  
The butterfly colour, in the city gone pumpinWhat is your sign sweetcakes? Have I seenYou somewhere before?  
Can I check your tags?I swear you were made in Heaven!Disco fever, trampy hoes  
El Comino and a confidentialButterfly colour, in the city gone pumpin  
The butterfly colour,In the city gone pumpin, pumpin, pumpin, pumpin ..Put on your fatty gold chain,You're  
pimpin' and struttin' your stuff  
Your walking down the aisle, acting like you're aboveButterfly colour, in the city gone pumpin'  
The butterfly colour, in the city gone pumpin'  
The butterfly colour1 .. 2 .. 3 .. STOP!Butterfly colour, in the city gone pumpin'  
The butterfly colour, in the city gone pumpin'  
The butterfly colourThen he saw the most beautiful creature he'd ever seen  
That wide brimmed hat, that fake pink fur coat,  
And those fishnet stockingsShe was just like him, she was just like him,  
She was just like himA PIMP!

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>