Chick Like Me

Cherish

Yeah, D-lo, okay, Sho'Nuff, so what we got here y'all?
This right here is what we call female pimpin'
Understand that Rasheeda, okay, Cherish baby, okay
Don Vito you a little foolish, ha, ha, I like this ATL
Straight up, A-Town. That's my type
Thugged out from the hood that's what I like
Neck, ears, wrist shinning so bright
Give me paper or plastic anything I like
You see I like 'em kind of cool
Black shades, black tee and black shoes
Candy painted Impala on 22s
Straight up gutta is just my kind of dude
Where my Chi Town gangstas? Down for whatever
And all my Midwest riders, my Saint Loui players
Where my East Coast hustlers? My New Yorkers holla
Cause we don't need no bustas, we don't need no haters
I need a down south G, the ones that ride so good
That can give me what I need, the ones that talk so hood
The boys from the West Coast scene, my crip walkin' soldiers
That can handle a chick like me, a chick like me
All my fellas need to hear me, I want y'all to hear me clearly
I'm not the picky type, I like my thugs from every city
GA, L.A., on back to Philly but them dirty boys
Oh, they do something to me
See I have to disagree
I like my thugs from the NYC
Steady trappin' on the gangsta scene
Ridin' in cars up on that gangsta lean
Where my Chi Town gangstas? Down for whatever
And all my Midwest riders, my Saint Loui players
Where my East Coast hustlers? My New Yorkers holla
Cause we don't need no bustas, we don't need no haters
I need a down south G, the ones that ride so good
That can give me what I need, the ones that talk so hood
The boys from the West Coast scene, my crip walkin' soldiers

That can handle a chick like me, a chick like me
Red monkey jeans hanging low with a black-T
Gotta mean swag and he trappin' on the back street

Now man it's something 'bout them G's
Make Rasheeda temperature jump 100 degrees
Is it the money or the candy paint drippin'
Or the way he hold me down and keep it pimpin'?
Plus he know just how to, how to b*** i* u*
Can't get enough so he always wanna eat it up
Where my Chi Town gangstas? Down for whatever
And all my Midwest riders, my Saint Loui players
Where my East Coast hustlers? My New Yorkers holla
Cause we don't need no bustas, we don't need no haters
I need a down south G, the ones that ride so good
That can give me what I need, the ones that talk so hood
The boys from the West Coast scene, my crip walkin' soldiers
That can handle a chick like me, a chick like me
Where my Chi Town gangstas? Down for whatever
And all my Midwest riders, my Saint Loui players
Where my East Coast hustlers? My New Yorkers holla
Cause we don't need no bustas, we don't need no haters
I need a down south G, the ones that ride so good
That can give me what I need, the ones that talk so hood
The boys from the West Coast scene, my crip walkin' soldiers
That can handle a chick like me, a chick like me
That's how it's going down right here, baby
We calling out all the G's all around the world
Please believe it, y'all need to keep it pimpin'
Keep ya A game, keep it tight baby
This Cherish right here
This Rasheeda right here, the Georgia peach
The Urban Legend
It don't get no better than this

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/