

# 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  
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And all my Midwest riders, my Saint Loui players  
Where my East Coast hustlers? My New Yorkers holla  
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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  
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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

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