

Chingy - Jackpot (Wh0 Rmxs Vol.7)

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?

(Round the town, then 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

VokÃ;l, 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, 'cause I ain't got a whole card
Got Lee way in my hometown (STL)
No mo' jokin 'cause 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 you
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
Oh, oh, oh, uh
Oh, oh, oh, uh
Oh, oh
Who am I?

Songwriters

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