

Cheddar

WC

[Repeat x3]

Uhh uhh come on

Got to get the scrilla got to get the scrilla
Got to get the cash hey come on got to get it (huh huh) Ridahs please callin' on all ridahs please
Blowin' through the wind like the sticky green breeze
Back once again straight faded off Henn'
It's that nigga WC with the pocket full of spend
Runnin' all the gators with the new chrome feet
Checkin' through my rearview with my hand on my heat
'Cause hahas can't stand to see a nigga doin' good
But fuck Hollywood I'm a still bang the 'hood
Gettin' my stalk on walk on loc I'm all about the paper
Hoppin' out the Navigator with braids & Chucks Taylors
A regulator scopin' the field like a commentator
Dodgin' investigators haters & salt shakers
The cookie baker the 64 pancaker
Bitch my whole entourage is full of kit makers &
Gators trip makers to Vegas from bird breakers from skyscrapers
Tippin' nobellas cause loc we's all about the Cheddar See we down for whatever
It's all about the Cheddar
I put that on my life & the 23rd letter Everybody get yo' scrilla
Don't worry 'bout ya time zone
Homie get yo' grind on Better
Bounce baby baby bounce baby baby bounce
To them outta town niggas I still got 'em 9 an ounce
Can't rely on no label to send my kids to college
So after I rock the spot meet me in the parking lot
Now call it what you want but the game got me cheese
With bitches on my dick since my last CD
I went from young black & broke bro' to dub the inevitable
Turnin' over three decimals bangin' the oyster perpetual
Let it go rags to riches buckets to Phillies
I went from no dough to mo' dough
To still gettin' these switches
I'm wicked for digits forgive me God for the truth
But I fiends for Cheddar like a smoker with a sweet tooth
Got game from Legit & 40 see Mac & Short
Cube told me the key to it all is to keep hustlin' loc
Put your family first & the rest will endeavor

Stay focused & forever we can get this Cheddar
 Come on See we down for whatever
 It's all about the Cheddar
 I put that on my life & the 23rd letter Everybody get yo' paper
 Don't worry 'bout ya time zone
 Homie get yo' grind on Get it get it
 Ahaha My nigga that shit is hard as fuck
 Get it get it get it get it
 Hey you got they heads bobbin' and everythang nigga
 But what I really want to hear from you
 Get it got it
 Is some of that jingle shit you be doin' Ring duh duh duh ding ding ding givin' it' up
 (Yeah naw naw fuck that dog come again)
 Out of the Westside of SC fuckin' it up
 Ring duh duh duh ding ding ding givin' it' up
 Out of the
 Hold up nigga wait a minute fuck that yo
 (What's up?)
 Yeah I got dollars in my pocket & I'm from Rollin'
 Janky as fuck so you know my gold is stolen
 From the ghettos of Cincinnati Europe to Killa Cali'
 I been around the world & ya ya like Puff Daddy
 Lookin' for the Cavi' yet caught in a drought
 Connected with the Don & copped one from SuaveHouse
 Betta bet ya stepped on it cause last year ya slept on her
 But now I'm up on her givin' golden showers to my opponents
 Grindin' til I'm paid in full
 Pledgin' allegiance to them dollar bills
 Baguettes on 'em bigger than pit bulls
 Only true playas can comprehend what I'm talkin' about
 Aiiyo Mack I think I'm over the can loc carry me out See we down for whatever
 It's all about the Cheddar
 I put that on my life & the 23rd letter Everybody get yo' money
 Don't worry 'bout ya time zone
 Homie get yo' grind on Yeah Gung Ho Mack 10 with my G homie the Shadiest One
 WC yaknowhat I'm sayin' cookin that 100% pure Bombay
 Caviar bringin' that shit to a 'hood near you nigga, What?
 Wessriders baby!!!! Uhh uhh come on

Songwriters

JONES, TRISTAN G./CALHOUN, LAMAR/CALHOUN, WILLIAM L JR Published by

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>