

Boy Boy

Cam'ron

What up boy, boy?
Ain't nothin' boy, boy, it's good in the hood
What's poppin' boy, boy?
A lot of these cats fakin' jacks boy, boy
My man Smit' over hear, he's got somethin' on his mind
'Sup Smitty?
This kid Smitty is acting a little silly right
now, boy, boy
He don't understand this is real in the hood boy, boy
Why you ain't smack boy, boy?
Well he got somethin' on his mind, you know what I'm sayin'?
I'm tryin' show a little love to him boy, boy, he need to understand
I'm tryin' let 'em live boy, boy, this is real ya' understand?
You need to stop playin' with me like that boy, boy
Yeah, I'm a holla at nigga, boy, boy

Cops bagged me one night, looking for the blow
Wen't from Bronxhouse to bookings, bookings to the show
From the show to the crib, to the kitchen cookin' Os
Kitchen to the car, to the street lookin' for Hos
Lookin' for hos, to straight up baggin' one
From my game in her brain, ain't no wagon, hun (Ain't no wagon bitch)
From the wagon, garage to the house
Dinnin' room, kitchen, kitchen to the couch
Couch to the bedroom, my dick's in her mouth
Bedroom to front door, this bitch getting out (See ya')
Front door, to "You know where the Jacuzzi is?"
Dress cooley, but usually the Coogi kid, bouchie kid
Tell ya boo-bee, a doo-bee did
She a houchie groupie Cooley is
Who am I? Come on, can't be for-reala
Went from Cam to Killa, killa to scrilla, Gorilla
From killa to Sky-Scrappers, from sky-scrappers
High papers, that's my nature
Do five you now, y'all die later
Come to your wake, look at you; "Hi hater"
From the wake to lot, another boogie
From the lot to the hill, to cop somethin' ugly (Ugly)
From the hill to that state Dakota
From Dakota to the corna, get that bakin' soda, KILLA

Yo, where you from dog? Harlem boy, boy
Oh this nigga getting' money? Holla boy, boy
Oh this cat over front? Fuck boy, boy
He keep that shit up..fucking drop boy, boy
Oh you got that hydro? You lyin' boy, boy
If you need that dope, though? We got boy, boy
But watch your back: from the cops' boy, boy
Cause they paper? They wanna stop boy, boy

Aiyoo, I heard you out there shorty..slingin' boy, boy
Oh MY god, oh boy, boy
Be careful of the motherfuckin' boys, boy
Me though? I run THEM boys, boy
Lloyd, Floyd, Roy, Soy, Black Bridicks
Bitches too, joy toy, what
Cat like you? Call you a Gladiator

Give her oral, and you happy, Glad-he-ate-her (Stupid)
Put ? on the pussy, she a masturbator
Put my dick in her mouth, that's what fascinate her
I'm a legendary now, past the player, past the player
Got the rock? Pass that player
I'm like Betty Crocker with cake, that's in layers
I had city issues before, ask the mayor (Ask him)
He said "Cam'ron, please stop this crack behavior"
(Shut the fuck up, man)
He ain't know '96, I had a knack for Gators
I come through, laugh at haters, bitches too
Wanna act, setback, relax a player
Cause all these hos jelly you hard
When your purlieus are hard
And the Chanel, Sklies to Scarfs
I stick to their stomachs, their belly's will barf
And I take them to the telly where their belly will force
"Why fucking me like that? Calm down that's my uterus
my serfix, my ovaries" Relax, I'm doin' this
Welcome to exclusiveness
You about to take a week off, the ultimate freak off
Hit Jimmy, Jeulz, Sean, and Zek off
Wait a minute ma', wipe that cum on your cheek OFF
I hate me a filthy ho, but I like me a silly ho
That way you really blow
Havin' to fuck cats, she don't really know
Then take all her money; you don't feel me, though
You don't understand my pimp-ery
You love them you got sympathy, fuck that, I'm into me

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