

Chalupa

Cam'ron

Yo this flow here is bulimics, anemic, yo red beam it
Plus I got it on, you aint never seen it, never seen it
Some people say I'm conceited, but dougie I never cheated
Oh boy you'll get deleted, believe it, I could achieve it cuz look

Im on a Yamaha, laughing like ha ha ha
Na na na, want to talk, shots speak ra ra ra
Crib is like mardigra, no beads grow weed
Court case, courtside, nigga in the nose bleeds

OG, Goatee, proceed, whole Ki's
Sorta like a janitor, stay within a parameter
Niggas got the hammer bra, don't care about a camera
Could they put that dress off, first like grand ma ma

Hope you got the stamina, because niggas be on worst
Blow reefa, no sneaker, thought this was a converse
I told baby girl damn that's a hard purse
But you gotta get it in flavors girl like starburst

We counting money, yo doggie we counting money
Yo shit aint even funny, but look at we counting money
Yo stupid up on the stoope, the game is in a stoope
Cuz look we get chalupa, cha cha cha cha cha cha chalupa love

Winter time, I'm heated why they frigid
Lenox ave boy working with 8 digits
Summer time came through in our may blizzaards
Old ladies looking like damn they did it

Cuz huh, I got to forty fifth just to get a snack box
2 piece, apple pie, feds taking snap shots
they know I'm known for hot rims, fast drops
big trucks, big jewels, whys from the have nots

now every pocket on my clothing dawg, have knots
10, 20, 30, 40, 50 thousand; jack pot
call my block gravel, (why) its mad rocks
im the owner of the team, fuck the mascot

sucking mad cock, 650 rag top
damn, don't get hit with the jab that my dad got
yall sasquatch, put it on your laptop
yo not a door, but yessir its pad locked

We do the interstate, baby where the state patrol
With 50lbs, and I aint talking bout an eight year old
It can take a toll, hoping you can get parole
Play your role, the heat is so hot it can make you cold

And they say ima son of a bitch
Why, cuz I be with your son and your bitch
You don't deserve her, your fair we wont hurt her
We taught her to be a squirter, your sons about murder

Your brother well he my worker, your sister well she my slurper
Your mom her ass is fat, my niggas they call her berth

Once a week they might server her, with dick they gon serve her
Now she whining like a baby, well maybe we'll get her gerber

Smack her on her ass, warm milk, then we burp her
Yeah we left her nurtured, but well earth her, before we chirp her
You'll be a punching bag, fam well put our beats on her
Or the Klu klux, white sheet on her

or Miami jersey put the heat on her
Or a door mate I'm gone put my feet on her
Creep on em, leap on em
yeah park the jeep on em

Americas most wanted, with no warrant!

[Chorus]