

# 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]