

Rockin' and Rollin'

Cam'ron

Ay yo you wonder who I are
I guzzle up at the bar
But you see me in the cars that start with the double R
Range Rover, Rolls Royce, even got a Rocky Rolly
See more ice than a hockey goalie
Baby eating guacamole
I did without
Now I live it out
Cars? got to whip it out
Every year I get it out
(Why?) I be long gone
(Where?) probably Hong Kong
Girls with their thong on
I'm playing Don Juan
Drinking Chandon
Where the chron, ma?
"You smoke weed?" "What you think, girl? Uh-huh!"
Start the car up
Take her on a long ride
Yo she think my steering wheel on the wrong side
No I'm sorry
This is the Ferrari
Limon like Bacardi
Rock with safari
But la di da di
We like to party
And every night, believe, we gon' leave with somebody

We was rockin' and rollin'
Now we rollin' and smokin'
On the phone and we chokin'
While you strollin' and hopin'
For the tone which you spoke in
And I know that you're open
Live a Branson life and a brand new 5
Hot man, God damn, Killa Cam be live

Ay yo come on, girlfriend I ain't no actor, really
So when you come around here don't be acting silly
Askin "did he?"
Come on I got the baddest biddies
Ass is pretty
Like hoes down in Magic City
Now you smoke hoes and the coco
Niggas say I'm loco
Cause I'm low low from the po-po
Every night I stroke hoes
No-no for homos
F doing promos
I was Def already I just added the So-So
Wherever we at
Ready to act
Better be strapped
I live the life of Riley
Whether Teddy or Pat
And when it come to the cash
Bet I'm heavy with that

If your man want to bet
Then I bet he be cracked
And your little girlfriend
She was wet off the bat
From the Chevy tonight;
Yo, I'll bet she be back
For the one night stand
Yeah, the sex in the sack
Yo I ask her if she miss it
Then I tell her to kiss it
Come on

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Ay yo your girl around me? That's like sand to a beach
Or a gram to a ki or a branch to a tree
Your money? That's my advance to a G
And you'll see me and Lance to the B
Yeah acting wild
Jimmy back me, child
How long you think an ounce gonna last me now?
But I love when hoes call me
"The Cat's Meow"
Cause I run up in them and I make their cats meow
Are you hip to the jive?
How we get to the thighs?
Half of my game? Yo, that shit be a lie
But it's true about Duke from the hoop to the 5
And I'm right behind him in a coupe that we drive
Baby am I slick
Oh your friends are sick
To see me and my chicks in DKNY kicks
And my clique
Yo we get the dank and bounce
And put another half a mil in my bank account