

# White Girls

Cam'ron

Killa!

Lemme tell you about my wifey real quick  
Had her wifed up that's what's in and shit ya dig?

Yo she took me out my stinkin' aces, to the pinkest bracelet  
Basics to basics, no way you could think I'm racist  
Got a white girl, tell you that she's quite thorough  
Borough to borough, flew me through this white world (from what?)  
From Columbia, then she moved to Canada  
Now she live in harlem, writing, you could say I manage her  
Met her in ninety, Jayvel was the damager ?  
I wasn't understanding her, that nigga was a fan of her  
That was confusing her, he was abusing her  
That wasn't new to her, bought me a luger brah'  
Of course of course, never had intercourse  
Of course of course, without her wouldn't of been a boss  
I would flip for my mama, got me getting my commas (get it?)  
Paid for my 1st va-ca, a trip to Bahamas (yes!)  
Swam in the ocean, I was dishin' piranhas  
That's my girl girl, yup, so give her some honor

Poppa had a dream  
Poppa had a dream  
Poppa had a dream  
Ooh, yes he did

My pride and joy, I call her butter  
When she bake a cake, we'll be lovers  
She live with me right, I hide her from my mother  
See she wouldn't understand I'm supplyin' the gutta  
I let my baby hang outside with the brothers  
Come back, cake on the bed the size of the covers  
Shot 5 with a sucka, another five with a trucker  
Took a hit without paying, won't get a dime for my butter  
That's my holy ma-momma, second only to 'ganja  
But I did watch her, played Tony Montana  
Here's a quello, yep she'll be back  
For them peso's, yep she'll be crack  
Rocks so bright, money so right  
I got seven workers, she's snow white  
And you know the steez, I met the ocean breeze  
Killa cam hand to hand with cocoa leaves

And, and it's it's them boys  
We get dough  
Ask a fiend  
Cause they know

And, and don't be shy  
Where to lie  
Yessiry  
We get high  
Fa'sho, dipset let's ride

Killa!  
Mcgoo said that the bird's the word  
But the fur byrd gang flip bird's on curbs

And, it's ya homey thunny, I got a pony dummy  
Phoney's clone me, calm down I'm only money  
Like prince akee, you the servant semi  
Living martin's dream as I burn a hemi  
Not concerned with many, got my girl here  
When it come to money, shit I'm burning plenty

[Chorus]