Chalupa

Cam'ron

Yo, this flow here is bulimic, anemic, yo, red beam it
If I got it on, trust you 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 'cause look
I'm on a Yamaha, laughing like ha, ha, ha
Na, na, na, want to talk, shots speak ra, ra, ra
Crib is like Mardi Gras, 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 parameters
Niggas got the hammer bra, don't care about a camera
'Cause they put that dress off, first like grandmamma
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, ain't even funny but look at we counting money
Yo, stupid up on the stoope, the game is in a stoope
'Cause look we get chalupa, 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 blizzards
Old ladies looking like damn they did it
'Cause 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 not's
Now every pocket on my clothing dawg, have knots
10, 20, 30, 40, 50 thousand, jack pot
Call my block gravel, it's mad rocks
I'm 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
Y'all sasquatch, put it on your laptop
Yo, not a door but yes sir, it's pad locked
We counting money, yo doggie, we counting money
Yo shit, ain't even funny but look at we counting money
Yo, stupid up on the stoope, the game is in a stoope

'Cause look we get chalupa, cha, cha, cha, cha, cha, chalupa love
Yo, we do the interstate, baby, we're the state patrol
With 50 pounds and I ain't talking 'bout an 8 year old
It can take a toll, hope that you make parole
Play your role, the heat is so hot it can make you cold
And they say I'm a son of a bitch
Why? 'Cause I be with your son and your bitch
You don't deserve her, your fair, we won't hurt her
We taught her to be a squirter, your son 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 bertha
Once a week they might server her, with dick they gon' serve her
Now she whining like a baby, yo, maybe we'll get her gerber
Smack her on her ass, warm milk, then we burp her
Yeah, we left her nurtured but we'll earth her, before we chirp her
You'll be a punching bag, fam, we'll put our beats on her
Or the Klu Klux, yeah, white sheet on her
Or Miami jersey, put the heat on her
Or a door mat, I'm gone put my feet on her
Creep on 'em, leap on 'em, yeah, I park the jeep on 'em
Americas most wanted, with no warrant
We counting money, yo doggie, we counting money
Yo shit, ain't even funny but look at we counting money
Yo, stupid up on the stoope, the game is in a stoope
'Cause look we get chalupa, cha, cha, cha, cha, cha, chalupa love

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