

Touch It Or Not

Cam'ron

Killa, dipset, Lil' Weezy, cash money,
Yo ma, let me holla, lets do this uh, Ma, I been huggin' the block (huggin' the block)
That's right, hustling rocks (hustling rocks)
I know I been puffin a lot,
But I need to know ma, you gone touch it or not. My drink hard as a rubber rubber
You know what, tell that shit to anotha' sucka
I ain't no sucka mama, c'mon, F the drama
Pat, kiss it then, lil puckerama
I'm so active, you bein' so draftive
Got something for your face, not proactive
Imma pro at this, round the globe atlas
But I need to know ma, you gone touch it or not
Baby girl I'm in luv wit ya spot
Missionary back shots top it off, pop it off (pop it off)
I tell ya right now if my shit is soft (what)
Hey before and after, top it off
Come here ma, show ya how to rock a boss
Lick, suck, kiss, kiss, stop, cough,
Hop on, hop off, lollipop cough
I know its right but here comes the hot sauce. (killah!) Ma, I been huggin' the block (huggin' the block)
That's right, hustling rocks (hustling rocks)
I know I been puffin a lot,
But I need to know ma, you gone touch it or not. Looking light skin, mommy wit' tight slims,
Big butt, big breasts, I noticed that nice chin, (sturdy chin)
I approached her, slight rim, white tins,
Number you can type in, sexy on lightment
Ill just ask, ma, if we link we link,
You don't like nuttin, me nether,
What a coinidink (what a coincidence)
Miss jiggy, my piggy, pinky ming, pinky ring blingin' (ooh)
You gone touch it or not?
I ain't the type to diss you, kinda like the issue.
That?s the situation, bring wifey wit you. (Bring her)
Would you like a tissue, or a wet wipe?
Either one baby girl, 'cause ya touchin my spot
Its not a question now, it?s a guarantee,
They think I think I'm the shit, well apparently
But you won't hear words like marry me (what, marry me?)
The only thing you gone hear is touch it or not!! Ma, I been huggin' the block (huggin' the block)

That's right, hustling rocks (hustling rocks)
I know I been puffin a lot,
But I need to know ma, you gone touch it or not. I get head in the strangest places
Some nut same time, call it changin' faces
I tell the bitch we ain't tradin places,
So stand back and catch
My amazing graces
Taste ya savor it, vanilla ice cream she say oh my favorite
Do you know who you playin' wit'?
Wayne, chillin' like a scarecrow, lookin' for some brain
Drivin in the range uh, flyin' on the brain
Her head is crazy so she's insane
She know the game get in and get right
Every bitch in the industry wanna rock my mic
I'm hot like light,
I'm tough like Ike I don't F wit dog hoes
'cause them hoes might bite
Yeah, and then she follows
And in the back of my mind I hopin' she swallows

Songwriters

CARTER, DWAYNE / GILES, CAMERON Published by

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., DOWNTOWN MUSIC PUBLISHING LLC Song Discussions is
protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>