

# Coolie High (Qwest Remix)

## Camp Lo

You need to come inside and check Lo  
Relax yourself and let the sugar Lo flow  
Coolie High got you wide  
You need to come inside and check Lo  
Relax yourself and let the sugar Lo flow  
Coolie High keeps you wide  
You need to come inside and check Lo  
Relax yourself and let the sugar Lo flow  
Coolie got you wide  
You need to come inside and check Lo  
Relax yourself and let the sugar Lo flow Verse One: Its rainin alizay  
I'm floatin through the Holland tunnel swervin  
I'm diggin on the Sheeba  
Pullin Sheeba she be splergin  
We lurkin with the coon  
'cause we be murkin from the boogie  
And shittin on the crowds  
'cause they jive fakin woody Yeah..  
Tre shots of life for all night you dig it  
Camp-ah hotta pinata  
Too big quiver get hipper  
Spillin coffee inside my automo' Aldo  
Crackin satin and leather  
What's happenin bullet convincer  
Cash straight outta comic..  
Books catchin the flurry  
Keep your eye on the Lo  
Where Mr....'cause we comin wit hammers and drivers  
With the buddahs and rugars  
And shot cruisers and rovers  
Diamond crooks.. takin it over  
With razors and cutters  
With the sugar and butters  
Pimp the seasons in leathers  
We live for Coolie High treasures  
And..Check the queen bee Lady Ree diggin Grace  
Check the place 3 o clock shat no we ain't  
Fred and Cot bring it in the paint no such thing  
Blasts of dynamite sing my superfly to the..

Cleopatra in the casino with gold sugar  
 Dig my harlequinn  
 And drench you with my diner garments From Beva to Bevro in the Montaro slidin to Dero  
 With bottles of Asti Spumanti to tranquilize my heaven  
 Count seven we gettin explicit shootin sugar to the shorties  
 Luchini to spare let me see you  
 Its losin the air  
 Word life Chorus: You need to come inside and check Lo  
 Relax yourself and let the sugar Lo flow  
 Coolie High got you wide  
 (repeat 3X) You need to come inside and check Lo  
 Relax yourself and let the sugar Lo flow Verse Two: Lo keeps the party live  
 The 80 proof is leakin got me screachin  
 Jersey Drive  
 We screamin 'cause we caliber is bring it  
 I'm layin in the purple rain until I see some action  
 We movin motionless.. continuos and that's happenin We got the bubbly pourin through me and Cleopatra's  
 casino  
 See back in Coolie High Jack and Jitterbugs and  
 Dolemite's outta site Anti-hatahs cats in the city  
 On the money takin the tri-state under sore savant  
 Billy Holidayin' the Foxy Browns with my Harlequinns  
 Penny he repellin reflected crystals is Hollywood don't pull the stars  
 'cause we lickin Cuban cigars.. and sippin Moe  
 Playin the jigga cotton  
 The figgas on the Lo and Lo  
 Blessin the dimes  
 Keepin my Camp is on the higher flow  
 Livin the crimes hittin them slide  
 For the see-note Yo..  
 President city  
 Pourin right on the JJs and Sautee  
 Cab Calloway in the last of the finest Shot Sirus  
 Christ is comin lower  
 with Jiggas less to zero that  
 Sex the Lo  
 Dice the Lo  
 Ill tell you what  
 On the night vision decision underneath the silver moon  
 Boy from company see A day sugar love Chief be for stonin  
 Robbin chero be for midnight  
 The safety's off the toaster  
 And my shadow's by the moonlight  
 'cause Data's on the levels and the Lo is on the EQ  
 My stamina is sugar

And its love love forever y'allChorusOutro:

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Camp Lo-ah (x27)

Songwriters

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