

Coolie High (Red Handed's Tapemaster 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:

Camp Lo-ah (x27)

Songwriters

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