Whatever

Cam'ron

I'm in a whip tail smashin' it
Mase wen't to church, set down, imagine it
Who me? Devil's advocate shit
Tell a tail to cry, just so you could fail to lie
Me, un, suge, Pac would go to jail and die for this
Fuck school, a and e murder major, huh flavors, uh
Listen to the coach you heard the players got schemin' targets
Philly hoes boost clothes from out of Newman Marcus
Real hot, while your flashin' out, Gucci jean suit
Jacket foult, oh yeah, matchin' belt, uh, she so independent
But I slapped her, why? 'Cause I ain't slapped a ho in a minute
I'm low, low, low in a range ROV tinted
Same fo frontin', be the same fo who'll get it
Uh, and we big cats, jig cats, click triggas
Pig nigga, bring the hook in 6 figures
For my cats with the ice, who don't need no wife
We gettin' head tonight, whatever
To all my honeys that stall, give a dummy a call
Get his money and ball, whatever
Cats don't mess with y'all, 'cause y'all are dummies
Cats fuck with me 'cause I tell, "Let's get money?
Get it, get a Benz, come through on 20's
Me and Jim jones, stay fighting 2 on 20
Fuck it, the hoods scary and all my whips they should vary
You cheap niggaz still shopping up up in Woodbury
I'm 5th Westwood, Carlotafella
Sarachuf, Paragamo, John Galiano
And my girls they be blessin' me first
Took 'em out of foot locker and that referee shirt
And I put that on the death of me first, test me, an'll squirt
Best be alert, 'cause yo sexy could hurt
Uh, cause one thing I can't stand is a pussy chick
I need a here ma, goof this in your pussy chick
All these sleazes trying to be my Hillary, Winnie or wheezy
Ladies take it easy

To all my cats in the club, who be dead at the bar
We gettin' head in the car, whatever
To all my women whippin' a jeep, getting it sweet

Have 'em lickin' your feet,whatever
Yo, yo, let's stab 'em, let's stick 'em let's get 'em, get all of his spinach
Grab 'em, and flip 'em, while killa get all of the women
Bacardi in lemon, Ferri at lemon, party in Lennon
Sorry I'm limbin', I'm just fronin' y'all; ya tittes
I'll touch 'em, I'll kiss 'em, I'll hug 'em, I'll suck 'em
If I'm with a chick, most likely I'm trying to fuck 'em
Not tryin' cuff 'em, tryin' a duck 'em, lyin' I love 'em
Have with a pie in they're oven
Shit, to me, y'all a dime a dozen
No time for buzzin', beat it, go find a husband
Shit, that'll trick on you, buy you a ton of clothes
I'm at the tunnel, they let in 500 hoes
I'm at the bar, see shorty is bent
My ratio up in here, fucked 40 percent
Shit, drink is sour, armaretta, yo
Ya Whatever, forever, but won't stop my chedda
For all my cats with the ice, who don't need no wife
We gettin' head tonight, whatever
To my honey's that stall, give a dummy a call
Get his money and ball, whatever
To all my cats in the club, who be dead at the bar
We gettin' head in the car, whatever
To all my women whippin' a jeep
Getting it sweet, have 'em lickin' ya feet, whatever
And I don't care how bad no chick is
I ain't lickin' nobody's feet, whatever
Killa,whatever

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