

Hey Lady (Radio Edit)

Cam'ron

Killer, Jim Jones
My man DJ Nasty in the house tonight
[Incomprehensible], do it, Ma(Hey lady)
I know you heard me in British rob
But I get you bracelets till ya wrist is throbbled
Just kissed the nob
And put your meat on my stick like a shish-ka-bob(Hey lady)
Out mingalin', heard that I blingy-bling
But I run the circus like ring-a-ling
I'm the king of things, and your man, he a homo
Like jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling(Lady)
That's life, hit 'em with the pow-ping
Pow, pow, 45 loud thing
Look wild thing, I do wild things
Make China stretch like Yoa Ming(Hey lady)
Ching chong like a higher Chow Main
I buy lango ma, I don't need a nickel, naw
Oh, you tickled, Ma? 'Cause your nipples, huh
Commin' through your shirt, nearly ripped your bra(Hey lady)
I see the hate in your eyes, damn them boys is too fly's
The way we roll up, rims all swoll up, ice all froze up, sing
(Hey)
And while you're actin' surprised, like we dough sellin' pies
They way we hold up, Papi, hole up, Mami, roll up, sing(Hey lady)
I know a school in work
But you need to schooled in work
Put my two to work, I feelin' your shoes, your purse
You get low on dough, the few the first(Hey lady)
I don't need you high like I'm high
But shit, I need you fly like I'm fly
Fresh, Louis Vuitton ankle
Pastel, Louis Vuitton rainbow(Hey lady)
Threw on the Kango, threw on Durango's
Not from the 'nati, but through on the Bengals
Moved on an angle, like a baler matador
The two gon' tango(Hey lady)
Shake your body, Mami, move your body, hottie
It's true on kamikaze, I'm movin' a Maserati
They all polly polly, voo, boy, dolly dolly

I don't talk like the swolly, Mami(Hey lady)
I see the hate in your eyes, damn them boys is too fly's
The way we roll up, rims all swoll up, ice all froze up, sing
(Hey)
And while you're actin' surprised, like we dough sellin' pies
They way we hold up, Papi, hole up, Mami, roll up, sing(Hey lady)
Lady, dry your panties
Damn, she wanna right her family
Tell 'em Nad, I'm a dyper dandy
And I got all type of candy What's that? Victoria Secret
Here's Lapearla, come, peep it
This lingerie that you could honor A
Wonder woman, woo, wee, go on play Like Cam' watch, like Cam' ring
Like Cam' chain, like Cam' bling
Heard Cam' sing, if a damn fling
Goddamn mam', not a damn thing(Hey lady)
I see the hate in your eyes, damn them boys is too fly's
The way we roll up, rims all swoll up, ice all froze up, sing
(Hey lady)
And while you're actin' surprised, like we dough sellin' pies
They way we hold up, Papi, hole up, Mami, roll up, sing(Hey)

Songwriters

TROUTMAN/TROUTMAN/GILES/JILES/BABB/VISOSKY Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., DOWNTOWN MUSIC
PUBLISHING LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>