

Coolie High (Paradise 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 Harlequinn
 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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