# Shanghai

## Cam'ron

Shut the fuck up punk
Give me that shit
You feel sorry for who
Gave you head before I stormed in
Muthafucka, any problem yo I want in
I'm here to win
Every mornin'
I'm yawnin'
While ya'll are boardin'
The store and showin' that you're fake bringin' some corn in
Meat, rice, and poultry
We all know how you get your money
Don't insult me
Shut up
For me not steppin'
You can fault me
Yeah, I chill
But we are about to split this muthafucka
Like Sugar Hill
See your man
He thinks he's wise
Tell him chill
He ain't the only one with chinky eyes
Yo, I'm related to him
And I'll put eight through him
When I skate though him
And my co-d
I don't think you know is take to him
And before it's over
I'll have this whole fuckin' store with that smoke aroma
And yo, your wife keeps twitchin'
Than we both can bone her
Real quick, real sick
Pull out dick
Then nigga go on and riff
I'll have this whole fuckin' clip
On some raw dog shit
Close that gate
It's time to negotiate

Now your store really could fulfill my needs
Got now and later seeds
Nigga's need dungarees
We in the middle of Harlem
What we need for them ski's
That's the cover-up nigga
For the weed, guns, and keys
But ya'll is gettin' live though
I ain't gonna cry yo
I just wanna get paid off, nigga
Like five-0
In America the product is coke and weed
In China, the product is dope and speed
The Columbians got the coca leaves
But in Harlem, niggas like to Plot and Scheme
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Now your store grose
A mil' a week
And my nigga's on the block
Yo, we feel is sweet
But we been livin' here forever
Can you feel our beat
So give us half
Or I guarantee baby
You gonna feel the heat
And I'm a little bit high
Save a little and you die
Send a blizzard through your store
In the middle of July
So if you wanna chat
We can
If you wanna scrap
We can
But I feel like Jackie Chan
Exactly man
Kong Fu
Murder thoughts like John Woo
I'm here for Bi
Not to con you
Now it's a done deal yo
There ain't no bluffin' kid
And tell your wife don't move

I know where that button is
Yo, I would hate to have to bust her
That's petty black
Matter of fact get out the way
I know where that maschetti at
Give me that
Blamm
That's when the chink goes flip
Then grabs me like Spock
On some Bruce Lee shit
And his wife had a grenade
That's when my nigga's sprayed
And in a puddle of blood
Is where that bitch laid
But this ain't have to happen yo
Man you see the weed for real
Nigga let me go
Back up off me
Damn that was a close one
Next time, your ass gonna play Bruce son
That's Word to mutha
You don't know how deep we are
Give them them tapes
Ya'll got VCR's
Yeah, three of 'em
But back to the topic
My deal to the floor
In a week
I can bring about 10 thou to the store
Yeah, I know I know I know
That's not near to what your crew had
But we doin' this together
Nigga that's too bad
Now here's the deal either take it or leave it
Cause see these guns
We can take it or squeeze it
Now everything is set up
Right?
I got some girls that will be here sometime tonight
You know me-ya, the nigga wit China white
They got some shit that will fuck around and blind your sight
They kind of tight
Now if I here things behind the hype
I'll put a contract on your life
And you sign it right

The first day
So have my money Thursday
Cause I don't want to have to see your ass nigga on herse day
In the worst way
In America the product is coke and weed
In China, the product is dope and speed
The Columbians got the coca leaves
But in Harlem, niggas like to Plot and Scheme

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