Popular Demand (Popeye's) (Feat. Cam'ron)

Clipse

Mami you miss me don't you?
Haters wish you? could hit me don't you?
Heh, you should call me uncle
I understand I'm back by popular demand
That new C-L fly
Outside of Popeye's eating chicken and fries
Yeah come holla at ya uncle
I understand I'm back by popular demandYou are now listening to The All-Time Phenomenal
Used to bag work in V.A. at the Econo Lo'
Now I'm laying out at the Delano though
But don't get it twisted the Uzi's in the lining though
Hollow tip dum-dums eat flesh like piranhas though
Such a scary thing to hear the soul sing Geronimo
Pull up in the C-L the shit's astronomical
Hoes lining up on the curb they fall like dominoes
Used to have this white bitch she looked like Madonna though
Heard that she fucking LeBron, but shit I don't know
Like that Bron-Bron? I had that long time ago
Butt-naked on the balcony at the Dolla-no
I mean the Delano I mean Pharrell'll know
The hair shop bitch from D.C. hey P let 'em know! (Yeah that bitch was hot)
Yeah yeah but it was time to go
Them hoes come in eenie, meanie, miny-moe! Yugch!Mami you miss me don't you?
Haters wish you could hit me don't you?
Heh, You should call me uncle
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Yeah come holla at ya uncle
I understand I'm back by popular demandWhy wouldn't I be? Look at shorty
Damn! Mami good down to the cuticles
I'm Cam! What's your name Beautiful
Like man! I could get used to you
Or the ram! if you knew what I used to do
But call me Uncle yeah Uncle Cam
I tax 'em. (Like who?) Like Uncle Sam
From the jungle fam where niggas bundle gram
From below you tumble get merked on the humble
And the gat on the belt on the hip

And I keep a Pharrell with the Clipse
Drive a hard bargain (bargain), I'm Harlem's only Gagarin
Car foreign, the other man stood-stood stutter-fied
I know ya moms well, tell ya mother Hi.
I'm the other guy that got ya mother high
Coke like a caterpillar I make butter-fly (Mami you miss me don't you?)Haters wish you could hit me don't you?
Heh, You should call me uncle
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Yeah come holla at ya uncle
I understand I'm back by popular demandGoddamn the boy's back
For pushing a mountain of snow caps to avoiding the Kojak
The pioneer of the coke rap
I'm dancing with the stars stepping on blow doing the toe-tap
The dope return like I had it on Lo-Jack
It made its way home like a road map I fathered this
If I mislead any kid that's fatherless
That burden's on my soul as long I exist
Generation lost they saying they can't reach us
The answer is the Lord like Saturday Night Fever
I kept in the crib it made me a light sleeper
Whether watching for the Feds or avoiding the Grim Reaper.
Way deeper than rap money and hoes, it's deeper than that
Fight the temptation but it keep coming back
Money stacked to the ceiling just as quick as it dispense
Who knew them commas meant you could lose your common sense?
Before it's too late all I can tell 'em is repent unh! (Mami you miss me don't you?)Haters wish you could hit me don't you?
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Yeah come holla at ya uncle
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Songwriters
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