

# Oh Boy (feat. Juelz Santana)

Cam'ron

Just Blaze! (Oh Baby) oh baby, uh, killaAll the girls see the (Boy) look at his kicks (Boy)  
Look at his car (Boy) all I say is (Oh Boy)  
Look mami I'm no good I'm so hood  
Clap at your soldiers sober then leave after it's over  
Killa, I'm not your companion, or your man stand-in  
Hit me when you wanna get rammed in, I'll be scramblin  
With lots of mobsters, shop for lobsters  
Cops and robbers, listen every block is blaka (BLAKA!)  
But she like the way I diddy bop, you peeped that?  
Mink on, Mauri kicks plus Chanel ski hat  
She want the (Boy) so I give her the (Boy)  
Now she screamin' out (Boy, Boy, Boy, Boy)  
Now she playin' with herself, Cam dig it out lift her up  
Ma it's just a fuck girl get it out pick on up  
They want the boy, Montana with guns with bandanas  
Listen to my homeboy SantanaY'all niggas can't fuck with the (Boy) I'm tellin' ya (Boy)  
Put a shell in ya (Boy) now he bleedin' (Oh Boy)  
Get him, call his (Boy) he wheezin' he need his (Boy)  
He screamin' (Boy, Boy, Boy, Boy)  
Damn shut up (Boy) he's snitchin' (Oh Boy)  
This nigga's bitchin (Boy) he's twistin' (Oh Boy)  
If feds was listenin' (Boy) damn, whoa, damn  
I'm in trouble need bail money, shit  
Where the fuck is my (Boy) I got trust for my (Boy)  
That's why I buck with my (Boy) that's my nigga (Oh Boy)  
He gon' come get his (Boy) he got love for his (Boy)  
That's my (Boy, Boy, Boy, Boy)When he got caught with the (Boy) we went to court for the (Boy)  
Just me and my (Boy) and we sayin' (Oh Boy)  
Be on the block with my (Boy) with the Roc fella (Boy)  
When the cops come, Squalie!  
Yeah this is for the sports cars, Bonita's, Jimmy's  
PJ's, old school, eighteenth at the sports bar  
Eight or nine on the (Boy) holla at your boy  
Killa holla listen  
It's the D-I-P (Boy) plus the R-O-C (Boy)  
You'll be D-O-A (Boy) your moms will say (Oh Boy)  
Shit, ain't no stoppin' 'em, guns we got a lot of 'em  
Shit, matter of fact, Guru start poppin' 'em  
Then slap up his (Boy) clap up his (Boy)

Wrap up his (Boy) get them gats (Oh Boy)  
Diplomats are them (Boy) for the girls and the (Boy)  
Say (Boy, Boy, Boy, Boy) Now when they see Cam and his (Boy) they say damn (Oh Boy)  
Santana's that (Boy) that squeeze hammers (Oh Boy)  
Canons and bandanas blammers we don't brandish  
Blam at your man's canvas then scam with your man's leaded  
And I'm back with my (Boy) Until that man is vanished  
Away in the Grand Canyon these kids are grand standin'  
Niggas demand ransom over them grams scramblin' (Boy, Boy, Boy, Boy)  
Well fuck it, Van Damme 'em, Cam'll blam blam 'em  
Call up his (Boy) I'm down south tannin (Oh Boy)  
Mami I got the remedy Tommy's I bet the enemy  
Hire me somebody but now my body your feelin' finicky  
Killa and Capo we chill in Morocco for reela  
We got doe chinchilla doe and fill with them hollows, huh  
It's the (Boy) I said it's the (Boy)  
I'm the (Boy, Boy, Boy, Boy) Killa

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