

Camay (Radio Edit)

Ghostface Killah

You know how we do! Yo, what's the deal Goldilocks?
Ain't nothing I'm just hibernating, love that watch
Pour me some Scotch and cold Courvoisier
No doubt, have a chair Boo lets get to pollying
Who you with? Me and Molly and some trick who's Yugoslavian
What fabric is that? It's only wool and Rayon
Lipstick crayon, fly Fahrenheit spray on
I'm getting tipsy, I hope she read cocks like a gypsy
And transporting bricks stealing many fifties
Fuck negotiating, is you with me is you waiting
Sweet as carrot cake, faking plus you don't eat turkey bacon
I don't get down like that, I don't get down neither
Cuban links skeezer, why you acting like a rap teaser
I'm like the jewelry exchange plus a range
Nigga you small change I only fuck for figaro chains
Analyzing Miss Clairol, Fendi down, mascara on
Assistant manager in Paragon Socializing, vibing with my eyes on Dot
She this book cover lady that be blowing up the spot
While my heart was racing, like the hands on the clock
I step live I think she see me putting out the pot
Peace Dot, I'm so happy to see you at the rendezvous
How's life today your hands are softer than Camay too
Your hairdo way more class than Halle Berry
Caught visions of me and you riding on the ferry
Plus your daughter Kiki talk to my man Merry
I order me a Sex on the Beach with the cherry
I order her a Vermidi on ice, sounds nice
She elegant, pretty eyes, glasses, intelligent
Whispered in my ear that she's celibate
Whispered back to her ear we don't have to go there
As I grab the hand set her politely in the chair
As we stopped to stare at one another
Black sister to brother
I'm thinking all the time how she could be my lover What's happening brown sugar? Say you look so good today
Ankle bracelet wrapped around your leg
Here have a seat, complimentary drinks is on me
Bartender, Chevalier Chateau at table three
Luxurious rings, eyes sparkling
What's your name sugar? Juanita Cash Hawkins

Your complexion gives a reflection of
Sometime a black woman just need to be loved
Quiet and shy, baby girl my gift got you high
Made you wanna hit me with the keys to that five?
Just joking baby, I have a sharp sense of humour
Wish I would've bumped into your frame a lot sooner
What's your physical degree, thirty one, thirty three
Half Hawaiian with a slight touch of Chinese
Seen you working at a law firm, on Fifth Avenue
Three blocks from the Gucci spot is where I trapped you
Yo, I'm all into older woman, who's happy living
Love kids and, keep all our business in the crib and
And not afraid to die with me the God on your side
We holding hands til death do us apart and then we slide
Earring in the left side of your nose love my combo
Should have left my Wis' a thousand times maybe tonight though
Yo you sexy motherfucker, damn what's the recipe?
You make a nigga wanna god damn!
Can you cook darling? At the stove you're evolving
Baked macaroni, turkey wings, a nigga starving
Here take my number let me pull the chair from under
I had fun plus your backyard speak with thunder

Songwriters

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