Boy Boy

Cam'ron

[Intro: Cam'ron]Just blaze (Oh Baby) oh baby, uh, killa
[Verse 1: Cam'ron]All the girls see the (Boy) look at his kicks (Boy)
Look at this 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 standin
Hit me when you wanna get rammed in, I'll be scramblin
With lot's of mobsters shop for lobsters
Cops and robbers listen every block is blocka (Blocka!!!)
But she like the way I diddy bop you peeped that
Mink on maury kicks plus chanel ski hat
She wan't 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 wan't the boy Montana with guns with bandanas
Listen to my homeboy Santana
[Verse 2: Juelz Santana]Y'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 weezin he need his (Boy)
He screamin (Boy, Boy, Boy, Boy)
Damn shut up (Boy) he's snitchin (Oh Boy)
This niggas 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 for my (Boy) that's my nigga (Oh Boy)
He 'gone get his (Boy) he got love for his (Boy)
That's my (Boy, Boy, Boy, Boy)
[Verse 3: Cam'ron]
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.....squalin!!!!
Yeah this is for the sports cars, Benitas, 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 alot of 'em
Matter fact guroos 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)
[Verse 4: Juelz Santana]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 glammers we don't brandish
Blam at your man's canvas then scram with your man's leaded
And I'm back with my (Boy)
[Cam'ron]Until that man is vanished away in the Grand Canyon
These kids are grand standin
niggas demand randsome over them grands scramblin (Boy, Boy, Boy, Boy)
Well fuck it Van Dam 'em Cam a blam blam 'em
Call up his (Boy) I'm down south tannin
Mami I got the remedy Tommy's I bet the enemy
Hire me somebody but now my body your feelin like fanicky
Killa and Coppa we chill in Morocco for reela
We got what you chill it though and fill with them holla's, huh
It's the (Boy) I said it's the (Boy)
I'm the (Boy, Boy, Boy, Boy) Killa....

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