

Kilo (ft. Clipse & Cam'ron)

Fat Joe

All around the world today the kilo is a measure

A kilo is a thousand grams easy to remember

A kilo is a thousand but did you remember

Once you touch a kilogram that weight ll make music K.I.L.O THE KING sayin' hello from my suga hill ray

Nathan he's Romelo

I plays it like a cello I pull them strings to make them scales teeter totter like

Balance beams its everything it seems the guns and the glamor the re-compressed birds

Booked down wit sledge hammers Smile candid cameras goddess in zoom lenses unclaimed taxes sittin' in new benzes

Champagne drenches the loafers the bosses lord forgive me there's blood diamonds in

These crosses suffered major losses then repeat the past. Guess I never learned a hard

Head makes a soft ass Yup and soft white makes for hard cash and continental gt's with a soft rag like soft batch

Cookies out the oven getting 13 at a time now that's a bakers dozen All around the world today the kilo is a measure

A kilo is a thousand grams easy to remember

A kilo is a thousand but did you remember

Once you touch a kilogram that weight ll make music Ayo There's blood on the cocaine a scene that is psycho dope so pure feigns cling to the

Light pole. Wet purer than holy water your wife know that she ain't gotta fly to Columbia

For that lipo (Darkside) Cut keys like a locksmith blasphemy but it feels like its gods gift

One sniff'll have you kneel down and praise me nodding out holding onto your babies.

A new conec means a few more dreams now watch a nigga flood the streets like

New Orleans blow like trumpets snorting on the second line fuckin' with that white bitch'll

Have you on the borderline penthouse in the city got the scenic view and maybe you can

Fuck Madonna like you pee in a shoe. snowcaps dripping off rock mountains its crack in

Wonderland Got coke dripping out the fountain. All around the world today the kilo is a measure

A kilo is a thousand grams easy to remember

A kilo is a thousand but did you remember

Once you touch a kilogram that weight ll make music I said a Kilo is a thousand grams but can you remember check my agenda snow like

December coke I'm a emperor go head and taste it numb up your dentures movin' in rectas

Obvious intra no I wont serve you don't mean to offend ya.

Round table glass up all hail us toast to life money told me will fail us we prevail from the

Corner now now tell us they got what they don't wanna let them sell us me I cook coke

Cook coke no faction but damn you look broke. Know my pedigree ready is what you

Better be gotta beef put two holes in yo ass like the letter b my parameter homie is where you

Need to be

Gambler? Nah janitor I keep the keys.

Songwriters

THORNTON, TERRENCE / THORNTON JR, GENE / UNKNOWN, WRITERS
Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>