

# Cam'ron, Bum Bum

[Woman: singing]

You tink all a bum bum  
Yuh know dis to all Jamaicans  
Yuh nuh live in Solomon fashion, ya know  
Tell me seh one ting Nancy can't understand  
A one ting Nancy can't understand  
Wha make dem a talk 'bout me ambitions  
So I make who dem a talk 'bout me ambitions  
Cau' me seh some of dem a ask me where me get it from  
Ta some of dem a ask me where me get it from  
I told dem &quot;nuh know&quot; it's fun creation  
I told dem &quot;nuh know&quot; it's a fun creation  
Bum Bum ay you  
Me want ta Bum Bum  
Bum Bum Bilam, Bum Bum  
Bum Bum Bilam, Bum Bum ay  
Me want ta Bum Bum  
Ta want yah Bum Bum

[Verse 1: Cam'ron]

Yo, who wanna rump with' us, bump with' us, guns a buss  
It's fun to us, run to us, pump, jump, come, yuh tough  
I'm a loco head, that leave you so so dead  
Black Caddy, beef patty for that coco bread  
Waddup Leon, Tito, Kurt, Coco Dread  
Fuck Robocop, we fill 'em up with robo-lead  
Gal need advice, told her we can eat a bite  
Ate the oxtails, you can keep the rice  
You should be polite, I told her that she need a life  
I'm not a cop but trust, I can read ya right  
What's yo' story, Gator told Maury  
You stay gettin' dug out, Joe Torry  
This beat here remind me of Flatbush  
Rube bwoy act up, blat, get his cap pushed  
So, Naffa gang, Kuffa Gang, cool for gain  
Ay stop it mane, stupid chain, move again

[Hook: Woman - singing]

Bum Bum ay you  
Me want ta Bum Bum  
Bum Bum Bilam, Bum Bum  
Bum Bum Bilam, Bum Bum ay  
Me want ta Bum Bum  
Bum Bum Bilam, Bum Bum  
Bum Bum Bilam, Bum Bum ay  
Me want ta Bum Bum

[Verse 2: Penz]

I'm a relax with the haze in back of the stage  
And shit I smoke the same color as Saint Patrick's Parade  
Yeah, keep a Mac and a gauge packin', attackin' with' rage  
Stackin' and mackin' until they put my ass back in the cave  
I'm actually brave, this beats easy to cook  
I'm on my Peter Pan shit, I don't need me a Hook  
Got 100 of bars, spittin', I done it with stars  
You ain't gotta take my shirt off to see none of my scars  
I was locked down, 500 Pearl Street  
Look now, Nextel, 500 girls deep  
And ya girl a freak cause the kid handle green  
But she wax, shorty breath smell like tangerines  
F defense, homeboy handle me  
4-5th'll have ya ass shakin' like a tambourine  
Where is son from, all I need is one gun  
Prospect, Penz, Dipset with the Bum Bum

[Hook: Woman - singing]

Bum Bum ay you  
Me want ta Bum Bum

Bum Bum Bilam, Bum Bum  
Bum Bum Bilam, Bum Bum ay  
Me want ta Bum Bum  
Bum Bum Bilam, Bum Bum  
Bum Bum Bilam, Bum Bum ay  
Me want ta Bum Bum, ay you  
[Woman: singing]  
Tell me seh want ta Bum Bum  
THIS WOMAN  
I never trouble, no  
I'm a lady, I'm not a man  
MC is my ambition  
I come fi nice up Jamaicans  
So Bum Bum  
Seh want ta Bum Bum  
Bum Bum Bilam, Bum Bum  
Bum Bum Bilam, Bum Bum ay you  
Tell me seh one ting Nancy can't understand