

Cam'ron, Cha Ching

[Cam'ron:]

Excuse me

Do you take a Afro-American card

What's that? black card homie (Ruger)

[Hook: Cam'ron]

Cha-ching cha-ching, cha-ching cha-ching

Cha-ching cha-ching, cha-ching cha-ching

Cha-ching cha-ching, cha-ching cha-ching

Cha-ching cha-ching, cha-ching cha-ching

[Verse 1: Cam'ron & {Hell Rell}]

(You got change for a billion)

What's that, that's the Lear nigga, leaving outta Teterborough

Dipset beats Okero

But it's bombs away, do things the monster way

We'll take your beauty queen, snatch ya little John Brenae

For that cha-ching cha-ching, cha-ching cha-ching

Ransom, Mel Gibson

{Yeah, welcome to Hell's kitchen

I got one stove, 2 pots, 4 workers, 2 blocks

After this I'm buying us all new drops

That's right, cha-ching cha-ching

Let's go, bling for bling

Pay homage to the chain nigga, kiss the ring

Damn, we got 'em teary-eyed and heart-broken

The Porsche tires burn the rubber, yeah the cars smokin'}

Man, lean fast, peel the whip

What dealership you dealing with

Potangrams, damn, we nothin' you familiar with

More killin', killin', what's poppin' 5, the tools out

They 550, 212, G-mack, pull out

Leave 'em layin', stinkin'

That's the way I'm thinkin'

New York hustlers love me, like I'm David Binkins

{That's right cha-ching cha-ching

That's my pockets talking

Naw, my stomach talking

Nigga, we run New York and

I'm your favorite boxer, favorites blossom

Black Aston Martin, but I made it darker

Add on some extra pink, I get extra hate

Know how I deal with' it, I move extra weight}

[Hook: Cam'ron]

Cha-ching cha ching (We the treasurers)

Cha-ching, cha-ching (More cash registers)

Cha-ching cha-ching, cha-ching cha-ching

Cha-ching cha-ching, cha-ching cha-ching

[Verse 2: Cam'ron & {Hell Rell}]

{Oh yeah, pardon me brother, I'm hard in the gutter

Plus I'm packin' all the toast, but you hoggin' the butter

Oh yeah, pardon me sister, I slept with her sister

And the pussy wasn't all that, I left and I ditched her, stupid

That's right, cha-ching cha-ching, spending all them 100s

You can be my go-get-man

Go get my dutches, go get my luggage, roll it and puff it

In that big ass house, I ain't written, I own and I love it}

Cash, green, rocks, blue

Not him, I'm not you

The 550, 100 thou, fuck it cop two

Flattery, battery actually bread

Only Charger that I cop is when my battery dead

It had to be said, gunshots, that'll be lead for ya ass

Funeral beef, that'll be dead

They love 'em, I can read ya palm, baby don't be alarmed

Fuck Vietnam, Dipset, we the bomb

Killa

[Hook: Cam'ron]

Cha-ching cha ching (We the treasurers)

Cha-ching, cha-ching (More cash registers)

Cha-ching cha-ching, cha-ching cha-ching

Cha-ching cha-ching, cha-ching cha-ching

[Verse 3: Cam'ron & (Hell Rell)]

For my grandmother, cop some rollies

Y'all cannot control me

You gettin' gwop, good I'm gettin' guacamole

I'm the hockey goalie, y'all action foagies

Wanna treat me like Billie Joel, rock and roll me

Cause I'm icy ma, Nikes are pricy pa

They like me, I'm hyphy, what you in, wifey car

That's a R-Class, that car trash

Ain't a quarter million you can kiss our ass

(Nigga, this is Ruger Rell, I make the hardest music

I move that crack, PCP, embalming fluid

Ratchet right here, yeah I know how to use it

Know what I do when I use it

Bring in that funeral music

Ruger)

[Hook: Cam'ron]

Cha-ching cha ching (We the treasurers)

Cha-ching, cha-ching (More cash registers)

Cha-ching cha-ching, cha-ching cha-ching

Cha-ching cha-ching, cha-ching cha-ching