

Cam'Ron ft. Hell Rell, Black Cards

[Cam'ron:]

Excuse me

Do you take a Afro-American card

What's that? black card homie

[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

[Cam'ron:]

(You got change for a billion)

What's that, that's the Lear nigga, leaving outta Tito borough

Dipset beats Okero

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

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

But that cha-ching cha-ching, cha-ching cha-ching

Ransom, Mel Gibson

[Hell Rell:]

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'

[Cam'ron:]

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, pool out

Leave 'em layin', stinkin'

That's the way I'm thinkin'

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

[Hell Rell:]

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 wit' 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

[Hell Rell:]

Ma you still buyin minutes

Let me get you a real phone

Nextel and all that

Now boost pardon me brotha

I'm heart in the gutta

Plus im packin all the toast, but you hoggin the butter

Oh yeah, pardon me sister, i slept with your sister

And the pussy wasn't all that, i left and i dissed her stupid!

Thats right, cha-ching,cha-ching spendin all them hundreds

You can be my go get man

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

In that big ass house, i ain't rentin i own it, i love it

[Cam'ron:]

This for my grandma ya'll can not control me

Ya'll getting gwap? good im gettin guacamole
I'm the hockey goaly (ice), ya'll axel foley (cops)
Want to treat me like billy joel, rock and roll me
Cause im icy ma, like you's a pricey car
They like me im hiefy, what you in wifeys car (thats a station wagon)
Nah i'll pass, that car trash
Aint a quater-million, you can kiss our ass (our ass)

[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

[Cam'ron:]

Cash green, rocks blue
Not him, im not you
The 550 hundred thou, fuck it cop two
Flattery battery acutally bread
Only charger that im copin when my batterys dead
Acutally said gun shots that'll be lead, for yo ass
Funeral beef, that'll be dead they love them
I can read your palms, like baby don't be alarmed shhh
Vietnam, dipset we the bomb

[Hell Rell:]

This is Ruger Rell, I make the hardest music
I move that PCP, embalming fluid
Ratchet right here, yeah i know how to use it
Know what I do when I use it, bringin 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