

# Cam'ron, Oh Boy (Remix)

Intro: Cam'ron

Just blaze (Oh Baby) oh baby, uh, killa heyyyyyyyyyyyyyy

This is Gayyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy

Gayy?

Heyy

Green Bayyy?

Green Hayy?

Gayy Bayy?

Heyyyyyyyyyyyyyy

Verse 1: Cam'ron

All the girls see the (hey) look at his kicks (hey)

Look at his car (hey) all I say is (hey)

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 want the (Boy) so I give her the (Boy)

Now she screamin' out (heyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy)

Now she playin' with herself Cam dig it out lift her up

Ma it's just a fuck girl get it out pick one up

They want 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 nigga's 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 with my (Boy) that's my nigga (Oh Boy)

He 'gon come get his (Boy) he got love for his (Boy)

That's my (yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

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 gurus 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 (yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah)

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 somewhere in the Grand Canyon

These kids are grand standin'  
niggas demand ransom over them grands scramblin' (Boy, Boy, Boy, Boy)  
Well fuck it Van Damme 'em Cam a blam blam 'em  
Call up his (Boy) I'm down south tannin'  
Mami I got the remedy Tommys up at the enemy  
Hire me somebody but now my body you're feelin' fanicky  
Killa and Coppia we chill in Morocco for reela  
We got what you chill it though and fill with them hollows, heyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy  
It's the (Boy) I said it's the (Boy)  
I'm the (yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah) Killa....  
yeah holla heyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy gayyy?