

Cam'ron, Shanghai

[Cam'ron]

Shut the fuck up punk!

Give me that shit!

You feel sorry for who!!

Gave you head before I stormed in

Muthafucka, any problem yo I want in

I'm here to win

Every mornin

I'm yawnin

While ya'll are boardin

The store and showin that you're fake bringin some corn in

Meat, rice, and poultry

We all know how you get your money

Don't insult me

Shutup

For me not steppin

You can fault me

Yeah, I chill

But we are about to split this muthafucka

Like SugarHill

See your man

He thinks he's wise

Tell him chill

He ain't the only one with chinky eyes

Yo, I'm related to him

And I'll put eight through him

When I skate though him

And my co-d

I don't think you know is take to him

And before it's over

I'll have this whole fuckin store with that smoke aroma

And yo, your wife keeps twitchin

Than we both can bone her

Real quick, real sick

Pull out dick

Then nigga go on and riff

I'll have this whole fuckin clip

On some raw dog shit

Close that gate

It's time to negotiate

Now your store really could fulfill my needs

Got now and later seeds

Niggas need dungarees

We in the middle of Harlem

What we need for them ski's

That's the coverup nigga

For the weed, guns, and keys

But ya'll is gettin live though

I ain't gonna cry yo

I just wanna get paid off, nigga

Like five-0

[Chorus] [x2]

In America the product is coke and weed

In China, the product is dope and speed

The Columbians got the coca leaves

But in Harlem, niggas like to Plot and Scheme

[Cam'ron]

Now your store grose

A mil' a week

And my niggas on the block

Yo, we feel is sweet

But we been livin here forever
Can you feel our beat
So give us half
Or I guarantee baby
You gonna feel the heat
And I'm a little bit high
Save a little and you die
Send a blizzard through your store
In the middle of July
So if you wanna chat
We can
If you wanna scrap
We can
But I feel like Jackie Chan
Exactly man
Kong Fu
Murder thoughts like John Woo
I'm here for Bi
Not to con you
Now it's a done deal yo
There ain't no bluffin kid
And tell your wife don't move
I know where that button is
Yo, I would hate to have to bust her
That's petty black
Matter of fact get out the way
I know where that maschetti at
Give me that
Blamm!!!
That's when the chink goes flip
Then grabs me like Spock
On some Bruce Lee shit
And his wife had a grenade
That's when my niggas sprayed
And in a puddle of blood
Is where that bitch laid
But this ain't have to happen yo
Man you see the weed for real
Nigga let me go!
Back up off me!
Damn that was a close one
Next time, your ass gonna play Bruce son
That's Word to mutha!
You don't know how deep we are
Give them them tapes
Ya'll got VCR's
Yeah, three of 'em
But back to the topic
My deal to the floor
In a week
I can bring about 10 thou to the store
Yeah, I know I know I know
That's not near to what your crew had
But we doin this together
Nigga that's too bad
Now here's the deal either take it or leave it
Cause see these guns
We can take it or squeeze it
Now everything is set up
Right?
I got some girls that will be here sometime tonight
You know meya, the nigga wit China white
They got some shit that will fuck around and blind your sight
They kind of tight
Now if I here things behind the hype

I'll put a contract on your life
And you sign it right
The first day
So have my money Thursday
Cause I don't want to have to see your ass nigga on herse day
In the worst way

[Chorus]