

Cam'ron, White Girls

[Cam'Ron: Intro]

KILLA!

Lemme tell you about my wifey real quick.....

Had her wifed up.....that's what's in and shit ya dig?

[Cam'Ron: Verse 1]

Yo she took me out my stinkin' aces, to the pinkest bracelet

Basics to basics, no way you could think I'm racist

Got a white girl, tell you that she's quite thorough

Borough to borough, flew me through this white world (from what?)

From Columbia, then she moved to Canada

Now she live in Harlem, writing, you could say I manage her

Met her in '90, jayvel was the damager ??

I wasn't understanding her, that nigga was a fan of her

That was confusing her, he was abusing her

That wasn't new to her, bought me a Luger brah'

Of course of course, never had intercourse

Of course of course, without her wouldn't of been a boss

I would flip for my mama, got me getting my commas (get it?)

Paid for my 1st va-ca, a trip to Bahamas (YES!)

Swam in the ocean, I was dishin' pirannas

That's my girl girl, yup, so give her some honor

[HOOK]

POPPA HAD A DREAM

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OOOOOOH, YES HE DIIIIID

[Cam'Ron: Verse 2]

My pride and joy, I call her butter

When she bake a cake, we'll be lovers

She live with me right, I hide her from my mother

see she wouldn't understand I'm supplyin the gutta

I let my baby hang outside with the brothers

Come back, cake on the bed the size of the covers

Shot 5 with a sucka, another 5 with a trucker

Took a hit without paying, won't get a dime for my butter

That's my holy ma-momma, second only to 'ganja

But I did watch her, played Tony Montana

Here's a queeeeeelo, yep she'll be back

For them peso's, yep she'll be crack

Rocks so bright, money so right

I got 7 workers, she's Snow White

And you know the steez, I met the ocean breeze

Killa Cam hand to hand with Cocoa Leafs

AND, and it's.....IT'S THEM BOYS

WE GET DOUGH

ASK A FIEND

CAUSE THEY KNOW

AND, and.....DON'T BE SHY

WHERE TO LIE

YESSIRY

WE GET HIGH

FA'SHO, DIPSET.....LET'S RIDE

[HOOK X3]

[Cam'Ron: Verse 3]

KILLA!

McGoo said that the bird's the word

But the fur byrd gang flip bird's on curbs

And, it's ya homey thunny, I got a pony dummy
Phoney's clone me, calm down I'm only money
Like Prince Akee, you the servant semi
Living Martin's dream as I burn a hemi
Not concerned with many, got my girl here
When it come to money, shit I'm burning plenty

[HOOK]