

Camp Lo, Luchini A.K.A.

Intro:

This is it (What?!)

Luchini pourin' from the sky

Lets get rich (What?!)

The cheeky vines

The sugar dimes

Cant quit (What?!)

Now pop the cork and scream the vigor

And get lit (What?! What?! What?!)

Verse One:

Introducin' phantom of the dark

Walk through my heaven with levitation

From efficient

and these leathers showboatin with Rugars

Flash vines Belafonte vigor

Lets get for what it's worth

As we confiscate your figgas

Cassanova brown levitatin jiggy in dashikis

In la hotta Car 54 chasin diamond runners

Headin ice bound, where every chilla dime can get

Your Harlem buck strut freezin world hicc Hollywood

Madame Butterfly let me in your house of pleasure

From the knuckle swat shadowboxin catchin black-eye blues

I play the deaf (What?!)

Sensations at the Monte Barbie screamin (Cheeba!)

For fillin pleasures at my castles (Blow the smoke out!)

The boss of Vegas substitutes when the Dutch is gone

The Lo don't stop give me shouts

Its the season sauters

Souflers for swervin no corners

We magnets to moolah

Livin wit Charlie's Angels on us

No smilin were slidin

That gets you caught up in the octa

Or deaded for movin

Its just like that as we proceed

Saturday night special better take it lightly Ja-Jiyah

A happy time quest to the coast of Key Largo wire-ah

The chain gang keep your ears out for our years

Sippin' fountain root house of bamboo paradise

Chorus: repeat 2X

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And get lit (What?!)

(1st time) This is it (What?!)

(2nd time) (What?! What?!)

Verse Two:

For these feral herds of seas of black cheese that I can't missa

Silky Days, satin nights takin' flights down to Florence

We sensation spanish flyin with the lady Scarface

Bottoms up sunshine.. Love Potion Number 9

And we headin from the magic city, transcending sweet

Up on your aura, find 'chini in London

Relaxation in Bora Bora

Got notion to bring it... sing it

Love up in my function

Stonin... robbin

We hiestin merchandise and gunnin

Love it... leave it

But bless the war chief or his bison
Get it... got it
The Lo will forever be nicin
Yeah; the Sonny Cheeba he be sippin Armaretta
The Geechie Gracious he be sippin Armaretta
We float the tri-state drink in this satin vines
This Coolie High jack pack from the sugar shack
Then what we do after we sip the Armaretta
We start the Harlem River quiver
Dig it sweet daddy
Sharpen the crimson blade
High sierra serenade
Anatomy for seduction be this here
Jealousy...
Enter the place with grace
Jersey Armaretta the burstin of clouds
It pours.. everything seems better
Or flats with love we move
Only in the mist
Its Lo its life
And we can't get enough of this
Chorus: repeat 2X
This is it (What?!)
Luchini pourin' from the sky
Lets get rich (What?!)
The cheeky vines; the sugar dimes
Cant quit (What?!)
Now pop the cork and scream the vigor
And get lit (What?!)
(1st time) This is it (What?!)
(2nd time) This is it (What?!) (x2)
Outro:
Yeah
The Sonny Cheeba he be sippin Armaretta
The Geechy Gracious he be sippin Armaretta
The Joe King he be sippin Armaretta
The Chaquita Kid he be sippin Armaretta
We got high stakes for mine Kiwa Armaretta
And then my man Ill Will sip Armaretta
And then my man Cab in the tray sippin that
We slide through the Tri-State with the hi-hat
And then I float side-to-side in my Coolie High
And then I peep the sunset with this Spanish Fly
Yeah
And then I float down south with the Boogie Flats
And then I slide up in-between a ziggy
And all of that gibbs