

Cam'Ron ft. Jaheim, More Reasons

[Girl Talking]

Oh this is my [beep]
The reason that we here. (Shut the [beep] up.)
The reason that we here. ([beep] you can't sing.)
You shut the [beep] up, what can you do?
We been ridin in this car for 5 hours
What you gonna do?
(I'm gonna tell you a story)

[Verse 1: Cam'Ron]

Yo, uh, I rock baguettes with hoodies, it's like extra goodie
I couldn't break dance ya'll, or electric boogie
I was obsessed with Cookie, I wanna sex her cookie
She said forget her nookie, wipe my nose, go get them boogies
I gave Cookie nookies, with the girls, got known
This my two brim hat, call me Sherlock Holmes
Whole world got blown, so I tell hoes
Fuck Lee's and shell toes, Dekangaroos and Velcro
Timbaland, mocassins, dimes in them pennyloafers
A-Train, one bus, sure I had plenty soldiers
Uncle, plenty holsters, dolgers, soldiers, hostess
Not golfin' like golf, he had plenty gophers
Can't get paid, the earth is big
You worthless kid, Cam don't deserve to live
Back then I played for douchos, went over the riverside
Young life, turned left, we back over the riverside
Blood played for stone gem
That's when I told him and Jim
We ain't ballin for real, where's the stone gems?
Where's the chrome rims?
That's when you changing lanes
Here we change your lane, we'll gain a sprain
Change the game
And not namin' names
But 'caine fames like Damon Wayans
Connect for life is, the Tech kept us righteous
Cause yes expect the crisis, when it's connects and prices
I had to hustle harder, move up my mustle marger
Seen New Jack City, cop me a couple cars
And that's word to my father, send a bird to my father
Dove love, R.I.P. on his early departure
I'm just merely an author, but I'm purely a baller
Every Friday, across the street, and I creep with Ms. Parker

[Chorus: Jaheim]

Get the whips the kicks, and clothes
So we can get with the models
And hit the strip with the Dip, we're 'Set to blow
Now you know
All of the reasons why we chase the doe
Get the whips the kicks, and clothes
So we can get with the models
And hit the strip with the Dip, we're 'Set to blow
Now you know
All of the reasons why we chase the doe

[Verse 2: Cam'Ron]

Killa!
That nigga man, let me break it down real simple for ya'll
Listen, yo, and I'm very prestigious
You have various leases
All my pieces, painted them, cherry and peaches
Chics, Cherry and Peaches
They had cherry deheaters
If I want a toast, hustled up various reefer
Ithica, Ithica, hydro, why yo?
Haze on delivery, lives hoes, five fo

But kept the fo-five, for wise guys with eyes low
Pick me up from fo-five, CL-55, whoa!
Playin' Grand Theft Auto, they like Diablo
My crews' the triad, Zeke, Santana, Cop Co!
But they some slimmy sue
Can rock a Jimmy Choo shoe
Next day Valore sweatsuit, construction timmy boots
Don't be no guinea boo, you rock that Fendi you
You drinkin' Henney too
Coupe Calez, when he boo
And he skinny too, they had my favorite rum
Not a six-fo-five-fo, but made in jump
Shout, say say the funk, he keep the K in pump
He ain't never scared, never scared, raise the trunk
We'll just lay and dump, play the punk, spray the chump
The way they runnin I guess they could relate to them
[Chorus: Jaheim]
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So we can get with the models
And hit the strip with the Dip, we're 'Set to blow
Now you know
All of the reasons why we chase the doe