

Cam'Ron ft. JR Writer, Shake

Killa! Jones! Freaky! Santana! Come on!

Shake, shake, shake (uh!)

Shake, shake, shake (Uh!)

Shake, shake, shake (uh!)

[Verse 1 - Cam'Ron]

Yo, who wanna mess with me, or come mess with me

Be a mess to clean, call me Mr. Clean

The way I glitz and gleam, trigger team

Click the Beam, hit the fiend (?) on me

Lookin like I'm nicotine

But it's all for the green like Listerine

Had to diss the queen thinkin I'm gon' get her jeans

I ain't Ginuwine, ma, my mission's mean

All my nigga team fix the fix get the cream

I sit in Bahamas, with Alyssa Milano

Got the Crist' and the ghanga and its gettin un-karma

Comma, now she cryin she missin her mama

Just a steppin stone for me now I'm hittin Madonna

And she twistin the fauna as we sit in the sauna

Guess it's just my persona, got her kissin my condom

[Chorus]

We're the Dip, so cut the shit

Ma twist your hips and lick your lips

We're the Dip, so cut the shit

Ma twist your hips and lick your lips

[Bridge: Cam'Ron]

Ma you straight frontin', let's get the date jumpin

See your booty panties, ma shake something

Shake something, shake something

Shake-shake, shake shake something

[Verse 2: Cam'Ron]

And I got some girls, bout five or six

And a five and six, about five or six

I surprise the chick, that's when her eyes get lit

Let her drive the whip, see if she ride a stick

Who as live as this? My pool size is sick (sick)

But swim in my pants and dive for dick

They call me Moby, my pos-i-tive

Tell them free Willy if your thigs are thick

And your ass if fat and your head is right

And your dough is good, we can smash tonight

Right here in the car, ma, at the light

If you ask for cash, oh I'm mad for life

Kiss ass, you dyke, and I'm fast to fight

If you get mad, (??) grab a bite (what?)

Or I stab it light and we'll grab a bite

Is it crab you like? Lobster appetite

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

[Verse 3: JR Writer]

In front of the club, drops, coups and trucks

I'ma front in the club with a hundreds of studs

A gun and some bud through the metal detector

The metal detect ya, settle and wet 'cha

I don't mettle with extra, you fakes and clowns

I walk in and get out of the club safe and sound

Silencer, dog, how safe it sound?

I got apes and hounds, he just pace around

And I'll lace you down, but I'm lookin for

A Manahattan ho or a Brooklyn whore

A Bronx biatch that'll let me look and explore

Up front but beat around the bush for sure

'Til the tush is sore, hit it doggy style

Get it doggy style, you know you doin your style

I'ma mack or more and it's smash or more
A VIP up between the bathroom stalls
[Chorus]
[Bridge]