

# Cam'ron, Triple Up

(feat. 40 Cal.)

Dipset, Killa, Street's what it is

[Verse 1]

I done stopped and styled hummers, rock for wild summers  
The nerve in me, these courtesy of Crocodile Hunter (that's right)  
That mean the croke-adile, see ya'll niggaz chokin' now  
Know my style, you know I style, get money poster-child  
Crip, piece, I swear you should come over child  
Garage, Benz, Lambourgini, Rover fouls  
Red, blue, green like the average frog  
Don't be mad at dog, Ferrari out the catalogue  
Bracelet switched to Bangles, medallions shit just dangle  
Chain twist and tangle, you'll get ripped and mangled  
Hit from angels, I told you we equipped with angles  
Can't find you, your girl tape her wrists and ankles  
Show her the click clicker, better yet six figures  
Ask her where that nigga bitch, he a bitch nigga  
The big picture, get figures, my kicks glitter  
Get with her, in the basement longer than Big Tigger

[Hook]

Triple up, trey eight, four nickel tucked  
Get some weight on your ass, give them nickels up  
This is for my fly ice niggaz  
Kilo breast, Chicken wing, fried rice niggaz  
Quadruple up, triple five on me you stupid fuck  
Take your ass up the block doggy the stoop is us  
This is for my Benjamin bitches  
You don't need 'em, get money credit scam bitches

[Verse 2]

Ayo your clique is soft, my wrist is frost  
I just pick a Porsche, guns we strap 'em on, then we lick 'em off (pap pap pap pap)  
Got a sickenin' loft, you know how much the kitchen cost  
Your bitch and boss, get 'em crossed, best bet don't piss me off  
Listen horse a lot of niggaz I did endorse  
Or course makes me nauseous when they call the force  
Only force I call is the Holocaust  
Holla scholar, bodies drop when the dollars tossed (35 hundred)  
Hot stove, jelly jar, baking soda  
Hot water, mask, gloves, can't take the odor  
But I make the quota, hate cats that faking older  
Remember back in the days, man them days is over  
Know it might seem I'm sellin' ya'll a pipe dream  
Wolf tickets, nope been a legend since nineteen  
And that was in the late 1990's  
You late, homeboy I kept them 19's shiny  
Killa, easy

[Hook]

[Verse 3: 40 Cal.]

I came a long way from getting hanged by a white jury  
Look at my neck, all you see hang white jewelry  
I triple the chain, triple the wrist  
Dice game the same night I through triples and split  
I get menage et tua, the triple the chicks  
Got 'em on a triple beam takin' trips with the bricks  
My clique, the weight watchers, we wait for niggaz with watches  
Or watch niggaz with weight with cake in they wallet  
Raping they pockets and taking they projects  
If you flip like T-Mobile I could make you a sidekick

Shit you see a profit one day off of my flip  
You gotta go triple to say that it's my shit  
But for now get ya hustle up  
How you talk about triple when you still trying to double up  
This the bubble music, hoes with the bubble buck  
Bubble coke, and they bubble coke to cop that bubble truck

[Hook]