

Hey Ma

The Diplomats

Cam'Ron- Hey Ma Remix, Diplomats Records.. let's go

I like it, you like it
I love it, you love it
You want it, I gut it
There's no need for you to be afraid

Yo, where my baby at? Not home
I heard her drop's chrome
V-12, uh-oh my little girl done got grown
Stocks grown, whereabouts are not known
But she check on the kid- hit the block phone
See you beat your girl
You need to free your girl
Let her breathe, B, go see the world
Wanna lock it down like she on punishment
That's why every time I hit it dog, I punish it

Let me tell ya why I seen you many times
Can't describe the way you make me feel
Hang over his or mine, you gut me feelin' high
Could chemistry be the real?
Boy it's so true that I'm wanting you
Can we hook up and spend some time?
You're the first one, boy the only one
That's always on my mind

In a summer day, in the winter time
When you breathe the heat, gutta make you mine
And I'm liking all the things you do
Can I get the chance to know you, so come on

I like it, you like it
No need to front when I'm around
I love it, you love it
That's why you keep on starin' me down
You want it, I gut it
And I'm telling you that
There's no need for you to be afraid
I like it

So you walkin' by, again you caught my eye
I knew right then you were the one I needed in my life
So chocolate and fine, I nearly lost my mind
When you graced me with your presence for the second time
Let's get together and do whatever
There's no need for you to waste your time
Wanna make moves, if it's alright with you
Hit me up so we can chill sometime

Hey Ma, what's up?
Yes, you rather high
That car I copped? I just had to drop
It for you though- paint the thing apricot
When you take off, you'll feel like an astronaut
When I get pulled, Mom, I say pass the glock
Stash the rocks, F cops, smash the drop

Watch them go from Ben and turn to dope Shay
Via speaker Louie now her gold is rosy

Hey Ma, what's up?
Let's slide- I gut the ride parked right outside
And once again we must discuss something
Calm down, don't touch nothin'
Remember I still ain't crush nothin'
I ain't tryin' a be rude
I'm liking your groove, liking your move
The red stripe on your shoes
Those are Prada, right? Damn, I'm her type
She tryin to get to know me
I'm trying to pop tonight cuz
(I like it, you like it)
So let's do it- let's move it baby
Once again we up the west side
Only difference is she leaning on my left side
Playin with this, damn!
I call Cam, know he waitin for this shit
Phone rings (know he waitin for this)
Yo, Cam (What up?)
I stuffed (Say word)
That's right (That's right)
(And ya'll got it on toniiiiight)

I like the way you move the things you do to me
Your smile got me feelin' you
Your attitude your style goes out on 23
I know you're feelin' me
I like it, you want it, so get up on it!

[Chorus x3]