

# Rockin' and Rollin'

Cam'ron

Ay yo you wonder who I are  
I guzzle up at the bar  
But you see me in the cars that start with the double R  
Range Rover, Rolls Royce, even got a Rocky Rolly  
See more ice than a hockey goalie  
Baby eating guacamole  
I did without  
Now I live it out  
Cars? got to whip it out  
Every year I get it out  
(Why?) I be long gone  
(Where?) probably Hong Kong  
Girls with their thong on  
I'm playing Don Juan  
Drinking Chandon  
Where the chron, ma?  
"You smoke weed?" "What you think, girl? Uh-huh!"  
Start the car up  
Take her on a long ride  
Yo she think my steering wheel on the wrong side  
No I'm sorry  
This is the Ferrari  
Limon like Bacardi  
Rock with safari  
But la di da di  
We like to party  
And every night, believe, we gon' leave with somebody

We was rockin' and rollin'  
Now we rollin' and smokin'  
On the phone and we chokin'  
While you strollin' and hopin'  
For the tone which you spoke in  
And I know that you're open  
Live a Branson life and a brand new 5  
Hot man, God damn, Killa Cam be live

Ay yo come on, girlfriend I ain't no actor, really  
So when you come around here don't be acting silly  
Askin "did he?"  
Come on I got the baddest biddies  
Ass is pretty  
Like hoes down in Magic City  
Now you smoke hoes and the coco  
Niggas say I'm loco  
Cause I'm low low from the po-po  
Every night I stroke hoes  
No-no for homos  
F doing promos  
I was Def already I just added the So-So  
Wherever we at  
Ready to act  
Better be strapped  
I live the life of Riley  
Whether Teddy or Pat  
And when it come to the cash  
Bet I'm heavy with that

If your man want to bet  
Then I bet he be cracked  
And your little girlfriend  
She was wet off the bat  
From the Chevy tonight;  
Yo, I'll bet she be back  
For the one night stand  
Yeah, the sex in the sack  
Yo I ask her if she miss it  
Then I tell her to kiss it  
Come on

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Ay yo your girl around me? That's like sand to a beach  
Or a gram to a ki or a branch to a tree  
Your money? That's my advance to a G  
And you'll see me and Lance to the B  
Yeah acting wild  
Jimmy back me, child  
How long you think an ounce gonna last me now?  
But I love when hoes call me  
"The Cat's Meow"  
Cause I run up in them and I make their cats meow  
Are you hip to the jive?  
How we get to the thighs?  
Half of my game? Yo, that shit be a lie  
But it's true about Duke from the hoop to the 5  
And I'm right behind him in a coupe that we drive  
Baby am I slick  
Oh your friends are sick  
To see me and my chicks in DKNY kicks  
And my clique  
Yo we get the dank and bounce  
And put another half a mil in my bank account