

# Shanghai

Cam'ron

Shut the fuck up punk!  
Give me that shit!  
You feel sorry for who!!

Gave you head before I stormed in  
Muthafucka, any problem yo I want in  
I'm here to win  
Every mornin  
I'm yawnin  
While ya'll are boardin  
The store and showin that you're fake bringin some corn in  
Meat, rice, and poultry  
We all know how you get your money  
Don't insult me  
Shutup  
For me not steppin  
You can fault me  
Yeah, I chill  
But we are about to split this muthafucka  
Like SugarHill  
See your man  
He thinks he's wise  
Tell him chill  
He ain't the only one with chinky eyes  
Yo, I'm related to him  
And I'll put eight through him  
When I skate though him  
And my co-d  
I don't think you know is take to him  
And before it's over  
I'll have this whole fuckin store with that smoke aroma  
And yo, your wife keeps twitchin  
Than we both can bone her  
Real quick, real sick  
Pull out dick  
Then nigga go on and riff  
I'll have this whole fuckin clip  
On some raw dog shit  
Close that gate  
It's time to negotiate  
Now your store really could fulfill my needs  
Got now and later seeds  
Niggas need dungarees  
We in the middle of Harlem  
What we need for them ski's  
That's the coverup nigga  
For the weed, guns, and keys  
But ya'll is gettin live though  
I ain't gonna cry yo  
I just want to get paid off, nigga  
Like five-0  
[Chorus]-2x's  
In America the product is coke and weed  
In China, the product is dope and speed  
The Columbians got the coca leaves  
But in Harlem, niggas like to Plot and Scheme  
Now your store grose

A mil' a week  
And my niggas on the block  
Yo, we feel is sweet  
But we been livin here forever  
Can you feel our beat  
So give us half  
Or I guarantee baby  
You gonna feel the heat  
And I'm a little bit high  
Save a little and you die  
Send a blizzard through your store  
In the middle of July  
So if you want to chat  
We can  
If you want to scrap  
We can  
But I feel like Jackie Chan  
Exactly man  
Kong Fu  
Murder thoughts like John Woo  
I'm here for Bi  
Not to con you  
Now it's a done deal yo  
There ain't no bluffin kid  
And tell your wife don't move  
I know where that button is  
Yo, I would hate to have to bust her  
That's petty black  
Matter of fact get out the way  
I know where that maschetti at  
Give me that  
Blamm!!!  
That's when the chink goes flip  
Then grabs me like Spock  
On some Bruce Lee shit  
And his wife had a grenade  
That's when my niggas sprayed  
And in a puddle of blood  
Is where that bitch laid  
But this ain't have to happen yo  
Man you see the weed for real  
Nigga let me go!  
Back up off me!  
Damn that was a close one  
Next time, your ass gonna play Bruce son  
That's Word to mutha!  
You don't know how deep we are  
Give them them tapes  
Ya'll got VCR's  
Yeah, three of 'em  
But back to the topic  
My deal to the floor  
In a week  
I can bring about 10 thou to the store  
Yeah, I know I know I know  
That's not near to what your crew had  
But we doin this together  
Nigga that's too bad  
Now here's the deal either take it or leave it  
Cause see these guns  
We can take it or squeeze it  
Now everything is set up  
Right?

I got some girls that will be here sometime tonight  
You know meya, the nigga wit China white  
They got some shit that will fuck around and blind your sight  
They kind of tight  
Now if I here things behind the hype  
I'll put a contract on your life  
And you sign it right  
The first day  
So have my money Thursday  
Cause I don't want to have to see your ass nigga on herse day  
In the worst way  
[Chorus]