

White Girls

Cam'ron

Killa!

Lemme tell you about my wifey real quick
Had her wifed up that's what's in and shit ya dig?

Yo she took me out my stinkin' aces, to the pinkest bracelet
Basics to basics, no way you could think I'm racist
Got a white girl, tell you that she's quite thorough
Borough to borough, flew me through this white world (from what?)
From Columbia, then she moved to Canada
Now she live in harlem, writing, you could say I manage her
Met her in ninety, Jayvel was the damager ?
I wasn't understanding her, that nigga was a fan of her
That was confusing her, he was abusing her
That wasn't new to her, bought me a luger brah'
Of course of course, never had intercourse
Of course of course, without her wouldn't of been a boss
I would flip for my mama, got me getting my commas (get it?)
Paid for my 1st va-ca, a trip to Bahamas (yes!)
Swam in the ocean, I was dishin' piranhas
That's my girl girl, yup, so give her some honor

Poppa had a dream
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Poppa had a dream
Ooh, yes he did

My pride and joy, I call her butter
When she bake a cake, we'll be lovers
She live with me right, I hide her from my mother
See she wouldn't understand I'm supplyin' the gutta
I let my baby hang outside with the brothers
Come back, cake on the bed the size of the covers
Shot 5 with a sucka, another five with a trucker
Took a hit without paying, won't get a dime for my butter
That's my holy ma-momma, second only to 'ganja
But I did watch her, played Tony Montana
Here's a quello, yep she'll be back
For them peso's, yep she'll be crack
Rocks so bright, money so right
I got seven workers, she's snow white
And you know the steez, I met the ocean breeze
Killa cam hand to hand with cocoa leaves

And, and it's it's them boys
We get dough
Ask a fiend
Cause they know

And, and don't be shy
Where to lie
Yessiry
We get high
Fa'sho, dipset let's ride

Killa!
MCGOO said that the bird's the word
But the fur byrd gang flip bird's on curbs

And, it's ya homey thunny, I got a pony dummy
Phoney's clone me, calm down I'm only money
Like prince akee, you the servant semi
Living martin's dream as I burn a hemi
Not concerned with many, got my girl here
When it come to money, shit I'm burning plenty

[Chorus]