

Luchini

Camp Lo

[Hook]

This is it, what
Luchini pouring from the sky
Let's get rich, what
The jiggy vines and sugar dimes
Can't quit, what
Now pop the cork and steam the Vega and get lit
What, what, what

[Geechi Suede]

Introducing phantom of the dark, walk through my heaven
With levitation from reefers, drenching divas in E7
Showboating with Rugers, flash vines, Belafonte vigor
Let's skate for what this worth as we confiscate your figures

[Sonny Cheeba]

Casanova Brown levitating jiggy in dashikis
A la hotta car, fifty-four, chasing diamond runners
Headed ice bound, the big chilla diamond convention
Harlem Buck Strut, freezing world heist, Hollywood
Madame Butterfly, let me in your house of pleasure
From the knuckle swat, shadowboxers catching black-eyed blues

[Geechi Suede]

I play the thief, what
Sensations at the Mardi Gras be screaming Chee-ba
Fulfilling pleasures in my castles, blow the smoke out
The Garcia Vega substitutes when the Dutch is gone
The Lo don't stop, give me shouts
It's the seasoned sautéers, soufflérs for swerving on corners
We magnets to moolah, living with Charlie's Angels on this
No smiling we're sliding, that gets you caught up in the octa
Or deaded for moving, it's just like that as we proceed

[Sonny Cheeba]

Saturday night special better take it light, you Jah Jah
You're a Capitan, quest to the coast of Key Largo
Wire the chain gang, keep your ears out for Roy Ayers
Sip the Fontainebleau, house of bamboo paradise

[Hook x2]

[Sonny Cheeba]

Fallen pharaohs courtesy of Black Caesar, the convincer
Silky days, satin nights, taking flight, Donald Goines
Sweet sensation Spanish flying with the lady Scarface
Bottoms up sunshine, Love Potion No. 9

[Geechi Suede]

And we hailing from the Magic City
Transcending Sued-a on your aura
Found 'chini in London, relaxation in Bora Bora
Got notion to bring it, sing it, never been my function
Stoning, robbing, we heisting merchandise and gunning
Love it, leave it, but bless the war chief for his bison
Get it, got it, the Lo will forever be nice and

[Sonny Cheeba]

Yeah, the Sonny Cheeba he be sipping Armaretta
The Geechie Grace, yes he be sipping Armaretta
We float the tri-state draped in the satin vines
This Coolie Hijack packed from the sugar shack
Then what we do after we sip the Armaretta
We start the Harlem River Quiver, dig it sweet daddy
Sharpen the crimson blade, High Sierra serenade
Anatomy for seduction be this ebony junction

[Geechi Suede]

As we exit the place with grace
Drizzy Armaretta, the bursting of clouds, it pours
Everything seems better on flats, with love we move
Only in the mist, it's Lo, it's life and we can't get enough of this

[Hook]

[Sonny Cheeba]

Yeah, the Sonny Cheeba he be sipping Armaretta
The Geechy Grace, yes he be sipping Armaretta
The Joe Chink he be sipping Armaretta
The Chaquita, yeah G be sippin Armaretta
We got Asti Spumante with Armaretta
And then my man Ill Will sip Armaretta
And then my man Cab in the sight sipping that
We slide through the Tri-State with the hi-hat
And then I float side-to-side in my Coolie High
And then I do something with this Spanish Fly, yeah
And then I float down south with the Boogie Flats
And then I slide up in between the ziggy butt-ocks
And all of that yeah