

## Popular Demand (Popeye's)

Clipse

Yeah! Mami you miss me don't you?  
Haters wish you? could hit me don't you?  
Heh, you should call me uncle  
I understand I'm back by popular demannnd  
That new C-L fly  
Outside of Popeyes eating chicken and fries  
Yeah come holla at ya uncle  
I understand I'm back by popular demand

You are now listening to The All-Time Phenomenal  
Used to bag work in V.A. at the Econo Lo'  
Now I'm laying out at the Delano though  
But don't get it twis-ted the Uzi's in the lining though  
Hollow tip dum-dums eat flesh like pirahnas though  
Such a scary thing to hear the soul sing Geronimo  
Pull up in the C-L the shit's astronomical  
Hoes lining up on the curb they fall like dominos  
Used to have this white bitch she looked like Madonna though  
Heard that she fucking LeBron, but shit I don't know  
Like that Bron-Bron? I had that long time ago  
Butt-naked on the balcony at the Dolla-no  
I mean the Delano I mean Pharrell'll know  
The hair shop bitch from D.C. hey P let 'em know!  
(Yeah that bitch was hot..)  
Yeah yeah but it was time to go  
Them hoes come in eenie, meenie, miny-moe!

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DAMMMNNN! Mami good down? to the cuticles  
I'm CAMMMM -- What's your name Beautiful?  
Like MANNNN I could get used to you  
Or the RAMMM, if you knew what I used to do  
But call me Uncle yeah Uncle Cam  
I tax 'em. (Like who?) Like Uncle Sam  
From the jungle fam where niggas bundle gram  
From below you tumble get merked on the humble  
ANNNNDD the gat on the belt on the hip  
ANNNNDD I keep a Pharrell with the? Clipse  
Drive a hard bargain (bargain), I'm Harlem's only Gagarin  
Car foreign, the other man stood-stood stutter-fied  
I know ya moms well -- Tell ya mother Hi.  
I'm the other guy that got ya mother high  
Coke like a ca-ter-pillar I make butter-flyyyyy

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Goddamn the boy's back  
For pushing a mountain of snowcaps to avoiding the kojak  
The pioneer of the coke rap  
I'm dancing with the stars stepping on blow doing the toe-tap  
The dope return like I had it on Lo-Jack  
It made its way home like a road map I fathered this  
If I mislead any kid that's fatherless  
That burden's on my soul as long I exist  
Generation lost they saying they can't reach us  
The answer is the Lord like Saturday Night Fever  
I kept in the crib it made me a light sleeper  
Whether watching for the Feds or avoiding the Grim Reaper.  
We're deeper than rap money and hoes, it's deeper than that  
Fight the temptation but it keep coming back  
Money stacked to the ceiling just as quick as it dispense  
Who knew them comments meant you could lose your common sense?  
Before it's too late all I can tell 'em is Repent unh!