

Banda El Recodo**"Oh Boy"**

Visit "[Oh Boy](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Cam'ron]

Just Blaze (Oh Baby) oh baby, uh, killa

[Verse 1: Cam'ron]

All the girls see the (Boy) look at his kicks (Boy)
Look at his car (Boy) all I say is (Oh Boy)
Look mami I'm no good I'm so hood
Clap at your soldiers sober then leave after it's over
Killa, I'm not your companion or your man standin
Hit me when you wanna get rammed in, I'll be
scramblin
With lots of mobsters, shot for lobsters
Cops and robbers, listen every block is blaka
(BLAKA!!!)
But she like the way I diddy bop, you peeped that?
Mink on, Maury kicks plus Chanel ski hat
She want the (Boy) so I give her the (Boy)
Now she screamin out (Boy, Boy, Boy, Boy)
Now she playin with herself, Cam dig it out lift her up
Ma it's just a fuck girl get it out pick on up
They want the boy, Montana with guns with bandanas
Listen to my homeboy Santana

[Verse 2: Juelz Santana]

Y'all niggas can't fuck with the (Boy) I'm tellin ya (Boy)
Put a shell in ya (Boy) now he bleedin (Oh Boy)
Get him, call his (Boy) he wheezin he need his (Boy)
He screamin (Boy, Boy, Boy, Boy)
Damn shut up (Boy) he's snitchin (Oh Boy)
This nigga's bitchin (Boy) he's twistin (Oh Boy)
If feds was listenin (Boy) damn, whoa, damn....
I'm in trouble need bail money, shit
Where the fuck is my (Boy) I got trust for my (Boy)
That's why I buck with my (Boy) that's my nigga (Oh
Boy)
He gon' come get his (Boy) he got love for his (Boy)
That's my (Boy, Boy, Boy, Boy)

[Verse 3: Cam'ron]

When he got caught with the (Boy) we went to court for
the (Boy)

Just me and my (Boy) and we sayin (Oh Boy)
Be on the block with my (Boy) with the Roc fella (Boy)
When the cops come.....squalin!!!!
Yeah this is for the sports cars, Bonita's, Jimmy's
PJ's, old school, eighteenth at the sports bar
Eight or nine on the (Boy) holla at your boy
Killa.. holla.. listen
It's the D-I-P (Boy) plus the R-O-C (Boy)
You'll be D-O-A (Boy) your moms will say (Oh Boy)
Shit, ain't no stoppin 'em, guns we got a lot of 'em
Shit, matter of fact, gurus start poppin 'em
Then slap up his (Boy) clap up his (Boy)
Wrap up his (Boy) get them gats (Oh Boy)
Diplomats are them (Boy) for the girls and the (Boy)
Say (Boy, Boy, Boy, Boy)

[Verse 4: Juelz Santana]

Now when they see Cam and his (Boy) they say damn
(Oh Boy)
Santana's that (Boy) that squeeze hammers (Oh Boy)
Canons and bandanas glammers we don't brandish
Blam at your man's canvas then scam with your man's
leaded
And I'm back with my (Boy)

[Cam'ron]

Until that man is vanished
Away in the Grand Canyon these kids are grand
standin
Niggaz demand ransome over them grams scramblin
(Boy, Boy, Boy, Boy)
Well fuck it, Van Damme 'em, Cam'll blam blam 'em
Call up his (Boy) I'm down south tannin (Oh Boy)
Mami I got the remedy Tommy's I bet the enemy
Hire me somebody but now my body your feelin finicky
Killa and Kopel we chill in Morocco for reela
We got doe chinchilla doe and fill with them hollows,
huh
It's the (Boy) I said it's the (Boy)
I'm the (Boy, Boy, Boy, Boy) Killa...

Visit [Banda El Recodo](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.