

Cam'Ron "Black Cards"

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Excuse me
Do you take a Afro-American card
What's that? black card homie

Hook
Cam'ron:
Cha-ching cha-ching, cha-ching cha-ching
Cha-ching cha-ching, cha-ching cha-ching
Cha-ching cha-ching, cha-ching cha-ching
Cha-ching cha-ching, cha-ching cha-ching

Verse 1
Cam'ron & Hell Rell:
(You got change for a billion)
What's that, that's the Lear nigga, leaving outta Tito
borough
Dipset beats Okero
But it's bombs away, do things the monster way
We'll take your beauty queen, snatch ya lean, John
Brunei
But that cha-ching cha-ching, cha-ching cha-ching
Ransom, Mel Gibson
[Yeah, welcome to Hell's kitchen
I got one stove, 2 pots, 4 workers, 2 blocks
After this I'm buying us all new drops
That's right, cha-ching cha-ching
Let's go, bling for bling
Pay homage to the chain nigga, kiss the ring
Damn, we got 'em teary-eyed and heart-broken
The Porsche tires burn the rubber, yeah the cars
smokin']
Man, lean fast, peel the whip
What dealership you dealing with
Potangrams, damn, we nothin' you familiar with
More killin', killin', what's poppin' 5, the tools out
They 550, 212, G-mack, pool out
Leave 'em layin', stinkin'
That's the way I'm thinkin'
New York hustlers love me, like I'm David Binkins
[That's right cha-ching cha-ching
That's my pockets talking
Naw, my stomach talking

Nigga, we run New York and
I'm your favorite boxer, favorites blossom
Black Aston Martin, but I made it darker
Add on some extra pink, I get extra hate
Know how I deal wit' it, I move extra weight

Hook
Cam'ron:
Cha-ching cha ching (We the treasurers)

Cha-ching, cha-ching (More cash registers)
Cha-ching cha-ching, cha-ching cha-ching
Cha-ching cha-ching, cha-ching cha-ching

Verse 2

Cam'ron & Hell Rell:
[Pardon me brother, I'm hard in the gutter
Plus I'm packin' all the toast, but you hoggin' the butter
Oh yeah, pardon me sister, I slept with her sister
And the bitch wasn't all that, I left and I ditched her,
stupid
That's right, cha-ching cha-ching, spending all them
100s
You can be my go-get-man
Go get my dutches, go get my luggage, roll it and puff
it
In that big ass house, I ain't written, I own and I love it]
For my grandmother, cops and ronnies
Y'all cannot control me
You gettin' gwop, good I'm gettin' guacamole
I'm the hockey goalie, y'all action foagies
Wanna treat me like Billie Joel, rock and roll me
Cuz I'm icy ma, Nikes are pricy ma
They like me, I'm hyphy, what you in, wifey car
Naw, high-pass, that car trash
Ain't a quarter million you can kiss our ass

Hook

Verse 3

Cam'ron & Hell Rell:
Cash green, rocks blue, not him, I'm not you
The 550, 100 thou, get copped too
Flattery, battery actually bred
Only charger that I'm coppin' when my batteries dead
They had to be theirs, gunshots, that'll be lead
For yo' ass, funeral beef, that'll be dead
They love him, I can read your palm
Like baby don't be alarmed
Vietnam, Dipset, we the bomb
[This is Ruger Rell, I make the hardest music

I move that coke, PCP, embalming fluid
Ratchet right here, yeah I know how to use it
Know what I do when I use it
Bring in that funeral music
Ruger

Hook

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