

# Cam'ron "Boy Boy"

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*[Cam:]* What up boy, boy?

*[Guy:]* Ain't nothin' boy, boy, it's good in the hood

*[Cam:]* What's poppin' boy, boy?

*[Guy:]* A lot of these cats fakin' jacks boy, boy

My man Smit' over hear, he's got somethin' on his mind

*[Cam:]* 'Sup Smitty?

*[Guy:]* This kid Smitty is acting a little silly right  
now, boy, boy

He don't understand this is real in the hood boy, boy

*[Cam:]* Why you ain't smack boy, boy?

*[Guy:]* Well he got somethin' on his mind, you know  
what I'm sayin'?

I'm tryin' show a little love to him boy, boy, he need to  
understand

I'm tryin' let 'em live boy, boy, this is real ya'  
understand?

You need to stop playin' with me like that boy, boy

*[Cam:]* Yeah, I'm a holla at nigga, boy, boy

*[Verse 1]*

Cops bagged me one night, looking for the blow  
Wen't from Bronxhouse to bookings, bookings to the  
show

From the show to the crib, to the kitchen cookin' Os

Kitchen to the car, to the street lookin' for Hos

Lookin' for hos, to straight up baggin' one

From my game in her brain, ain't no wagon, hun (Ain't  
no wagon bitch)

From the wagon, garage to the house

Dinnin' room, kitchen, kitchen to the couch

Couch to the bedroom, my dick's in her mouth

Bedroom to front door, this bitch getting out (See ya')

Front door, to "You know where the Jacuzzi is?"

Dress cooley, but usually the Coogi kid, bouchie kid

Tell ya boo-bee, a doo-bee did

She a houchie groupie Cooley is

Who am I? Come on, can't be for-reala

Went from Cam to Killa, killa to scrilla, Gorilla

From killa to Sky-Scrappers, from sky-scrappers

High papers, that's my nature

Do five you now, y'all die later

Come to your wake, look at you; "Hi hater"

From the wake to lot, another boogie  
From the lot to the hill, to cop somethin' ugly (Ugly)  
From the hill to that state Dakota  
From Dakota to the corna, get that bakin' soda, KILLA

*[Chorus:]*

Yo, where you from dog? Harlem boy, boy  
Oh this nigga getting' money? Holla boy, boy  
Oh this cat over front? Fuck boy, boy  
He keep that shit up..fucking drop boy, boy  
Oh you got that hydro? You lyin' boy, boy

If you need that dope, though? We got boy, boy  
But watch your back: from the cops' boy, boy  
Cause they paper? They wanna stop boy, boy

*[Verse 2]*

Aiyoo, I heard you out there shorty..slingin' boy, boy  
Oh MY god, oh boy, boy  
Be careful of the motherfuckin' boys, boy  
Me though? I run THEM boys, boy  
Lloyd, Floyd, Roy, Soy, Black Bridicks  
Bitches too, joy toy, what  
Cat like you? Call you a Gladiator  
Give her oral, and you happy, Glad-he-ate-her (Stupid)  
Put ? on the pussy, she a masturbator  
Put my dick in her mouth, that's what fascinate her  
I'm a legendary now, past the player, past the player  
Got the rock? Pass that player  
I'm like Betty Crocker with cake, that's in layers  
I had city issues before, ask the mayor (Ask him)  
He said "Cam'ron, please stop this crack behavior"  
(Shut the fuck up, man)  
He ain't know '96, I had a knack for Gators  
I come through, laugh at haters, bitches too  
Wanna act, setback, relax a player  
Cause all these hos jelly you hard  
When your purlieus are hard  
And the Chanel, Sklies to Scarfs  
I stick to their stomachs, their belly's will barf  
And I take them to the telly where their belly will force  
"Why fucking me like that? Calm down that's my uterus  
my serfix, my ovaries" Relax, I'm doin' this  
Welcome to exclusiveness  
You about to take a week off, the ultimate freak off  
Hit Jimmy, Jeulz, Sean, and Zek off  
Wait a minute ma', wipe that cum on your cheek OFF  
I hate me a filthy ho, but I like me a silly ho  
That way you really blow  
Havin' to fuck cats, she don't really know  
Then take all her money; you don't feel me, though

You don't understand my pimp-ery  
You love them you got sympathy, fuck that, I'm into me

*[Chorus]*

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