

Cam'ron "Cha Ching, Cha Ching"

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(feat. Hell Rell)

Cam'ron:
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 little Jonbenet,
For 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

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