

Cam'ron "Cha Ching"

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Cam'ron:
Excuse me
Do you take a Afro-American card
What's that? black card homie (Ruger)

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
Teterborough
Dipset beats Okero
But it's bombs away, do things the monster way
We'll take your beauty queen, snatch ya little John
Brenae
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, pull 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:

[Oh yeah, 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 pussy 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]
Cash, green, rocks, blue
Not him, I'm not you
The 550, 100 thou, fuck it cop two
Flattery, battery actually bread
Only Charger that I cop is when my battery dead
It had to be said, gunshots, that'll be lead for ya ass
Funeral beef, that'll be dead
They love 'em, I can read ya palm, baby don't be
alarmed
Fuck Vietnam, Dipset, we the bomb
Killa

Hook

Verse 3

Cam'ron & Hell Rell:

For my grandmother, cop some rollies
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 pa
They like me, I'm hyphy, what you in, wifey car

That's a R-Class, that car trash
Ain't a quarter million you can kiss our ass
[Nigga, this is Ruger Rell, I make the hardest music
I move that crack, 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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