

## Cam'ron "Chalupa"

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Yo, this flow here is bulimic, anemic, yo, red beam it  
If I got it on, trust you never seen it, never seen it  
Some people say I'm conceited but dougie, I never  
cheated  
Oh boy, you'll get deleted, believe it, I could achieve it  
'cause look

I'm on a Yamaha, laughing like ha, ha, ha  
Na, na, na, want to talk, shots speak ra, ra, ra  
Crib is like Mardi Gras, no beads, grow weed  
Court case, courtside, nigga in the nose bleeds

OG, Goatee, proceed, whole Ki's  
Sorta like a janitor, stay within a parameters  
Niggas got the hammer bra, don't care about a camera  
'Cause they put that dress off, first like grandmamma

Hope you got the stamina because niggas be on worst  
Blow reefa, no sneaker, thought this was a converse  
I told baby girl, damn that's a hard purse  
But you gotta get it in flavors girl, like starburst

We counting money, yo doggie, we counting money  
Yo shit, ain't even funny but look at we counting money  
Yo, stupid up on the stoope, the game is in a stoope  
'Cause look we get chalupa, cha, cha, cha, cha, cha,  
chalupa love

Winter time, I'm heated why they frigid  
Lenox ave boy working with 8 digits  
Summer time came through in our may blizzards  
Old ladies looking like damn they did it

'Cause huh, I got to forty fifth just to get a snack box  
2 piece, apple pie, feds taking snap shots  
They know I'm known for hot rims, fast drops  
Big trucks, big jewels, whys from the have not's

Now every pocket on my clothing dawg, have knots  
10, 20, 30, 40, 50 thousand, jack pot  
Call my block gravel, it's mad rocks  
I'm the owner of the team, fuck the mascot

Sucking mad cock, 650 rag top  
Damn, don't get hit with the jab that my dad got  
Y'all sasquatch, put it on your laptop  
Yo, not a door but yes sir, it's pad locked

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Yo, we do the interstate, baby, we're the state patrol  
With 50 pounds and I ain't talking 'bout an 8 year old  
It can take a toll, hope that you make parole  
Play your role, the heat is so hot it can make you cold

And they say I'm a son of a bitch  
Why? 'Cause I be with your son and your bitch  
You don't deserve her, your fair, we won't hurt her  
We taught her to be a squirter, your son about murder

Your brother well, he my worker, your sister well, she  
my slurper  
Your mom, her ass is fat, my niggas they call her  
bertha  
Once a week they might server her, with dick they gon'  
serve her  
Now she whining like a baby, yo, maybe we'll get her  
gerber

Smack her on her ass, warm milk, then we burp her  
Yeah, we left her nurtured but we'll earth her, before  
we chirp her  
You'll be a punching bag, fam, we'll put our beats on  
her  
Or the Klu Klux, yeah, white sheet on her

Or Miami jersey, put the heat on her  
Or a door mat, I'm gone put my feet on her  
Creep on 'em, leap on 'em, yeah, I park the jeep on 'em  
Americas most wanted, with no warrant

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