

Cam'ron "Hey Lady"

Visit "[Hey Lady](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Killer, Jim Jones

My man DJ Nasty in the house tonight

[Incomprehensible], do it, Ma

(Hey lady)

I know you heard me in British rob

But I get you bracelets till ya wrist is throbbled

Just kissed the nob

And put your meat on my stick like a shish-ka-bob

(Hey lady)

Out mingalin', heard that I blingy-bling

But I run the circus like ring-a-ling

I'm the king of things, and your man, he a homo

Like jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling

(Lady)

That's life, hit 'em with the pow-ping

Pow, pow, 45 loud thing

Look wild thing, I do wild things

Make China stretch like Yoa Ming

(Hey lady)

Ching chong like a higher Chow Main

I buy lango ma, I don't need a nickel, naw

Oh, you tickled, Ma? 'Cause your nipples, huh

Commin' through your shirt, nearly ripped your bra

(Hey lady)

I see the hate in your eyes, damn them boys is too fly's

The way we roll up, rims all swoll up, ice all froze up,

sing

(Hey)

And while you're actin' surprised, like we dough sellin'

pies

They way we hold up, Papi, hole up, Mami, roll up, sing

(Hey lady)

I know a school in work

But you need to schooled in work

Put my two to work, I feelin' your shoes, your purse

You get low on dough, the few the first

(Hey lady)

I don't need you high like I'm high
But shit, I need you fly like I'm fly
Fresh, Louis Vuitton ankle
Pastel, Louis Vuitton rainbow

(Hey lady)

Threw on the Kango, threw on Durango's
Not from the 'nati, but through on the Bengals
Moved on an angle, like a baler matador
The two gon' tango

(Hey lady)

Shake your body, Mami, move your body, hottie
It's true on kamikaze, I'm movin' a Maserati
They all polly polly, voo, boy, dolly dolly
I don't talk like the swolly, Mami

(Hey lady)

I see the hate in your eyes, damn them boys is too fly's
The way we roll up, rims all swoll up, ice all froze up,
sing

(Hey)

And while you're actin' surprised, like we dough sellin'
pies
They way we hold up, Papi, hole up, Mami, roll up, sing

(Hey lady)

Lady, dry your panties
Damn, she wanna right her family
Tell 'em Nad, I'm a dyper dandy
And I got all type of candy

What's that? Victoria Secret

Here's Lapearla, come, peep it
This lingerie that you could honor A
Wonder woman, woo, wee, go on play

Like Cam' watch, like Cam' ring
Like Cam' chain, like Cam' bling
Heard Cam' sing, if a damn fling
Goddamn mam', not a damn thing

(Hey lady)

I see the hate in your eyes, damn them boys is too fly's
The way we roll up, rims all swoll up, ice all froze up,
sing

(Hey lady)

And while you're actin' surprised, like we dough sellin'
pies

They way we hold up, Papi, hole up, Mami, roll up, sing

(Hey)

Visit [Cam'ron](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.