

Cam'ron "I Wanna Be Your Lady"

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Feat. Nicole Wray, J.R. Writer

[Intro: Nicole Wray]

Boy you should know that (what?)
I got you on my mind (okay)
Your secret admirer (uhuh)
I've been watching you (killa)

[Chorus 2x]

At night I think of you (Dipset)
I want to be your lady, baby
If your game is on, give me a call Boo (call me up)
If your love is strong, gonna give my all to you (holla at me)

[Verse 1: Nicole Wray]

Every day I pray my heart can win (word?)
Every night I pray I can call you my man, yeah yeah
yeah (okay)
I need you (need me?), I want you (want me?)
To have you, hold you, squeeze you (okay)
So I'm going out (when?), every weekend (why?)
Just to see my Boo again (okay, okay)

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: J.R. Writer]

Girl we shoot and slug it, guns that'll move the public
Late up, payed up, Straight Up, Hit Jacob and abuse my
budget
That's bright ice, price strikes, hoes truly love it
Right boo, a American Idol you all Rubben Studdard
All my jewels get smothered, trust it I'm a thug for real
Since 'Pac and Biggie, I kept sixty and hugged the steel
Now I glide, fly and ride by above the grill
And fly jets, yes where they pay with colored bills
That's Canada, Panama, Dammit Uh
Ecuador, extra whores, Penelope, Pamela
All night, more pipe, all right, girl stand up to my
stamina
Look mama, I'm the monster slash damager

[Verse 3: Cam'Ron]

Mami said, " Como estas?", "Gracias, Muy Bien"
Yo quiero chincar mama, and your truly a friend
Booby, it's a doobie, unwrap your doobie is usually the
gems
That have 'em in the ja'causezi, getting gooey again
The super dooper trooper, maneuver of smooth
wrapped it
Boo had it, the true jacket, blue patches
Lie those V-Bombers, now I got three commas
By bank account, that's what counts, roll that leaf
mama
F that cheap ganja, I go to a weed farmer
I get it purple, strawberry, and peach uh-huh
Lease uh-huh, Milli Vanilli silly, all the V's are on
See the Visa like the trees, get 'em peach and chron
I know to each is own, but you I wanna keep it known
F the keys to coke, it's only keys to cars, keys to homes
And yes this I promise, glitz on the wrist be the fifth like
congress
This I wont tarnish, you'll be astonished, and I'm being
honest

[Hook: Nicole Wray]

Boy you've got all I need, from what I see
And boy I'm constantly thinking of you, I just want you

[Chorus]

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