

Cam'Ron "La Bomba"

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(Cam'ron)

My paper yes my paper
Got me sitting on five acres, Hi Hater
Fly gators coke cooker pie baker drunk driver girl
getter dice shaker
Try play us your whole crew will be price payers
Knife waver gat tooter life taker
Nice flavor real fruity like Cly Davis
Sweat suit fly asics, Coke test I aced it
I been rich since I was 20 bitch
Gun right by the cash (What's That) the money clip
This Gucci kick done got your girl in nuddy pictures sue
me nigga told me she want me to make her booty
bigger
Im the reason true but the reason she breezing thru
She aint smart she wanna part and kill the season too
Get her an audition and I'm in a motion
I'm bout to dead em yall couldn't see the boy vision

(Chorus: Cam'ron)

Come to our parties
They drinking that more Bacardi
The music is hard body
They puffing that Bob Marley
That jonga
The arsenal momma even ready for drama like La la la
bomba

(Cam'ron)

Like fry chicken they winging ock
Me I'm bringing guap
I aint sell enough records to have the things I got
First bring a drop bring a store bring a yacht bring a
crib bring a horse chain whole wings are hot
Let me stop thses niggas like to sing a lot
Shot in his hand like his girl finger pop
Aint no trouble asking
I'm in the bubble flashing
Walther P.P.K 380 double action
Played the restaurant
In the east Saint Lawerance
Patented leather, black and decker

Did your girl played your ark
Like the 45 I pop and dump her
Hung up she called me back tried to block her number
She could not get dumber
In the winter blocks in summer
Your son my little man, Your pops my runner
He washed the whip, said yall alliance is gone
The he pulled out a wrench and turned the hydrant on

(Chorus: Cam'ron)

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That jonga
The arsenal momma even ready for drama like La la la
bomba
I can lomba (la la la bomba)
Niggas pull out they lamas like (la la la bomba) like (la
la la bomba) like (la la la bomba) like (la la la bomba)
(la la la bomba)

(Vado)

Im so cool plus speak high
You dont even hear the room when i breeze by
I see why SLR me and gy
Can't stop hit the horn at least three times
They like who that
Nigga we that
40th to 4 deuce Lennox where we be at
Here take this raw too finish then you read that
Banana clips sweep
Six feet where you sleep at
Nigga believe that
That short change leave that
You don't need a g-pack
The whole thing we keep that
So what's goodie
Black suede and hoodies
No chain I seen more bang bangs than boogie
(HAA) Yea I straight aim it fully
And text your hunter talk cause my main mans a bully
Yea this kid is the truth
I said killa fuck the cars just give me the booth

(Chorus: Cam'ron)

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