

Cam'ron "Oh Boy Feat. Juelz Santana"

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Just Blaze, oh baby, uh, killa

All the girls see the, boy, look at his kicks, boy
Look at his car, boy, all I say is, oh boy
Look mami, I'm no good I'm so hood
Clap at your soldiers sober then leave after it's over

Killa, I'm not your companion or your man standin'
Hit me when you wanna get rammed in, I'll be
scramblin'
With lots of mobsters, shot for lobsters
Cops and robbers, listen every block is blaka

But she like the way I diddy bop, you peeped that?
Mink on, Maury kicks plus Chanel ski hat
She want the, boy, so I give her the, boy
Now she screamin' out, boy, boy, boy, boy

Now she playin' with herself, Cam' dig it out lift her up
Ma it's just a fuck girl, get it out pick on up
They want the boy, Montana with guns with bandannas
Listen to my homeboy Santana

Y'all niggas can't fuck with the boy, I'm tellin' ya boy
Put a shell in ya, boy, now he bleedin', oh boy
Get him, call his, boy, he wheezin', he need his, boy
He screamin', boy, boy, boy, boy

Damn shut up, boy, he's snitchin', oh boy
This nigga's bitchin', boy, he's twistin', oh boy
If Feds was listenin', boy, damn, boy, boy, boy
I'm in trouble need bail money, shit

Where the fuck is my, boy, I got trust for my, boy
That's why I buck with my, boy, that's my nigga, oh boy
He gon' come get his, boy, he got love for his, boy
That's my, boy, boy, boy, boy

When he got caught with the, boy, we went to court for
the, boy
Just me and my, boy, and we sayin', oh boy
Be on the block with my, boy, with the Roc Fella, boy

When the cops come, squalin'

Yeah, this is for the sports cars, Bonita's, Jimmy's
PJ's, old school, eighteenth at the sports bar
Eight or nine on the, boy, holla at your boy
Killa, holla, listen

It's the D-I-P, boy, plus the R-O-C, boy
You'll be D-O-A, boy, your moms will say, oh boy
Shit, ain't no stoppin' 'em, guns we got a lot of 'em
Shit, matter of fact, gurus start poppin' 'em

Then slap up his, boy, clap up his, boy
Wrap up his, boy, get them gats, oh boy
Diplomats are them, boy, for the girls and the, boy
Say, boy, boy, boy, boy

Now when they see Cam and his, boy, they say damn,
oh boy
Santana's that, boy, that squeeze hammers, oh boy
Canons and bandannas glamors, we don't brandish
Blam at your man's canvas then scam with your man's
leaded

And I'm back with my, boy, until that man is vanished
Away in the Grand Canyon these kids are grand
standin'
Niggaz demand ransom over them grams scramblin'
Boy, boy, boy, boy

Well, fuck it, Van Damme 'em, Cam'll blam blam 'em
Call up his, boy, I'm down south tannin', oh boy
Mami, I got the remedy, Tommy's I bet the enemy
Hire me somebody but now my body your feelin' finicky

Killa and Kopel, we chill in Morocco for Reela
We got doe chinchilla doe and fill with them hollows,
huh
It's the, boy, I said it's the, boy
I'm the, boy, boy, boy, boy
Killa

Boy, oh boy
Boy, oh boy
Boy, boy, boy

Boy, boy, boy, boy

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