

## Cam'ron

### "Suga Dooga"

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Brooklyn, Harlem  
My man Little Fame on the beat, M.O.P.  
Dipset, hey Suga Dooga

Verse 1:

Sold a million and they comfortable, oh boy  
And you 30, you still can go to the store boy  
My record store to the Windex to clean the Range  
Chicken wings and fried rice, keep the change  
Mitch you got the Coupe shop, well you lame buzzen  
I'm not Pac, B.I.G., or Harold, 'caine cousin  
Lemme explain something, propane with the flames  
buzzin'  
Young fella, umbrellas can't stop us when there's rain  
comin'  
Lemme leave 'em alone, hop on a paper plane  
Why I'm beefin' for, he still ain't even say my name  
He know the kid the dal, F how them bitches feel  
I'm on the gravy train, I got biscuit wheels  
The one the chicks can feel  
Like Darfy clickin' heels  
My car a babyface, it got that whip appeal

Hook

Cam'ron & (DukeDaGod):  
Where my baby, my baby  
Ya know, my lady, my lady  
She never played me but lately, that's my (Suga Dooga)  
I see invision her strippin' for tuition, just listen  
I ain't knockin' ya mission, you my (Suga Dooga)  
Who, me, sex, 5, me and miss act live  
You fit that size girl (Suga Dooga)  
I wanna beat it, in the bed I'm undefeated  
Ya ass right, and look at the cleavage  
Hey (Suga Dooga)

Verse 2:

Don't wanna hurt ya heart, I feel we deserve a start  
You smart, and me ma, I'm a work of art  
You I'm admirin', you feel that you're tired then  
School ain't paying and they sayin' they ain't hirin'

Been there, told you different then I'd be lyin' then  
My boss ain't have a gun so I was doin' firin'  
That's neither here or there but you I'm tryna ask about  
You like the internet, designer, fashion house  
You from a bad block, worst ave, dead street  
Ya baby-father, why bother, his nickname is Dead-Beat  
You raised him all alone, your kids, you can call your  
own  
You need a helping hand well baby girl, call the phone  
Can't move in but my crib you can call your home  
Call your phone

Hook

Verse 3:

Hey Suga Dooga, they said I'm a pusher pusher  
Calm down, I ain't call you a hooker hooker  
Naw I'm the nookie nooker, then I look and took her  
"What about my man", tell him "Cam gettin' mucke  
booger"  
Unload the toolery, the jewelry, you frontin' B  
The eulogy, you don't know about the kid, well Google  
me  
And truthfully I'm sounding like some fuel could be  
We can pull the guns out and duel it B, it's cool wit' me  
Got a sluggin' port, Lenox Ave, thug resort  
Not on VH1, but I love New York  
Some fiends love to snort, lawyers down to smother  
court  
Right where their mother's fought  
And ma that's another sport

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