

Cam'ron "Triple Up"

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Dipset, Killa, Street's what it is

I done stopped and styled hummers, rock for wild
summers

The nerve in me, these courtesy of Crocodile Hunter
(That's right)

That mean the croke-adile, see ya'll, niggaz, chokin'
now

Know my style, you know I style, get money poster-child

Crip, piece, I swear you should come over child

Garage, Benz, Lamborghini, Rover fouls

Red, blue, green like the average frog

Don't be mad at dog, Ferrari out the catalog

Bracelet switched to bangles, medallions shit just
dangle

Chain twist and tangle, you'll get ripped and mangled

Hit from angels, I told you we equipped with angles

Can't find you, your girl tape her wrists and ankles

Show her the click clicker, better yet six figures

Ask her where that nigga bitch, he a bitch, nigga

The big picture, get figures, my kicks glitter

Get with her, in the basement longer than Big Tigger

Triple up, trey eight, four nickel tucked

Get some weight on your ass, give them nickels up

This is for my fly ice niggaz

Kilo breast, chicken wing, fried rice niggaz

Quadruple up, triple five on me, you stupid fuck

Take your ass up the block, doggy, the stoop is us

This is for my Benjamin, bitches

You don't need 'em, get money credit scam, bitches

Ayo, your clique is soft, my wrist is frost

I just pick a Porsche, guns we strap 'em on then, we lick

'em off

(Pap, pap, pap, pap)

Got a sickenin' loft, you know how much the kitchen

cost

Your bitch and boss, get 'em crossed, best bet don't
piss me off

Listen horse, a lot of niggaz I did endorse
Or course makes me nauseous when they call the force
Only force I call is the Holocaust
Holla scholar, bodies drop when the dollars tossed
(35 hundred)

Hot stove, jelly jar, baking soda
Hot water, mask, gloves, can't take the odor
But I make the quota, hate cats that faking older
Remember back in the days, man them days is over

Know it might seem I'm sellin' ya'll a pipe dream
Wolf tickets, nope been a legend since nineteen
And that was in the late 1990's
You late, homeboy I kept them 19's shiny
Killa, easy

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Get some weight on your ass, give them nickels up
This is for my fly ice niggaz
Kilo breast, chicken wing, fried rice niggaz

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I came a long way from getting hanged by a white jury
Look at my neck, all you see hang white jewelry
I triple the chain, triple the wrist
Dice game, the same night I through triples and split

I get menage et tua, the triple the chicks
Got 'em on a triple beam takin' trips with the bricks
My clique, the weight watchers, we wait for niggaz with
watches
Or watch niggaz with weight with cake in they wallet
Raping they pockets and taking they projects

If you flip like T-Mobile, I could make you a sidekick
Shit, you see a profit one day off of my flip
You gotta go triple to say that it's my shit
But for now get ya hustle up

How you talk about triple when you still trying to double
up
This the bubble music, hoes with the bubble buck
Bubble coke and they bubble coke to cop that bubble

truck

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