

Cam'ron "White Girls"

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Killa, lemme tell you 'bout my wifey real quick
Had her wifed up that's what's in and shit ya dig
Tell you 'bout it

Yo, she took me out my stinkin' aces to the pinkest
bracelet
Basics to basics, no way you could think I'm racist
Got a white, girl, tell you that she's quite thorough
Borough to borough, flew me through this white world

From Columbia then she moved to Canada
Now she live in Harlem, writing, you could say I
manage her
Met her in '90, Jayvel was the damager
I wasn't understanding her, everyone was a friend of
her

That was confusing her, he was abusing her
That wasn't new to her, bought me a luger brah'
Of course, of course, never had intercourse
Of course, of course, without her wouldn't have been a
boss

I would flip for my mama, got me getting my commas
Paid for my 1st va-ca, a trip to Bahamas
Swam in the ocean, I was dishin' pirannas
That's my girl girl, yup so give her some honor

Poppa had a dream
Poppa had a dream
Poppa had a dream
Oh, yes he did

My pride and joy, called her butter
When she bake a cake, I told her we be lovers
She live with me right, I hide her from my mother
See she wouldn't understand I'm supplyin' the gutta, no

I let my baby hang outside with the brothers
Come back, cake on the bed, the size of the covers
Shot 5 with a sucka, another 5 with a trucker
Took a hit without paying, get a dime for my butter

That's my holy ma-momma, second only to 'ganja
But I did watch her, played Tony Montana
Here's a queelo, yep, she'll be back
For them peso's, yep, she'll be crack

Rocks so bright, money so right
I got 7 workers, she's snow white
And you know the steez, I met the ocean breeze
Killa Cam hand to hand with cocoa leafs

And it's, it's them boys, we get dough
Ask a fiend 'cause they know
And don't be shy, where to lie? Yessiry
We get high fa'sho, dipset, let's ride

Poppa had a dream
Poppa had a dream
(Killa)
Poppa had a dream
Oh, yes he did

McGoo said, "That the bird's the word
But the fur Byrd gang flip bird's on curbs"
And, it's ya, homey thunny, I got a pony dummy
Phoney's clone me, calm down, I'm only money

Like Prince Akee, you the servant semi
Living Martin's dream as I burn a hemi
Not concerned with many, got my girl here
When it come to money, shit, I'm burning plenty

And poppa had a dream
Poppa had a dream
Poppa had a dream
Oh, yes he did

Poppa had a dream
Poppa had a dream
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