

## Hell Rell

### "Black Cards"

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Excuse me  
Do you take a Afro-American card  
What's that? black card homie

Hook  
Cam'ron:  
Cha-ching cha-ching, cha-ching cha-ching  
Cha-ching cha-ching, cha-ching cha-ching  
Cha-ching cha-ching, cha-ching cha-ching  
Cha-ching cha-ching, cha-ching cha-ching

Verse 1  
Cam'ron & Hell Rell:  
(You got change for a billion)  
What's that, that's the Lear nigga, leaving outta Tito  
borough  
Dipset beats Okero  
But it's bombs away, do things the monster way  
We'll take your beauty queen, snatch ya lean, John  
Brunei  
But that cha-ching cha-ching, cha-ching cha-ching  
Ransom, Mel Gibson  
[Yeah, welcome to Hell's kitchen  
I got one stove, 2 pots, 4 workers, 2 blocks  
After this I'm buying us all new drops  
That's right, cha-ching cha-ching  
Let's go, bling for bling  
Pay homage to the chain nigga, kiss the ring  
Damn, we got 'em teary-eyed and heart-broken  
The Porsche tires burn the rubber, yeah the cars  
smokin']  
Man, lean fast, peel the whip  
What dealership you dealing with  
Potangrams, damn, we nothin' you familiar with  
More killin', killin', what's poppin' 5, the tools out  
They 550, 212, G-mack, pool out  
Leave 'em layin', stinkin'  
That's the way I'm thinkin'  
New York hustlers love me, like I'm David Binkins  
[That's right cha-ching cha-ching  
That's my pockets talking

Naw, my stomach talking  
Nigga, we run New York and  
I'm your favorite boxer, favorites blossom  
Black Aston Martin, but I made it darker  
Add on some extra pink, I get extra hate  
Know how I deal wit' it, I move extra weight

Hook

Cam'ron:  
Cha-ching cha ching (We the treasurers)  
Cha-ching, cha-ching (More cash registers)  
Cha-ching cha-ching, cha-ching cha-ching  
Cha-ching cha-ching, cha-ching cha-ching

Verse 2

Cam'ron & Hell Rell:  
[Pardon me brother, I'm hard in the gutter  
Plus I'm packin' all the toast, but you hoggin' the butter  
Oh yeah, pardon me sister, I slept with her sister  
And the bitch wasn't all that, I left and I ditched her,  
stupid  
That's right, cha-ching cha-ching, spending all them  
100s  
You can be my go-get-man  
Go get my dutches, go get my luggage, roll it and puff  
it  
In that big ass house, I ain't written, I own and I love it]  
For my grandmother, cops and ronnies  
Y'all cannot control me  
You gettin' gwop, good I'm gettin' guacamole  
I'm the hockey goalie, y'all action foagies  
Wanna treat me like Billie Joel, rock and roll me  
Cuz I'm icy ma, Nikes are pricy ma  
They like me, I'm hyphy, what you in, wifey car  
Naw, high-pass, that car trash  
Ain't a quarter million you can kiss our ass

Hook

Verse 3

Cam'ron & Hell Rell:  
Cash green, rocks blue, not him, I'm not you  
The 550, 100 thou, get copped too  
Flattery, battery actually bred  
Only charger that I'm coppin' when my batteries dead  
They had to be theirs, gunshots, that'll be lead  
For yo' ass, funeral beef, that'll be dead  
They love him, I can read your palm  
Like baby don't be alarmed  
Vietnam, Dipset, we the bomb

[This is Ruger Rell, I make the hardest music  
I move that coke, PCP, embalming fluid  
Ratchet right here, yeah I know how to use it  
Know what I do when I use it  
Bring in that funeral music  
Ruger

Hook

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