

Camp Lo

"Rockin' It (A.K.A. Spanish Harlem)"

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Now, all the divas on the left, you keep on
(Rockin' it)
And all the fellas on the right, you keep on
(Rockin' it)

And all my peoples in the back, you keep on
(Rockin' it)
And all the peoples in the front, you keep on
(Rockin' it)

Nina, listen, uno poppi chulo 69 position and switchin'
Welcome to Belavour, just what you been missin' I'm
gettin'
Caught up in this? [Foreign Content]
On the Riviera with, where the streets are made of satin

On me be for Kuna under the noona and palmetto on
the slysaretto
Speakin' Bonticetti was Wichetto
We be doin' it ever way you could imagine
Now, it's up to the Cheeba to make it mo' betta as we
flo

And Foxy Bonita, cha cha cha Sonny Cheeba
Excella Mardi Gras and we funky valentine
I'm sex-posed to your voodoo, see you peek-a-boo
Love American style, what, my how do you mix

What, fix a hopscotch or butt-ox she diggy
What, interlude Aculpoco you bad don't hurt nobody
What, 3 miles out from the coast of Satin City
Sonny Cheeba from the BX connects dig it

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She said, that I can call her genie bought me a martini
Some compliments of my paraphernalia from Australia
I ain't no playa so don't you get it confused
I'm the sway-ful-lay, that's the chico man, that's the
cherry fools

The N E ass and Fabu got Hawaiian bless
Spillin' mazzola between the cracks of my villanova
Them sober days ain't even seen up in my inner vision
The strizzy days of Hollywood raises my style of livin'

Lost esmerado solero
Searchin' every season for the sexy seniorita
Take my aphrodisiac and wing it back on sunset
Some said, so to rise and full of bronx who said, "Uh"

Hater made the cats a-cough it out without no shootout
Jive time sucka for Africa from like moses
Straight up

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Da, da, da, day, da, da, da, da, day
What, yes her name Cheeba, what, rocks to the beat
What, now you say Cheeba, if I say some she say
Cheeba
Dunny boleega Cheeba, ain't no naptan blue

Cheeba twist up the ganja, anesthesia
Now you say the lower, who rang lower
Right on time, midnight magic, lower
Max Julian, lower, who you dig, lower

Diamond city bombers

So, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la
It's the emerald Suede gleamin' with the diamond
Cheeba
We blowin' morado, weezin' the lightnin' through
hollow dimensions
My broke collisions stay reflectin' off bottles of Jensen
The unforbidden cashmere caught tech ca-nipsin'
Correct suspension for this ride to Hollywood

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Yeah

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