

Brightman Sarah**"Shake"**

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[Intro: Cam'ron]

Killa, Jones, Freaky, Santana, come on
Shake, shake, shake, uh
Shake, uh, shake, uh

[Verse 1: Cam'Ron]

Yo, who wanna mess with me
Or could with me
Ill be a mess to clean, call me Mr. Clean
Way I glitz and gleam
Trigger teams, click the beam
Hit the fiend, give 'em lean
Clickin like I'm Nicotine
But its all for the green like Listerine
Had to dis the queen, thinkin' Imma get her jeans
I ain't Genuwine, ma my missions mean
Or my nigga Dean, fix the fix, get the cream
I sit in Bahamas, with Alyssa Milana
Got the Crys and the ganja
And its gettin her calmer, calm her
Now she cryin she missin' her mama
Jus a step is off to me now I'm hittin Madonna
As she twistin', I fond her
As we sit in the sauna
Guess its jus' my persona
Got her kissin' the condor

[Chorus: 1. Juelz in a high pitch voice 2. Cam'ron]

1. We're the Dips, so cut the shit
1. Ma twist ya hips and lick ya lips
1. We're the Dips, so cut the shit
1. Ma twist ya hips and lick ya lips, Come On!
2. Ma you straight frontin'
2. Lets get the date jumpin'
2. See you booty-panties, ma shake suttin'
2. Shake suttin', shake suttin'
2. Shake, shake, shake, shake suttin'

[Verse 2: Cam'ron]

Yo, uh, yo
And I got some girls, about 5 or 6

In a 5 or 6, in 'bout 5 or 6
I surprised the chick, that's when her eyes get lit
Let her drive the whip, see if she ride a stick
Who as live as this, my pool size is sick
But swim in my pants, dive for dick
They call me Moby, my pies uh piff
Tell her "Free Willy", if your thighs are thick
And ya ass is fat and ya head is right
And ya dough is goood, we can smash tonight
Right here in the car ma, at the light
If you ask for cash, oh I'm mad polite
Kiss ass you dyke and I'm fast to fight
If you get mad, cab or grab uh bite
Or I'll stab it light and we'll grab a bite
Is crab you like, lobster appetite, Killa

[Chorus: 1. Juelz in a high pitch voice 2. Cam'ron]

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[Verse 3: Jr. Writer]

In front of the club, drop coupes and trucks
Imma front in the club, with a hundred of studs
A gun and some bud, through the metal detector
Metal detect ya, settle and wet ya
I don't meddle with extra, you fakes and clowns I walk
in and get out
the club safe and sound
Silencer, dog how safe it sound
I got apes and hounds, who jus' pace around
And 'ill lay shit down
But I'm lookin' for, uh Manhattan hoe, or a Brooklyn
whore
A Bronx bi-otch, that lemme look, explore
Upfront to beat around her bush for sure
Til her tush is sore
Hit it doggystyle, get it doggystyle
You know the doggystyle
Imma mack or more and is smashin' more
V.I.P. or between the bathroom stall

[Chorus: 1. Juelz in a high pitch voice 2. Cam'ron]

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