

Cam'Ron F/ Big Punisher, Charli Baltimore, Silkk % "Horse And Carriage"

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Intro: Silkk (Cam'Ron)

Remix

(That's right) Silkk the Shocker
Uh, Cam'Ron (You ain't know) No Limit
(That's right) Entertainment
(I'm here and there) mo' money
(I'm here and there)
Ya don't know?

Verse One: Cam'Ron

Aye yo I just walk wit' ya'll, I don't wanna rhyme
I just need talk wit' ya'll
Mamasita, senortia
I'm lookin' for my wifey
Cats always love me, till they girls start to like me
They don't know I'm sheisty, and all my jewels Icey
Tryin' to settle down Ma, stop actin' all fiesty
Cause 'I don't wanna be a playa no more'
Know it's soft, but I cam with a 'core
For the love of Money, Charli, whoa It Ain't My Fault
Like Silkk, it's so timid, my trunk, it go wit' it
The whole Squad is Terrorin', cats is No Limit
And I'm a diplomat, I'm a dimplomat
Where my honeies at?, where my money at?
That's why we act like that
Clak clak clak!, pat pat pat!
So all you girls bring your thongs and shit
Don't front, cause you know what song this is
Ju don't know

Chorus (Wyclef)

Ya don't know what we're going through
Ya don't know the things that Cam is showing you
What we're about to do
You don't know
Ya don't know what we're going through
Ya don't know the things these thugs will do to you
You and your family through

Ya don't know

Verse Two: Big Punisher

Yo, yo

All the mami's know me, the Spanish kid wit' the goat-ti
And fixes the land, I be a muthafuckin' O.G.

Ya my taste, thick in the waist, pretty in the face

Dominican race, like my Twin Triple says

Hot as hell, I'm trickin' in

Shorties sharp as nails, the official chick

Repin' Uptown to Harlem World, where we at

I'm up coughin' in the ambulance

>From way downtown, they got the Horses and the
Carriages

For 40 bucks, you can ride and get ya hug on

Another 20, puff lye and get ya crush on

It's all love, just like the Bud' when ya hit it

Cause way downtown, you know the fuzz is tryin' to
hear it

So when ya spark, ya make sure it's in the dark

And most importantly, stay away from Central Park

Cause cops live, just to put away a thug

But not today, cause me and my baby in the Cabaret of
Love

Chorus (Wyclef)

Ya don't know what we're going through

Ya don't know the things that Cam is showing you

What we're about to do

You don't know

Ya don't know what we're going through

Ya don't know the things these thugs will do to you

You and your family through

Ya don't know

Verse Three: Charli Baltimore

Yo yo yo yo yo yo, uhh

I thought I already barked on cats about Russ Hadden

It ain't work, gotta Scream on cats like Wes Craven

Owwwww!, they ain't know I hadn't in me

Like Lil' Kim ----, didn't know they had it in me

Don't you know don't you know, we pull up from a show

Cam and chrome bag the hoes, I Prada bags all the
dough

And caked out, break out, uh

Horse & Carriage, forced to marriage, been had too
many carats

And they ain't know, passin' that down

Where I come from
Ask Jane, that's my dun-dun
How we handle them dumb dumb's
And we like, Siskel and Elbert
We review cats, thumbs up if they they shit's right
And down if they new jack's
You might see Charli, in a Benz or Ferrari
Hennessey or Pacardi, gettin' bent at a party
But I flip, be the new face, cover of Trace
This the muthafuckin' remix, we ain't need no Mase

Uh huh uh huh
We like it (Slikk the Shocker)
Uh huh uh huh (Cam'Ron, No Limit)
(Entertainment)
(Mo' money, ya heard me)

Verse Four: Silkk

I live life like a thug, cause time's is rough
Convicted felon
Now I'm like, rhyme for bucks
Ball till I fall, should I say, my time is up
And I cop you diamonds, never diamond cut
Forget the money, cause I could ball with or without the
shipment
And I'm down girl, but I could ball with or without the
chick
Sillk the Shocker, Cam'Ron, now how you gonna doubt
us a hit
(Must be a car), Miss I could pull you, with or without the
six
Now I ain't the C-E-O, but I ain't far from it
So if I ain't far from C-E-O
That mean I ain't far from havin' C-E-O money
Can't discuss what I'm worth, but I'm worth this much
Like Mantigo, fall back like snatchin' purses for bust
So many styles
Drop a beat, I'ma drop a hit
Rap game stop for the dope game
And cop a brick
No Limit Soldier baby, so watch the talk
Get lost like, Oh It Ain't My Fault!
I'm from the N-O, L-I, M-I to the T
Tru my click, Silkk, the Shocker, yeah that's me
Now look, money I'm tryin' to make it
Bustas I'm tryin' to break, girls is like
Ooh I love Silkk, and then, ooh I hate him!
Cause they can't have me, but I don't look
I can't afford to live average
So seniorita, let me walk you to my carriage

Now I don't wanna settle down, but we can do it like we
married
Cheese!

Chorus (Wyclef)

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You and your family through
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(music till fade)

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