

Dukedagod "White Girls"

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Killa, lemme tell you about my wifey real quick
I done wifed up, that's what's in and shit, ya dig

Verse 1:

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 what)
From Columbia, then she moved to Canada
Now she live in Harlem, writing, you could say I
manage her
Met her in '90, Javel was the damager
I wasn't understanding her, that nigga was a fan of her
That was confusin' 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 of been a
boss
I would flip for my momma, got me gettin' my commas
Paid for my 1st vaca', a trip to Bahamas
Swam in the ocean, I was dishin' pirannas
That's my girl girl, yup, so give her some honor

Chorus:

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

Verse 2:

My pride and joy, I call her Butter
When she bake a cake, we'll be lovers
She live with me right, I hide her from my mother
See she wouldn't understand I'm supplyin' the gutter
I let my baby hang outside with the brothers
Come back, cake on the bed the size of the covers
Shot five wit' a sucka, another five wit' a trucker
Took a hit without paying, won't 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 pesos, 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, and it's
It's them boys, we get dough
Ask a fiend, cuz they know
And, and, don't be shy
Where to lie
We get high, fa' sho, Dipset, let's ride

Chorus

Verse 3

Killa, Mr. McGoo said the bird's the word
But the fur Byrdgang flip birds on curbs
And, it's ya homie thunny, I got a pony dummy
Phonies clone me, calm down I'm only money
Like Prince Akee, you the servant Semi
Livin' 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, and it's
It's them boys, we get dough
Ask a fiend, cuz they know
And, and, don't be shy
Where to lie
We get high, fa' sho, Dipset, let's ride

Chorus

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