

Game, The "Camera Phone"

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[Ne-Yo]

Mmmmm, ohh-whoa-ohhhhh

Hey!

[The Game]

Picture me and my gangsta girl, ridin with the top back

Bangin Ne-Yo, my neck frio, my Sox hat

Tilted to the side, like you know I get my grind on

Get my shine on, jewelry blacken on rhinestones

Rims spinnin like a globe on these low pros

Do it big cause I'm s'posed to floss and that's the
reason she break me off

Cause I'm gangsta, and I'm ridin with

[Ne-Yo]

Ne-Yooooo, it's a thug and a gentleman

Rollin like a boss do, no matter the cost to

Not tryin to brag but, money not a issue

Don't let your girl see us, that might make her diss you

Cause if she roll with us, she won't even miss you

[The Game]

Uh, uh, uh

Pop rubber bands when I throw a stack

before it hit the ground she throw it back

When I make it rain that's chump change that paid for
the 26 on my Range

Range, Range, drive, drive, take the wheel when I roll
this lye

Climb over to the passenger side and freeze

[Chorus: Ne-Yo]

And once again it's on

If she take a picture with a camera phone

Then playa she not comin home

And if I'm on her screen saver, that might mean later
we gone

If I let her take a picture, she will roll with me

If I let her take a picture, she will roll with me

If I let her take a picture, she will roll with me

And will roll with me, and will roll with me, ohh

[The Game]

If you don't know by now baby I'm a star, look at my
face, look at my car
Look at my waist and look at my scars,
look out the window see where we are
In my Phantom, in my Rover bangin

[Ne-Yo]

Ne-Yooooo, it's a thug and a gentleman (yeah, yeah,
yeah)
She never rolled in a car with the suicide
Girl when they see you and I, they committin suicide
All of 'em want my girl - cause she pretty and thick in
the thighs
Homie don't mess with mine - do us or it's suicide

[The Game]

She call me Jay, I call her B, we gettin married, to the
streets
I'm chasin money she chasin me, I'm right where, I
wanna be
With the B, on my Bentley, the horse on my Lambo
Crown on my Cadillac, checks on my Air Max
Haters, better fall back, 'fore I put somethin in your
ballcap
That's my chick, I got her back like a bra strap
Cause she fine, and she cute, she think she all that
And she all that, that's my girl, that's my world

[Chorus]

[unknown female - repeat 2X]

Game, can you take a picture?
Ne-Yo, can you take a picture?
We been waitin all night
Just to take a picture wit'cha

[The Game]

Grab the wheel, take control, and let your hair blow
inside my Lambo
Pull out your phone, picture that
take you home let your man know I'm hittin that
While I'm hittin that, she send it back, she drop it low,
we about to blow
Me and N-E, dash, Y-O, yo', girl know
She's so Ciara, so Eve, so Mariah, so B
She's so Trina, I'm R. Kelly; she remind me of, my gold
D's
I'm Coolie Hi, I'm Cocheese, she a 34-D, I'm so pleased
I'm So So Def, she's so Janet, I'm J.D. and she fo' me

In a H-2, we fo' deep, through the N.Y.C. off no sleep
I hate to drive but I break it wide when I'm ridin with my
show D
I kidnap her never take her home, ridin off bangin Ne-
Yo sittin on chrome
In that Maserati see the paparazzi they [cameras
clicking] she gone

[Chorus]

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