

# Hey Muma

## Cam'ron & Vado

Yo, girl, what up? Get a notepad  
For what? You ain't got no swag  
And you so fine and so sad  
Still ridin' coach, need a coach bag  
Let me coach you, no coach tags  
What that mean? Get rid of that coach bag  
And listen, I ain't tryin' to throw jabs  
Fuck you, Cam, why you gettin' so mad?  
Only one that deal with Cam is a queen  
Louis handbags, Alexander McQueen  
Yeah, stand up, I mean by how I handle my team, clean  
Harlem niggas don't wear sandals with jeans  
Car skill good, I can handle the Beam  
Nickle, dime, twenties, I can handle the fiends  
So hey muma, que pasa?  
I'm water, baby, agua  
Hey yo, muma, I'm sayin'  
Can I come over? 'Cause I'm not playin'  
Bend your ass over, uh, I'm not waitin'  
Down if I sober, uh, I'm blazin', hey  
Hold up, let the slime spit  
Need these first three rows, let my slob sit  
I said all make it hard to see the time tick  
Me and my dime chicks with glasses of wine, lit  
Hey, your money can't provide this  
"Hi miss", your answer's, "Yes, your highness"  
Try this, only I can supply this  
Reply this, you'll always see me in fly shit, shi  
If I don't know you, I hope not to  
Tryin' to play a tough role, I'm like not you  
Earl Boykins, I'm D Rose, I got you  
Under the sun is where we pose, we hot duke  
Whoo, is what I did to the booth  
How I spend in the coupe while you and members salute  
I'ma keep it trill, I'm that nigga livin' the proof  
Tellin' me to chill is like stompin' Cam with a shoe  
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Down if I sober, I'm blazin'  
In the hood where I creep, tryin' to hook me a freak  
Wanna see what girl around here could put me to sleep  
Could mean a hotel, could mean a suite  
Could mean tuition, could mean a Jeep  
Damn those boogi ass one night Cam hoes  
Jumped out of Lambo's, car, neck, hand froze  
Damn yo, cameras, stand, pose  
Tramp holes watch her 'fore Cam rose  
She go down, I'm tryin' to get the top, Me, Lee, Britain

drop  
How to hit the block, ee wee, piffin' rock, ah  
Before the DT's get the watch  
Then they begin to watch, all day switchin' spots I'm in the hood like muma  
What's really, what's good? Frank Mula  
Gun 50, black hood, same shooter  
Blowin' sticky black wood, straight ruler Hey yo, muma, I'm sayin'  
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Down if I sober, uh, I'm blazin' Hey yo, muma, I'm sayin'  
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