

# Cam'ron, Bum Bum

[Woman: singing]

You tink all a bum bum

Yuh know dis to all Jamaicans

Yuh nuh live in Solomon fashion, ya know

Tell me seh one ting Nancy can't understand

A one ting Nancy can't understand

Wha make dem a talk 'bout me ambitions

So I make who dem a talk 'bout me ambitions

Cau' me seh some of dem a ask me where me get it from

Ta some of dem a ask me where me get it from

I told dem &quot;nuh know&quot; it's fun creation

I told dem &quot;nuh know&quot; it's a fun creation

Bum Bum ay you

Me want ta Bum Bum

Bum Bum Bilam, Bum Bum

Bum Bum Bilam, Bum Bum ay

Me want ta Bum Bum

Ta want yah Bum Bum

[Verse 1: Cam'ron]

Yo, who wanna rump with' us, bump with' us, guns a buss

It's fun to us, run to us, pump, jump, come, yuh tough

I'm a loco head, that leave you so so dead

Black Caddy, beef patty for that coco bread

Waddup Leon, Tito, Kurt, Coco Dread

Fuck Robocop, we fill 'em up with robo-lead

Gal need advice, told her we can eat a bite

Ate the oxtails, you can keep the rice

You should be polite, I told her that she need a life

I'm not a cop but trust, I can read ya right

What's yo' story, Gator told Maury

You stay gettin' dug out, Joe Torry

This beat here remind me of Flatbush

Rube bwoy act up, blat, get his cap pushed

So, Naffa gang, Kuffa Gang, cool for gain

Ay stop it mane, stupid chain, move again

[Hook: Woman - singing]

Bum Bum ay you

Me want ta Bum Bum

Bum Bum Bilam, Bum Bum

Bum Bum Bilam, Bum Bum ay

Me want ta Bum Bum

Bum Bum Bilam, Bum Bum

Bum Bum Bilam, Bum Bum ay

Me want ta Bum Bum

[Verse 2: Penz]

I'm a relax with the haze in back of the stage

And shit I smoke the same color as Saint Patrick's Parade

Yeah, keep a Mac and a gauge packin', attackin' with' rage

Stackin' and mackin' until they put my ass back in the cave

I'm actually brave, this beats easy to cook

I'm on my Peter Pan shit, I don't need me a Hook

Got 100 of bars, spittin', I done it with stars

You ain't gotta take my shirt off to see none of my scars

I was locked down, 500 Pearl Street

Look now, Nextel, 500 girls deep

And ya girl a freak cause the kid handle green

But she wax, shorty breath smell like tangerines

F defense, homeboy handle me

4-5th'll have ya ass shakin' like a tambourine

Where is son from, all I need is one gun

Prospect, Penz, Dipset with the Bum Bum

[Hook: Woman - singing]

Bum Bum ay you

Me want ta Bum Bum

Bum Bum Bilam, Bum Bum  
Bum Bum Bilam, Bum Bum ay  
Me want ta Bum Bum  
Bum Bum Bilam, Bum Bum  
Bum Bum Bilam, Bum Bum ay  
Me want ta Bum Bum, ay you  
[Woman: singing]  
Tell me seh want ta Bum Bum  
THIS WOMAN  
I never trouble, no  
I'm a lady, I'm not a man  
MC is my ambition  
I come fi nice up Jamaicans  
So Bum Bum  
Seh want ta Bum Bum  
Bum Bum Bilam, Bum Bum  
Bum Bum Bilam, Bum Bum ay you  
Tell me seh one ting Nancy can't understand