

Cam'ron, Horse And Carriage

Chorus

Mase:

Mamacita

Horse and carriage is for hire

Mamacita, please senorita

We gonna rise to the top

Horse and carriage

See my loves for hire

Cam'Ron:

Ay yo, you might see Cam in designer underwear

In a reclining leather chair, reminders everywhere

How we pull up in whips, the minors stop and stare

And when it comez to girls, they behind us everywhere

I mean, when I hang up on 'em, they pressin' redial

I mean what the hell is it, why you stressin' me child?

It'd be one thing if you were finessin' my style

But when I go to court, you know the dress in the trash

You not my wife, so if after the sex I be fowl

You better be down, the only question better be 'how'

Threaten me now, let me style, no girl datin' me now

In the ST with Un, are you sexy in thongs

If you'll sex in this Lex and your stuff be the bomb

I'll get you that stuff that Gretzky skate on

(What you mean 'Gretzky be on'?) Ice

(Oh you're gonna buy me diamonds?!)

Chorus

Cam'Ron

Yo, I love when catz think they bigger than a sumo

That when I hit 'em with some Puerto Rican judo

Uh, you don't know what that is

That's when I say 'they don't know who gat this is'

(And yu dunno?) Yo' guns is hand me downs

(And yu dunno?) We'll put you where you can't be found

(And yu dunno?) You better toughin' up

(And yu dunno?) Homeboy will ruff you up

(And yu dunno?) Baby, we don't need you

And when it comes to 'Jimmy,' my name's 'me' too

And when he got smashed I was like 'me too'

'Cause when he got cash, I was like 'me too'

And when he got the job I was like 'me too'

And when he almost got shot I said 'me too'

What you get now is just a preview

We all got it out, your car's see-through

Chorus

Cam'Ron

Ay yo, I pull up to the hotel with my whip on blast

Say to the vallay homeboy 'don't hit my jag'

Seen the bell boy, yo he won't get my cash

Just show me my room yo, and get my bags

So the girl, that's my hon, I'm gon' drop this glass

I guess he was shocked when I touched her stash

It really wasn't nothin' she was peedy aight

'Does that say Harlem World?' yeah you readin' it right

And we havin' a party later tonight

Like Phil Collins have in 'The Heat Of The Night'

'Cause Cam rock the party (All Night Long)

'Til when? ('Til the early morn')
It don't stop (and uh) it don't quit
(and uh) drop ticks (and uh) we pop Cris
Right now too tipsied to drive
But I got my horse and carriage right outside

Chorus

Mamacita
Horse and carriage is for hire
Mamacita, please senorita
We gonna rise to the top
Michael Foster, Puffy Combs
Jimmy Jones, Mason Betha and blood shed forevah
And we gonna rise
And we gonna rise
And we gonna rise