

Cam'ron, Horse & Carriage

(feat. Mase)

[Cam'ron]

Aiyyo, you might see Cam in designer underwear
new reclining leather chair, reminders everywhere
how we pull up in whips, the minors stop and stare
and when it comes to girls, they behind us everywhere
I mean, when I hang up on 'em, they pressin' redial
I mean what the fuck 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 of the trial
You not my wife, so if I ask head I be fowl
you better be down, the only question better be 'how'
Threaten' me now, bet me a thou, no dirl deadin' me now
In the SC we're gone, are you sexy in thongs
If you'll sex in the Lex and your head 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?!)
Shut the fuck up

[Mase]

Mamacita
Horse and carriage is for hire
Mamacita, please seniorita
We gonna riiiiiiise to the top
Horse and carriage, see my love's for hire

[Cam'ron]

Yo, I love when cats 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 you don't know) Yo' guns is hand me downs
(And you don't know) We'll put you where you can't be found
(And you don't know) You better toughin' up
(Cause you don't know) Nigga will fuckyou up
(And you don't know) Baby, we don't need you
And when it comes to 'Jimmy,' my name's 'me' too
'Cause when he got cash, I was like 'me too'
And when he got ass I said 'me too'
And when he got the drop 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 tinted out, your car's see-through
I see you

[Mase]

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[Cam'ron]

Aye yo, I pull to the hotel with my shit on blast
Tell the vally 'Motherfucker don't hit my Jag'
Seen the bell boy, nigga he can kiss my ass
Just show me my room nigga, and get my bags
So the girl, that's my hon, almost dropped his glass
I guess he was shocked when I touched her ass
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 said in "The Heat Of The Night"
'cause Cam rocks the party (All Night Long)
'Til when? ('Til the early morn')
It don't stop (and uh) it don't quit
(and uh) drop six (and uh) we pop Cris
Right now too tipsy to drive
but I got my horse and carriage right outside

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We gonna riiiiiiise to the top
Michael Foster, Puffy Combs
Jimmy Jones, Mason Betha and Bloodshed for eva
And we gonna riiiiiiise
And we gonna riiiiiiise
And we gonna riiiiiiise