

# Cam'ron, More Resons - Car Skit

[Girl Talking]

Oh this is my [beep]  
The reason that we here. (Shut the [beep] up.)  
The reason that we here. ([beep] you can't sing.)  
You shut the [beep] up, what can you do?  
We been ridin in this car for 5 hours  
What you gonna do?  
(I'm gonna tell you a story)

[Verse 1: Cam'Ron]

Yo, uh, I rock baguettes with hoodies, it's like extra goodie  
I couldn't break dance ya'll, or electric boogie  
I was obsessed with Cookie, I wanna sex her cookie  
She said forget her nookie, wipe my nose, go get them boogies  
I gave Cookie noogies, with the girls, got known  
This my two brim hat, call me Sherlock Holmes  
Whole world got blown, so I tell hoes  
F\*\*k Lee's and shell toes, Dekangaroos and Velcro  
Timbaland, mocassins, dimes in them pennyloafers  
A-Train, one bus, sure I had plenty soldiers  
Uncle, plenty holsters, dolgers, soldiers, hostess  
Not golfin' like golf, he had plenty gophers  
Can't get paid, the earth is big  
You worthless kid, Cam don't deserve to live  
Back then I played for gauchos, went over the riverside  
Young life, turned left, we back over the riverside  
Blood played for stone gem  
That's when I told him and Jim  
We ain't ballin for real, where's the stone gems?  
Where's the chrome rims?  
That's when you changing lanes  
Here we change your lane, we'll gain a sprain  
Change the game  
And not namin' names  
But 'caine fames like Damon Wayans  
Connect for life is, the Tech kept us righteous  
Cause yes expect the crisis, when it's connects and prices  
I had to hustle harder, move up my mustle marger  
Seen New Jack City, cop me a couple cars  
And that's word to my father, send a bird to my father  
Dove love, R.I.P. on his early departure  
I'm just merely an author, but I'm purely a baller  
Every Friday, across the street, and I creep with Ms. Parker

[Chorus: Jaheim]

Get the whips the kicks, and clothes  
So we can get with the models  
And hit the strip with the Dip, we're 'Set to blow  
Now you know  
All of the reasons why we chase the dough  
Get the whips the kicks, and clothes  
So we can get with the models  
And hit the strip with the Dip, we're 'Set to blow  
Now you know  
All of the reasons why we chase the doe

[Verse 2: Cam'Ron]

Killa!  
That nigga man, let me break it down real simple for ya'll  
Listen, yo, and I'm very prestigious  
You have various leases  
All my pieces, painted them, cherry and peaches

Chics, Cherry and Peaches  
They had cherry deheaters  
If I want a toast, hustled up various reefer  
Ithica, Ithica, hydro, why yo?  
Haze on delivery, lives hoes, five fo  
But kept the fo-five, for wise guys with eyes low  
Pick me up from fo-five, CL-55, whoa!  
Playin' Grand Theft Auto, they like Diablo  
My crews' the triad, Zeke, Santana, Capo!  
But they some slimmy sue  
Can rock a Jimmy Choo shoe  
Next day Valore sweatsuit, construction timmy boots  
Don't be no guinea boo, you rock that Fendi you  
You drinkin' Henney too  
Coupe color is Winnie Pooh.  
And he skinny too, they had my favorite rum  
Not a six-fo-five-fo, but made in jump  
Shout, say say the funk, he keep the K in pump  
He ain't never scared, never scared, raise the trunk  
We'll just lay and dump, play the punk, spray the chump  
The way they runnin I guess they could relate to Gump (Forrest, that is)

[Chorus: Jaheim]  
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