

# Cam'ron, Shake

(feat. JR Writer)

Killa! Jones! Freaky! Santana! Come on!  
Shake, shake, shake (uh!)  
Shake, shake, shake (Uh!)  
Shake, shake, shake (uh!)

[Verse 1 - Cam'Ron]

Yo, who wanna mess with me, or come mess with me  
Be a mess to clean, call me Mr. Clean  
The way I glitz and gleam, trigger team  
Click the Beam, hit the fiend (?) on me  
Lookin like I'm nicotine  
But it's all for the green like Listerine  
Had to diss the queen thinkin I'm gon' get her jeans  
I ain't Ginuwine, ma, my mission's mean  
All my nigga team fix the fix get the cream  
I sit in Bahamas, with Alyssa Milano  
Got the Crist' and the ghanga and its gettin un-karma  
Comma, now she cryin she missin her mama  
Just a steppin stone for me now I'm hittin Madonna  
And she twistin the fauna as we sit in the sauna  
Guess it's just my persona, got her kissin my condom

[Chorus]

We're the Dip, so cut the shit  
Ma twist your hips and lick your lips  
We're the Dip, so cut the shit  
Ma twist your hips and lick your lips

[Bridge: Cam'Ron]

Ma you straight frontin', let's get the date jumpin  
See your booty panties, ma shake something  
Shake something, shake something  
Shake-shake, shake shake something

[Verse 2: Cam'Ron]

And I got some girls, bout five or six  
And a five and six, about five or six  
I surprise the chick, that's when her eyes get lit  
Let her drive the whip, see if she ride a stick  
Who as live as this? My pool size is sick (sick)  
But swim in my pants and dive for dick  
They call me Moby, my pos-i-tive  
Tell them free Willy if your thigs are thick  
And your ass if fat and your head is right  
And your dough is good, we can smash tonight  
Right here in the car, ma, at the light  
If you ask for cash, oh I'm mad for life  
Kiss ass, you dyke, and I'm fast to fight  
If you get mad, (??) grab a bite (what?)  
Or I stab it light and we'll grab a bite  
Is it crab you like? Lobster appetite

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

[Verse 3: JR Writer]

In front of the club, drops, coups and trucks  
I'ma front in the club with a hundreds of studs  
A gun and some bud through the metal detector  
The metal detect ya, settle and wet 'cha  
I don't mettle with extra, you fakes and clowns

I walk in and get out of the club safe and sound  
Silencer, dog, how safe it sound?  
I got apes and hounds, he just pace around  
And I'll lace you down, but I'm lookin for  
A Manahttan ho or a Brooklyn whore  
A Bronx biatch that'll let me look and explore  
Up front but beat around the bush for sure  
'Til the tush is sore, hit it doggy style  
Get it doggy style, you know you doin your style  
I'ma mack or more and it's smash or more  
A VIP up between the bathroom stalls

[Chorus]

[Bridge]