

Cam'ron, Soap Opera

[Chorus]

If only you...could let me in
I know that love...it would begin
If only I...could rap to you
I know this love...would capture you, yeah!
Dont you wanna ride? [x4]

[Cam'Ron Speaking Over Beat]

Killa! Uh!

This the ghetto soap opera right here man! You from Harlem you already know. You on that hustlers mission. You tryin' to get that paper. Wifey like it one minute...next minute she dont man. You know they at home watching Lifetime on the internet. But you got to do you. I got it, let me tell you!

[Verse 1]

Yo my mommy Toy
Was my pride and joy
She would drive the toys
Plus ride the boy
To supply the boys
I got it live from Kroy
Yes a 9 in boys
Wore a 5 in boys
Over the chick shit
I shoot 5 wit Roy
Now I load the fo' five
Shoot 5 at Roy
Ain't like my job
All guys I employ
Lifestyle I enjoy
But Im the livest Doy (echo doy)
A Hustler and Cam famous?
You damn anus
I dunno but I can't change it
Can't paint it
Pop it, champagne it
Stop it, car drop it, it look dull
Damn paint it
She would throw a pout
How I'm showin' out
How I'm out goin'
But dont be goin' out
It's things to know about
When you got dough and clout
Ways to move, know the route
Baby girl, close your mouth
Cuz I feed you well
Every sneaker, hell
You eat Louie, shit Gucci, breathe Chinelle
Car laga fell
Acting like Gargamel
For the car cop the cell
And the bar stop at hell
'Wrong wit chu?
She said whats wrong with chu?
Always got a song to do
Can't get along its true
So I skipped marriage
Bought her six carrats
Rather die that nigga
Than to live average

[Chorus]

If only you...could let me in
I know that love...it would begin
If only I...could rap to you
I know this love...would capture you, yeah!
Dont you wann ride? [x4]

[Cam'Ron]

Oh it aint over part 2! Uh! Ghetto soap opera lets do it!

Yo! Yo! Uh!
Lookin' back on school
Arts and crafts
Fuck half the staff
Beat up half the class
I was like Dr. Dre though
I have to laugh
Nigga wit an attitude
Meet me after math
Had her half and half
Not a drink
2 chicks def lit acid fast
To half a tab
You could ask her ass
I would dash and laugh
You after me?
Huh, Im after cash
Im on I-80
Though with my baby
Whole ride hazy
Tell her don't drive crazy
I got plans for you
Look in the sky baby
Fuck Sara Lee, Misses Smith
You the pie lady
Fly lady G2
Fly baby gee you
Wild baby
Please boo whats your size crazy?
Don Wonin'
When I'm in the foreign
Almond drop top
My charm is alarmin'
I was alertin' her
Just to re-insert in her
That I would leave Earth wit her
Huh, I can't interpret her
She got mad I leaned over
Im mercin' her
Said when I do dirt wit her
The only time I flirt with her
Not to be V.I.
But this is B.I. Bia
Me and G.I.
Be watched by the P.I.'s
See why we can't finish together
I'd rather do buisness than pleasure and thats real!

[Chorus]

If only you...could let me in
I know that love...it would begin
If only I...could rap to you
I know this love...would capture you, yeah!
Dont you wanna ride [to fade out]