

Cam'ron, Triple Up

(feat. 40 Cal.)

Dipset, Killa, Street's what it is

[Verse 1]

I done stopped and styled hummers, rock for wild summers
The nerve in me, these courtesy of Crocodile Hunter (that's right)
That mean the croke-adile, see ya'll niggaz chokin' now
Know my style, you know I style, get money poster-child
Crip, piece, I swear you should come over child
Garage, Benz, Lambourgini, Rover fouts
Red, blue, green like the average frog
Don't be mad at dog, Ferrari out the catalogue
Bracelet switched to Bangles, medallions shit just dangle
Chain twist and tangle, you'll get ripped and mangled
Hit from angels, I told you we equipped with angles
Can't find you, your girl tape her wrists and ankles
Show her the click clicker, better yet six figures
Ask her where that nigga bitch, he a bitch nigga
The big picture, get figures, my kicks glitter
Get with her, in the basement longer than Big Tigger

[Hook]

Triple up, trey eight, four nickel tucked
Get some weight on your ass, give them nickels up
This is for my fly ice niggaz
Kilo breast, Chicken wing, fried rice niggaz
Quadruple up, triple five on me you stupid fuck
Take your ass up the block doggy the stoop is us
This is for my Benjamin bitches
You don't need 'em, get money credit scam bitches

[Verse 2]

Ayo your clique is soft, my wrist is frost
I just pick a Porsche, guns we strap 'em on, then we lick 'em off (pap pap pap pap)
Got a sickenin' loft, you know how much the kitchen cost
Your bitch and boss, get 'em crossed, best bet don't piss me off
Listen horse a lot of niggaz I did endorse
Or course makes me nauseous when they call the force
Only force I call is the Holocaust
Holla scholar, bodies drop when the dollars tossed (35 hundred)
Hot stove, jelly jar, baking soda
Hot water, mask, gloves, can't take the odor
But I make the quota, hate cats that faking older
Remember back in the days, man them days is over
Know it might seem I'm sellin' ya'll a pipe dream
Wolf tickets, nope been a legend since nineteen
And that was in the late 1990's
You late, homeboy I kept them 19's shiny
Killa, easy

[Hook]

[Verse 3: 40 Cal.]

I came a long way from getting hanged by a white jury
Look at my neck, all you see hang white jewelry
I triple the chain, triple the wrist
Dice game the same night I through triples and split
I get menage et tua, the triple the chicks
Got 'em on a triple beam takin' trips with the bricks
My clique, the weight watchers, we wait for niggaz with watches
Or watch niggaz with weight with cake in they wallet
Raping they pockets and taking they projects
If you flip like T-Mobile I could make you a sidekick

Shit you see a profit one day off of my flip
You gotta go triple to say that it's my shit
But for now get ya hustle up
How you talk about triple when you still trying to double up
This the bubble music, hoes with the bubble buck
Bubble coke, and they bubble coke to cop that bubble truck

[Hook]