

Camera Phone

The Game

Mmmmm, ohh-whoa-ohhhhh
Hey!

Picture me and my gangsta girl, ridin with the top back
Bangin Ne-Yo, my neck frio, my Sox hat
Tilted to the side, like you know I get my grind on
Get my shine on, jewelry blacken on rhinestones
Rims spinnin like a globe on these low pros
Do it big cause I'm s'posed to floss and that's the reason she break me off
Cause I'm gangsta, and I'm ridin with

Ne-Yooooo, it's a thug and a gentleman
Rollin like a boss do, no matter the cost to
Not tryin to brag but, money not a issue
Don't let your girl see us, that might make her diss you
Cause if she roll with us, she won't even miss you

Uh, uh, uh
Pop rubber bands when I throw a stack
before it hit the ground she throw it back
When I make it rain that's chump change that paid for the 26 on my Range
Range, Range, drive, drive, take the wheel when I roll this lye
Climb over to the passenger side and freeze

And once again it's on
If she take a picture with a camera phone
Then playa she not comin home
And if I'm on her screen saver, that might mean later we gone
If I let her take a picture, she will roll with me
If I let her take a picture, she will roll with me
If I let her take a picture, she will roll with me
And will roll with me, and will roll with me, ohh

If you don't know by now baby I'm a star, look at my face, look at my car
Look at my waist and look at my scars, look out the window see where we are
In my Phantom, in my Rover bangin

Ne-Yooooo, it's a thug and a gentleman (yeah, yeah, yeah)
She never rolled in a car with the suicide
Girl when they see you and I, they committin suicide
All of 'em want my girl - cause she pretty and thick in the thighs
Homie don't mess with mine - do us or it's suicide

She call me Jay, I call her B, we gettin married, to the streets
I'm chasin money she chasin me, I'm right where, I wanna be
With the B, on my Bentley, the horse on my Lambo
Crown on my Cadillac, checks on my Air Max
Haters, better fall back, 'fore I put somethin in your ballcap
That's my chick, I got her back like a bra strap
Cause she fine, and she cute, she think she all that
And she all that, that's my girl, that's my world

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Game, can you take a picture?
Ne-Yo, can you take a picture?
We been waitin all night
Just to take a picture wit'cha
(2x)

Grab the wheel, take control, and let your hair blow inside my Lambo
Pull out your phone, picture that
take you home let your man know I'm hittin that
While I'm hittin that, she send it back, she drop it low, we about to blow
Me and N-E, dash, Y-O, yo', girl know
She's so Ciara, so Eve, so Mariah, so B
She's so Trina, I'm R. Kelly; she remind me of, my gold D's
I'm Coolie Hi, I'm Cocheese, she a 34-D, I'm so pleased
I'm So So Def, she's so Janet, I'm J.D. and she fo' me
In a H-2, we fo' deep, through the N.Y.C. off no sleep
I hate to drive but I break it wide when I'm ridin with my show D
I kidnap her never take her home, ridin off bangin Ne-Yo sittin on chrome
In that Maserati see the paparazzi they she gone

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