

# Wala Cam (feat. Supa Bwe & Forever Band)

## Chance the Rapper

Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala  
Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala  
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Wala Cam, Wala Cam, Wala Cam, Wala Cam Big ol' booty gotta jump, gotta juke me  
Gotta plan, gotta duty  
Gotta dance, gotta boogie  
I'm a fan, gotta stan  
Gotta cam, it's a movie  
Make my 'gram look like Cannes, like in France  
My momma, my mamma mia  
Tell me what your momma feeds you  
You getting that cornbread and choreo  
Let me throw you on the story though  
Trying to be like story mode  
You belong on the war zone on Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala  
Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala Nigga you can't dance  
My feet like my hands  
Your feet like quicksand  
Something I can't stand  
Something I just hate  
I'm not on no date  
Car don't got no roof  
Works, don't got no brake  
Girl don't got no waist  
Watch don't got no face  
Jet don't got no plates  
God don't got no cape  
Shoes don't got no J's  
Don't got no style, don't got no taste  
Bank don't got no card, don't got quickpay, don't got no Chase Wala Cam, Wala Cam, Wala  
Cam, Wala Cam  
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Wala Cam, Wala Cam, Wala Cam, Wala Cam  
Wala Cam, Wala Cam, Wala Cam, Wala Cam Watching DBZ

Shorty stuck to me

Like she lowkey USB

I just want some head, want some lowkey guillotine

Police watching me like I'm lowkey new TV

Like I'm serving twenty p's

Like I lowkey used to be

Over the seas with my girl cause she over achieving Don't put nobody over her king

Love my life

Shorty ride my face like bike

I'ma beat it like Mike, not Ike

My spliff broke, shit! oh life

I might spent on you

All year, all night I might some fuck some ads up

Or fuck your mans up

I might fuck some bands up

Switch the plan up

Leave the country like right now

Shit, I might go flight

I might take off tonight

I might, I might, I might

Tonight I might Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala

Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala, Wala You need name tag

She got the same ass

Same drawers, same car

Same bag, damn fraud

Shake it up, shake it up, shake it up, shake it up

Pop pop pop that cork

Pop it like July 4th

Shorty don't move like yours She get it from a store

You get it from the Stork

They don't do this up North

They always end at nought Wala Cam, Wala Cam, Wala Cam, Wala Cam

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Wala

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>