

Who'S Nice

Cam'ron

Yo, turn me up some B
I'm about to lace ya'll, check it out
I'm not a muthafuckin' joke B
Whoever think I'm not nice
This is for ya'll punk muthafuckas
Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo See the drug game was always the man's sport
That's what Cam thought so everyday
I had a hundred grams bought
On the transport kept it inside the Jansport A real hooty game, we ain't care who we blame
Shit was all the same until Guili' came with a moody aim
You know the mayor nigga, a fight crime approach
Acting like a kind host but gettin' time for a roach A little indo, that's when yo, I said
"I'm messin' with these bimbos"
It's easier to pimp hoes, nowadays they simp hoe
It don't take much to make her Just take her to a place where it's nice
Show her the ice and might give her a fake fur
'Cause girls I control them classy
Old and sassy, old and nasty I ain't gonna front that nigga Gold, he gassed me
But now I'm flowin' fastly, rollin' jazzy
Just a while ago, I was rollin' badly
We was on the low wit Aggie but now what have we Range Ro' and Navy life size
My girl yo she slices pies
A Benz is what my wife drives
You know Qeet' nigga, executive thug But she respects me and loves
Don't let your head meet her slug
Until she sprayed out and layed out
Ineffections of blood A lil' thick chick that'll click quick
Do anything for the dick dick
You know what else that puzzles me?
I find this shit a riddle How come when you got a lot?
People say you got a little
Like they say you act a little funny
'Cause you got a litte money
And you did a little song and made a little money Oh, you know my favorite
Oh, you think you a little star
'Cause you got a little fans
And you drive a little car I prove they all are liars
Saying that they got a fire
Hang 'em up on a barber wire

Yo, you think you got attire
To the point like Stoudamire Yeah, I'm a harsh nigga that drink hard liquor
A six Benz car getter, you know Digga
He ain't rich, he's a star figure
Platinum deep, hangs with Jews
Chills up at their barmitzfah's He loves the hooligans
Now we eat at hooligans's
Seen Ed Lover and Doctor Dre
We told them niggas who the man
Pulled the toast out on these niggas one time And even Cuda ran, you know that I'm a skitzo
Who listens to calypso but I'm quick though
And old school like hungry, hungry hippo
Ask my Queens niggaz how I get dough kiko Now I beat up clicks, eat up chicks
Ask my man how I beat up shit
And when I'm out of work, I got to re-up quick
Every six the same pies, drink from Cris' to St. Ides
Every hit my bank rise and no bitch I ain't high I've been hotter since
I was in pampers hittin' pinatas
You win nada, come on I got put on
By Mase and Big Poppa So I'm glad you sat down
I ain't want Uncle Un to bring the gats down
He spat rounds, I heard that nigga clap towns
But me I never back down My mother, she can sign that
I know you're thinkin' that It's 'bout that time
Nigga I wanna rewind that
So go ahead and rewind it faggot

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