Monster Muzik

Cam'ron & Vado

[Intro: Cam'Ron]Word up Rector!
I wasn't gonna say it again?
Word up, man it's all good!
You don't gotta let us in your little shit!
You got that?
Keep that shit, man!
You could have it man.
WE GOOD!
Killa!
[Verse 1: Cam'Ron] See you like to front. (word!) Me? I like to stunt. (true!)
I go for it on fourth down you the type to punt. (fuck that!)
I go for the homerun. - You the type to bunt
No support stay in court twice a month. - Light the blunt!
D.A.! - Flees and flies he breakin' down them pizza pies (Mr. Pies!)
See my eyes, rolled up right now. - I'm facin three to five. (in Jersey!)
Assault charge, yeah granted - it was aggrevated
But you characters my character - won't assasinate it. (nope!)
Ha! - They had to hate it aggitated cash related (cash related!)
I tell your bitch: "Grab my dick! Ha! Now masterbate it! "
Don't catch feelings man - how she not feelin' Cam?
And look her by the waist feelin like a ceilin fan (you crazy!)
My girl Chanel should sell shit 'for Chanel kicks hell
Split turn down 50 mill' - on my Chappelle, shit! (Chapelle, shit!)
Get your ice wet! - Lay down that slight bet
Word my word heard you'll get curved like a Nike, check!
[Interlude: Vado]Check!
Check! Fly!
Ayo, they call us the new Harlem Knights, man!
We like Richard Pryor and Eddie! (man, don't fuckin' with us!)
Three shots I'll take his whole team out! (fire, man!)
Arsenio ass niggas! (Huh?)
[Verse 2: Vado]
You now lookin' at the face of the new team (yes!)
No Plies! Big faces in these true jeans! (HUH? !)
I don't tie nor lace 'em keep some lose strings (all day!)
Tongue hangin' son fakin in them two G's.
She gon' drop on two knees once she see the belt (huh?)
I'm number one with the water I need to meet with Phelps. (Haaaaaa!)
Got my own corner! (Corner!) - I don't need your help. (nah!)

I'm doin everything like I only need myself. (huh!)
A bit more thread I'd have the city sowed (sowed!)
Top down gettin head while on the Bentley phone. (phone!)
Powder blue it's all like the one that Diddy owns (yeah!)
Ask Killa I write +Thrillers+ like Quincy Jones!
G4's speedboats and villa homes (homes!)
Fake pokin', y'all chest out - y'all silicones! (Haaaaa!)
Jeff Hamilton spurs level with silver phones (yes!)
Standin on the couch in mansions spillin' Rose. (Rose!)- Homes! (Homes!)
[12 seconds instrumental][Verse 3:][Vado:]DAMN! See while I'm feelin' myself? (See?)
The market done changed and y'all rappers still on the shelf? (things change!)
Quick to go for the Eagles like I'm from Philadelph'
I feel for y'all health - 'fore I pull your ice grill and get melt. (like chill!)
Shotty pump! No ball get your body dumped (dumped!)
I don't brawl a phone call have your body slumped! (HUH? !)
Queens stories heard 'em all from Preme to Ronnie Bump (yeah!)
Waitin on that four door Porsche should be out in a month.
[Cam'Ron:]With these keys I'm a wilderbeast (word!) Nautica feel the fleece (I'm feelin'!)
I should shoot at the ground the way I kill this beat. (true!)
No seatbelt but ma, I'll unfacin it
Jag Coupe is lavender, today I'm playin' passenger. (shotgun!)
"Killa" the signature (yes!) before that is the literature (now!)
Pow was a baller hustler slash prisoner. (what else?)
But a good listener (ture!) - your wife I might piss on her,
Christian her! - Yeah that's how I'll wizz it wizz on her. [beat stops]

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