

# That's Me

## Cam'ron

I'm not going to sit here and watch this go on any longer  
You know they put my food in the dark  
And then expect me to look for my plate on some Mr. Magoo shit  
Fuck, I look like, I'm not going to watch this go on any longer I'm on y'all  
Harlem, who else is going to hold us down  
Bloodshed niggas  
Let's get it right this time around, understand, killer Yo, I don't understand how these cats sip Daqueri's  
Like it's all good down at the hit factory  
Be on fifty-fourth, whole clique backing me  
All that click clackery, take your wrist wrappery I ain't no rapper, B, I skeet oozies  
And I can't act, turned down three movies  
So gimme your chain, your jewels and your cash  
And your fast food, I'll eat your food fast My rude ass, carry three weapons  
And I'll give your face a C section and keep stepping  
Who else in a hurry to mirk  
We kill girls, rape 'em, bury their skirts Imagine me wake up 7:30 for work, what?  
I'd rather run the streets 7:30 with work  
But met this knucklehead, thought he want a order  
Came and asked me, stop pitching to his daughter Said me, it's the man, can't be  
Be glad I'm not in her damn panties  
Got her damn handy  
How you going to ever ask, stop carrying candy I'm a sell to anybody in your damn family  
Uncle Tom, your Aunt Tammy, your Grandmammy  
Your right hand man, Randy, understand me  
In Antlanta, I got an outlandish land piece  
And a matching land, Desert Calasandi You know the one with the whips, that's me  
The one with the chips and the chips, that's me  
The one with the toast, pants baggy, yelling out get at me  
Get at me, nigga, that's me The one that be running and dodging, you  
The one that be sucking mad dick, you  
The one that's scared of some yay yo  
Always wanna lay low 'cause your girl say so, you, biatch I could show you some ice  
Throw you a bite  
You not that good dog, who told you you're nice  
Your crew, switch siders When I come through, hey, Cam  
Dick riders  
But I only mess with Navigators five twenty-eight  
Six drivers, big buyers, where you live, we live liver Come through, stick your suppliers  
Mack so many hoes, dick in saliva

Gash her up, ma, put it on you mouth  
 Then I grab her neck and try to take her tonsils out  
 And I don't got beef, I don't play those games  
 If I did though, believe me, I would say y'all names  
 Go to your house, red dot, scope your crib  
 Smack your earth, snatch your seeds, choke your wiz  
 My crew split, it was my mistake  
 But to my nigga, Duke, we all make mistakes  
 I'm a get shit right if I spend my cake  
 Jimmy, I'm a get you up out of 5 H  
 This is for my niggas that load the pipe  
 Saying I'm the best, just not promoted right  
 You know my life  
 Drink, smoke, roll some dice  
 Control the hiest  
 Know I'm a patrol your schiest  
 We all get schiest  
 Ma, keep all your rice  
 Wedding ring, hell no  
 I like all my ice  
 Niggas tried to make Killa Cam all polite  
 Turn on the set now, bitch, I'm like poltergiest  
 You the type talk about everything you got now  
 I interrupt you like, "Not now, you hot owl"  
 My rings like a dog, all rock wild  
 When I flash it, everybody shocked, "Wow!"  
 I see y'all concerned about me  
 You ain't got to go to school to learn about me  
 Yo, the one with mad guns, that's me  
 The one with the yay for twenty-three, that's me  
 The one with the ice, sliced, coke half price  
 Yoke that's nice, that's me  
 The one that's scared of a scuffle, you  
 The one that say, "Baby girl, I love you" you  
 The one that talk about hustling, never seen a oven  
 You all about nothing, you biatch  
 Told you I got us this time around niggas  
 Feeling me some, huh  
 Harlem, I got us nigga  
 Santana, Freaky Zeeky, Jim Jones, Salty  
 Feshon, run with us or run from us or get run the fuck over  
 It's fuck us, so fuck y'all  
 Killa biatch  
 Killa bitch  
 Killa bitch  
 Killa bitch  
 Killa bitch

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