Losing Weight Part 2

Cam'ron

Ayyo, fuck losing weight
I'm back on these highways moving cakes
Life's based upon what I'ma do today
Cop a car, new estate
Na, fuck it get the beef and rocks blue and grey
Baby do the date
I got ta move an eighth
Fuck the scrutiny
Y'all niggas screwin me
Killa never let the drama slide
Y'all gone hear a nigga momma die
Yell out homicide
18 Months please, that ain't facing time
I'm stressed anyway, need it for vacation time
I'ma do the right thing though, take shock anyway
6 Months right back on the damn block anyway
But look, money from across the street
Think its sweet, think you get money across the street
Me and my peeps often meet
At 5-0 they work for us, walk the beef
Walk with heat cause talk is cheap
So dunn stay silent
Revolvers, Automatics, guns stay silent
When it comes to beef it becomes a talent
Remember me, ODB, I'm the one from falice
Digital ten, shit get critical friend
I got 800 invisible men
That mean it could be the bankman
Person at the gas station filling up your tank, fam
Lady at the front stand
Or rap poison your relish right in the center babe
Pictures of renegades, she'll piss in your lemonade
And y'all dead now
That you can bet now
Do like a toaster put your bread down
Upset now, hate when I gotta rep clowns blow Tech rounds
In a collision, I see their ambition
But they don't know them days when I was stooped up in prison
Or all them hot summers when I was cooped up in the kitchen

When it came to grams it was 90 I fried
350 On the stove and its 90 outside
I'ma get this girl that be stuff in my bricks
Felt life cheated her, she be cuttin her wrists
Her mom died, heroin overdose stuffed her wrist
Father fuckin her, older man fuckin her sis
But love my music, say I do nothing but hits
She'll do anything for me, nothing but hits
Cause when she needed help I got her nothing but fixed
Needed coke, needed dope, ya I gave her a fix
So she went across the street, gave him a kiss
Stuck her toungue out, flirted, played with his dick
You know Cam, he said "yeah, don't play with his chips"
Stood back, blazed the 6, amazin and shit
Killa, Killa, Dip Set nigga
Fuck losing weight
We back on these highways moving cakes
Life's based upon what I'ma do today
I think my moms moving away
Yeah, I think I'ma cop me that new estate
Baby do the date
I got to move an eighth
Fuck the scrutiny
Y'all niggas screwin me
Juelz never let the cops get me
On the block til the shots hit me
Until the shots get me
Niggas wanna know why I'm so nice when it come to spittin
That fire
Its real dog, I live in the fire
Used to being in the streets homie, in the mists of the
Fire
Break works put it in pots, sit it in fire
Quick to grab the 5th and just fire
Try to peel off, I'm hittin your tire
Hittin your door while your cars spinnin hittin the wall
That's just the beginning of war
I let you know you dealing with dogs
My villians will finish you off
Head in your chest brain
Dead on the van on the express way
While I got my hand in the Tech wave
Niggas like "fuck, is he stupid?"
Cops wanna cuff me, do it
You wanna be a hero, snuff me, do it, rush me, do it

Shit, like I ain't been through the scars and bruises
Like I ain't been through the bars, seen the sargaent trooper
Look at my body, I lost so much weight
Cops raiding my spot, I done lost so much weight
I'm tellin papi front me a brick, let me owe that cake
He tellin me, he ain't got but so much weight
He been waiting for his connection to come
I'm like "at least give me a half, I'll confess and
Stretch it to one"
I'm on the block as usual
With that block that you chop and the rocks as usual
Watching for the cops that's moving through
Me and my soldiers know the rules
We use cakes to get by, by the dudes in blue
Keep your mouth locked, screwed and glued
Or shots from the roof duke will circle round your body
Like hoola-hoops
Mami told me son, hold your own
And one day your gone grow to be a rolling stone
And I believed her
Juelz never let the cops get me
On the block til the shots hit me
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