

Killa Cam

Cam'ron

Before we get into this Killa Season
Let's start this shit off with my man 40 Cal Who am I? 40 Cal. motherfucker
Gat to your back, get down motherfucker
Clown motherfucker
(You will be wonderin' what are we gonna do now) Let me try to explain
I shoot his truck up just to drive him insane
Give his Rover the new name, the firing range
When we see you yell fire and aim 'Cause when I fire them things it's like
(You will be wonderin' what are we gonna do now)
I gotta watch who wit me, watch who pretty
Drop two fitty on a hot new Bentley But when it come to drops say he cop too many like, damn
(You will be wonderin' what are we gonna do now)
Down with wonderful Cal
(They make Hummers in brown) Nah, I just shitted on you, even haters lovin' my style
I'm a role model, I make the hustlers proud
I make the customers smile
(You will be wonderin' what are we gonna do now) Catch me in them things with Jennifer, BM's with Olivia
If it ain't Vivica or somebody similar
Comin' down the block the suspense is killin' ya like, wow
(You will be wonderin' what are we gonna do now) That's Cal, we see him we leavin'
He schemin', he be beastin'
Heard he kill people, we believe him
Oh shit he's reachin'
(You will be wonderin' what are we gonna do now) Killa, Killa, Killa, Killa
Killa, Killa, Killa, Killa Dial Killa for murda once, no redial
Just see child, the O G style and how I used to be wild
This the story of Cam'ron and Zeke Giles one way road to the P now
Yeah, the whoscal, oh, child you wasn't there Zeke snitched, if he did, I'd be doin' a hundred years
Did the interstate, big cities, tiny ones
Took over niggaz towns, black ties, tiny bums
Handsome hoods, pretty thugs, but we grimy dun Cars, cribs, money, had to find me some
Zeke right behind me dun, dun, he play by all the rules
That's why the house is his, the cars, all the jewels
Ya'll niggaz all are fools, your regular married with children Dawg, nine to five, office, pool
Couldn't live that life, I need a loft and pool
I had too much class, I ain't report to school
If they report to school, I caught the stool, extort the fool Took off his jewels, thought he cool, gun to mouth,
they often drool
Fuckin' wit this wolf, this should be taught to you

Ya money don't matter, what you can't afford to do
Is fuck wit me dawg, that could be affordable
Hide ya mom, police protection, that's when I'm cordial
Cars convertible, TV's are portable
Fiends on line, coke lines, they come and snort a few (Killa)
Guns, cars, bitches and
(Killa)
Weed, smoke, dope
(Killa)Glocks, ox ockin' I'm cocked
(Killa)
Cam, fam, damn, it's
(Killa)Season and the reason you breathin'
(Killa)
Who buy out the bar though?
(Killa)
Who far from a star but they car is Gallardo?
(Killa)I was forced to eat, anything you lost I keep
Shot the fifth, and then like a Piston, toss the heat
Now round the corner, up the block, cross the street
Up fifty flights, right where the bosses meet
And the Porsche is peach, felt like Boston George
Left Boston Market, did deals on Boston Beach
Now, I bought the beach, all because they applaud my speech
One nigga crossed the chief I know you heard he lost his teeth and it's (Killa)
Guns, cars, bitches and
(Killa)
Weed, smoke, dope
(Killa)Glocks, ox ockin' I'm cocked
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Killa
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Killa

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