

# I.b.s.

## Cam'ron

Lemme tell y'all a 'lil story about myself  
This right here is a true story, check it out though  
Ulcers hurt my salary, alter my personality  
Give it to you real, I can't feed my culture no fallacy  
You know my attitude, arrogant, cocky rude  
Eatin' off papi food, used to be a stocky dude  
Weighed two twenty, wit two honies, I move monie  
It's true dummy, dunny need a new tummy  
I become berserk, it was no fun to work  
Everyday my stomach hurt, rippin' off my undershirt  
The pain was no comparison, stomach started cherishin'  
Throwin' up in public, yo fuck it, it was embarrassin'  
Regurgitatin', green, yellow, burgundy, boom  
But came my urgency soon, the emergency room  
In there, no salvage, treated like a cold savage  
They said pimpin' symptoms, huh, a dope addicts  
There you have it, but they ain't find no heroin  
Coke, crack, dope, just weed, but that's my medicine  
My baby mama, mama and my grandma  
Say that I'm too gordy, word to my blue maurys  
This is a true story  
I got stomach pain, don't matter sun or rain  
Thought that it went away, uh oh, here it come again  
Never mind stuntin', dime puffin, doc spent his time frontin'  
He like a bad detective, he ain't find nuttin'  
Besides that though, I can't enjoy a movie, dinner  
My son growin' up, I'm lookin' like the movie thinner  
I'm thinkin' suicide, do or die, sit and cry  
What hurt my baby moms askin' if I'm gettin' high  
She gonna play me a thug, I told the lady I love  
If it ain't hustlin' ma, please don't relate me to drugs  
I'm loosin' weight though, everyday pounds and muscles  
Gotta get off my ass, hit some towns and hustle  
Bein' sick, huh, it get sickenin' you know  
I was too sick to do shows, but still equipped to move O's  
You know my attitude, get it how I get it  
If I can shoot, I turn around, I'm off my pivot  
And oops, I thought I had it mapped  
Weight started to gain again, it was just a game my friend

Dame mane I pained again  
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Thought that it went away, uh, oh, here it come again  
Ay, yo, god body, I'm hard bodied, word mommy, vanishin'  
Hadda go low, the male clinic, Minnesota  
I couldn't get cake, a rock in a hard place  
For me, that's a odd place, I'm only here by God's grace  
Like a lab rat, them tests dishonor Cam  
Ultrasound, MIR, CAT scan, sonogram  
Laparoscopy, inoscopy, I be stressed  
The prognosis, diagnosed, IBS  
And that's irritable bowel child, I hadda spit it y'all  
Kick to y'all, so it ain't my fault if I shit on y'all  
Get it, get it, get it, get it?  
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