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
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
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?
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
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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/