

Dipshits (feat. Juelz Santana & DAME DASH)

Cam'ron

[Introduction: Juelz Santana and Cam'ron]

Never thought they'd see this again

Here we go!

Killa Cam in the building

Dipset!

You know what it is

My man A-Trak

I feel something epic, no homo[Verse One: Cam'ron]

Man, I'm that nigga, y'all, I ain't even lying

I'm running fashion, man, I ain't even trying

I see these fuckboys hating on me

Been in the crib three years, they still waiting on me

But I'm done with the frontin', I'm popping trunk and pressing the button

No stunting, I'm dumping and pumping the pump

Somethin' to this chump, have him crying like onions

With a gun I am gifted, back up before I will happily lift it

Popping a cap in the back of your cap

Lift up your hat, my astro's malicious

Mommy backed up and said she see the difference

"You're mature, handsome, mixed with a lot of ignorance"

Dick in her intestines 'bout to poke her chitlins

Call me 2 Chainz's drummer, say my strokes are different

I'm different, you beating

What you doing after this, bitch? I'm leaving

Adios, vamonos

I fuck your mama, word to mama, keep your mama close[Hook: Juelz Santana]

Uh, I know you miss this

It's still Dipset, you dipshits

Stay fly, don't get your bitch hit

Stay gripped, don't get your shit split

Uh, still push it and get it off

Nigga, we just cut from a different cloth

Uh, I know you miss this

Still Dipset, you dipshits[Verse Two: Cam'ron]

Man, fuck a magazine, don't care what you cowards read

Don't gotta wonder, we like wonder with our bread

Money, respect, don't forget the power, dread

Had this one girl squirting like a showerhead

Nine on the waist, eighty keys in the trunk

Stamp on the dope, eighty degrees of funk
Reebok money, eighty degrees in the pumps
Lookin' for me? Top floor suite of the Trump, baby
Cause of stupidity, send fire, humidity
No one here is sick of me, got the gift, no Christmas tree
Get the shovels, y'all, everyone digging me

I'm back to the future, still making history[Hook][Outro: Dame Dash]

I feel like rapping on this shit. First off, my name is Dame Dash. And I want to talk for a second if you don't mind, let me just say one thing: I am from Harlem, and I'm back outside. And you know what that means? That means people eat. Cause I'm a Harlem nigga, and that's what we do. That means when we walk in the room, nobody's safe. You 'bout to feel that, pause. Harlem sticks together. So if you feeling like number one, get ready to be number two, cause we back. What's that shit y'all be saying? Fool's Gold! Aight? 'Bout to party, I might pop bottles. Might have to see Champagne Dame!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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