

# Who's Nice

## Cam'ron

Yo, turn me up some B  
I'm about to lace ya'll, check it out  
I'm not a muthafuckin' joke B  
Whoever think I'm not nice  
This is for ya'll punk muthafuckas  
Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yoSee the drug game was always the man's sport  
That's what Cam thought so everyday  
I had a hundred grams bought  
On the transport kept it inside the JansportA real hoooty game, we ain't care who we blame  
Shit was all the same until Guili' came with a moody aim  
You know the mayor nigga, a fight crime approach  
Acting like a kind host but gettin' time for a roachA little indo, that's when yo, I said  
"I'm messin' with these bimbos"  
It's easier to pimp hoes, nowadays they simp hoe  
It don't take much to make herJust take her to a place where it's nice  
Show her the ice and might give her a fake fur  
'Cause girls I control them classy  
Old and sassy, old and nastyI ain't gonna front that nigga Gold, he gassed me  
But now I'm flowin' fastly, rollin' jazzy  
Just a while ago, I was rollin' badly  
We was on the low wit Aggie but now what have weRange Ro' and Navy life size  
My girl yo she slices pies  
A Benz is what my wife drives  
You know Qeet' nigga, executive thugBut she respects me and loves  
Don't let your head meet her slug  
Until she sprayed out and layed out  
Ineffections of bloodA lil' thick chick that'll click quick  
Do anything for the dick dick  
You know what else that puzzles me?  
I find this shit a riddleHow come when you got a lot?  
People say you got a little  
Like they say you act a little funny  
'Cause you got a little money  
And you did a little song and made a little moneyOh, you know my favorite  
Oh, you think you a little star  
'Cause you got a little fans  
And you drive a little carI prove they all are liars  
Saying that they got a fire  
Hang 'em up on a barber wire

Yo, you think you got attire  
To the point like Stoudamire Yeah, I'm a harsh nigga that drink hard liquor  
A six Benz car getter, you know Digga  
He ain't rich, he's a star figure  
Platinum deep, hangs with Jews  
Chills up at their barmitzfah's He loves the hooligans  
Now we eat at houlihans's  
Seen Ed Lover and Doctor Dre  
We told them niggas who the man  
Pulled the toast out on these niggas one time And even Cuda ran, you know that I'm a skitzo  
Who listens to calypso but I'm quick though  
And old school like hungry, hungry hippo  
Ask my Queens niggaz how I get dough kiko Now I beat up clicks, eat up chicks  
Ask my man how I beat up shit  
And when I'm out of work, I got to re-up quick  
Every six the same pies, drink from Cris' to St. Ides  
Every hit my bank rise and no bitch I ain't high I've been hotter since  
I was in pampers hittin' pinatas  
You win nada, come on I got put on  
By Mase and Big Poppa So I'm glad you sat down  
I ain't want Uncle Un to bring the gats down  
He spat rounds, I heard that nigga clap towns  
But me I never back down My mother, she can sign that  
I know you're thinkin' that It's 'bout that time  
Nigga I wanna rewind that  
So go ahead and rewind it faggot

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