

# Killa Cam / Roll That Skit

## Cam'ron

Killa Cam  
Killa Cam  
Killa Cam  
Killa killa  
Killa Cam With the goons I spy  
Stay in tune with ma  
She like damn  
This the realest since kumbaya Bumbayay killa Cam my lord  
Still the man with the pants  
Scrilla fam, more on board  
Now bitches They wanna neuter me Niggas They wanna tutor me  
The hooligan in Hoolahands  
Maneuvering is nothing new to me  
Doggy I'm from the land of grind Pan pan gram or dime  
Not toes or MC  
When I say hammer time  
Beef I hammer mine When I get my hands on nines  
If I had on Bammerline  
Corduroys Cam a shine  
Canary burgundy I call it lemon red  
Yellow diamonds in my ear  
Call em lemon heads  
Lemon head end up dead Ice like Winnipeg  
Gemstones, Flintstones  
You could say I'm friends with Fred  
You unhappy scrappy I got Pataki at me  
Bitches say I'm tacky daddy  
Range look like Laffy Taffy Kill Cam  
Killa Cam  
Killa Cam  
Killa killa  
Killa Cam I'm from where Nicky Barnes got rich as fuck  
Rich and Naye hit the kitchen then were pitchin' up  
Rob base, Mase, Doug E Fresh switched it up  
I do both who am I to fuck tradition up So I parked in a tow-away zone, chrome  
I don't care that car a throwaway home  
Welcome to Harlem  
Where you welcome to problems Off a furlo fella felons get parkings  
Them niggas knew we bang

Stood out like Pootie Tang  
Soon as the stoolie sang That's when the toolie sang  
Bang bang came from that movie rang  
Snap crack jewelry bling  
Flat jack who he bring Clack clack cooley ring  
Bad rap cuties claim  
Ascap put 'em in the river  
I'm the sushi king And I'm keep it fresh  
Let the fish eat ya flesh  
Yes sir please confess  
Just say he's the best Killa Cam  
Killa Cam  
Killa Cam  
Killa killa  
Killa Cam How dope is this  
Teach you how to rope a chick  
What you want, Coke or piff  
I got it all smoke or sniff And you know my drift  
Used to figures, doe and shit  
You a rooster nigga  
This a roaster bitch And I roast ya bitch  
That's how it usually end  
Tell her and her groupie friends  
Go get they Gucci cleanse We the moody Gucci Louie and Pucci men  
Or Skada Prada  
The chopper it got the Uzi lens  
Bird's eye view The birds I knew  
Flip birds  
Bird gang  
It was birds I flew And word I blew  
Or herb I grew  
I would serve on stoops  
Now I swerve in coupes

Songwriters

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