

# We Make Change (feat. Juelz Santana)

Cam'ron

What up ja  
What up?  
What's the deal?  
Nothing cam you can't be feeding niggas  
Why not?  
'cause they don't appreciate shit  
I guess they gon' learn when they get in they car, start it up and boom!Killa! yo!  
I'm official nice (nice),  
Y'all niggas fisher price (price)  
Fuck "trout" you bout let's "fish for ice!"  
This a risk that's light, get it right the vicious price  
(fifty thousand dollars)  
Plus my kicks are Nike this what the bitches like  
Like ya bitch and wife, and sister might get tonight  
Mister right, kissed her right make sure that her lips get white  
She don't suck nothing, buzzen but she lick it nice  
She a humer, nah plumber she can "twist the pipe"  
When I was fifteen, bang bang, I call my moms  
Cell, she snorting long .that don't even correspond  
All the ganj, all is gone just came from autobon  
Came back with the foreign palm I'll holla!  
Shit before I go berserk, jerk when I sold it hurt  
Earth told me go to school .nah bitch go to work  
And gave the coldest smirk, right after she stole my work  
(where you going with my shit?!?!)  
And the nerve to hold her purse I'll holla![Chorus]  
We make change-yay  
We slang yay  
It sound like meringue like ay ay ay ay!  
And we crazy holmes three eighty holmes  
To ya baby's dome bang bang bang boom!  
And we bomb like "la bomba" with bombers  
Send bombers to bomb ya with bombs  
And they bomb ya  
And the ladies, they lay me, they crazy  
They love me, they hate me, like ay ay ay ay!OK here go the rundown,  
Niggas gonna run down, tell you put ya gun down  
Puff puff puff, shutdown, uptown,  
In the house, holla back, going around, done clown

I'm a do this fast or slow when I rap or when I bag a o  
When I wrap that pass that, catch that,  
Fast that motherfuckers had to know!  
Oh oh! I'm about that cornbread, believe me I'm beyond dead  
I do this for blood sheed,  
Do it for bloodshed, Derrick Michael Armstead  
Me and him soul to soul, if you bowl ya fold, better slow ya role  
Before ya role get popped and them hoes is hot from pole to pole! (wo!)  
Lemme slow it up (why?), so y'all can cope in touch  
I'm heroine and sex in one dope as fuck  
I'm hoping I'm roping the Trojan  
And go in the hole and open it up if not dog I'm choking the slut  
Am I poking or what? you got to figure dog  
The game in a chicken wing, stupid "figure four"  
I'm that nigga y'all I just ball,  
Best dressed, dress fresh, oh yes yes y'all!

Songwriters

ANDREWS, CHRISTOPHER FREDERICK/GILES, CAMERONPublished by

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by  
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>