That's Me

Cam'ron

I'm not going to sit here and watch this go on any longer
You know they put my food in the dark
And then expect me to look for my plate on some Mr. Magoo shit
Fuck, I look like, I'm not going to watch this go on any longer
I'm on y'all
Harlem, who else is going to hold us down
Bloodshed niggas
Let's get it right this time around, understand, killer
Yo, I don't understand how these cats sip Daqueri's
Like it's all good down at the hit factory
Be on fifty-fourth, whole clique backing me
All that click clackery, take your wrist wrappery
I ain't no rapper, B, I skeet oozies
And I can't act, turned down three movies
So gimme your chain, your jewels and your cash
And your fast food, I'll eat your food fast
My rude ass, carry three weapons
And I'll give your face a C section and keep stepping
Who else in a hurry to mirk
We kill girls, rape 'em, bury their skirts
Imagine me wake up 7:30 for work, what?
I'd rather run the streets 7:30 with work
But met this knucklehead, thought he want a order
Came and asked me, stop pitching to his daughter
Said me, it's the man, can't be
Be glad I'm not in her damn panties
Got her damn handy
How you going to ever ask, stop carrying candy
I'm a sell to anybody in your damn family
Uncle Tom, your Aunt Tammy, your Grandmammy
Your right hand man, Randy, understand me
In Antlanta, I got an outlandish land piece
And a matching land, Desert Calasandi
You know the one with the whips, that's me
The one with the chips and the chips, that's me
The one with the toast, pants baggy, yelling out get at me
Get at me, nigga, that's me
The one that be running and dodging, you
The one that be sucking mad dick, you

The one that's scared of some yay yo
Always wanna lay low 'cause your girl say so, you, biatch
I could show you some ice
Throw you a bite
You not that good dog, who told you you're nice
Your crew, switch siders
When I come through, hey, Cam
Dick riders
But I only mess with Navigators five twenty-eight
Six drivers, big buyers, where you live, we live liver
Come through, stick your suppliers
Mack so many hoes, dick in saliva
Gash her up, ma, put it on you mouth
Then I grab her neck and try to take her tonsils out
And I don't got beef, I don't play those games
If I did though, believe me, I would say y'all names
Go to your house, red dot, scope your crib
Smack your earth, snatch your seeds, choke your wiz
My crew split, it was my mistake
But to my nigga, Duke, we all make mistakes
I'm a get shit right if I spend my cake
Jimmy, I'm a get you up out of 5 H
This is for my niggas that load the pipe
Saying I'm the best, just not promoted right
You know my life
Drink, smoke, roll some dice
Control the hiest
Know I'm a patrol your schiest
We all get schiest
Ma, keep all your rice
Wedding ring, hell no
I like all my ice
Niggas tried to make Killa Cam all polite
Turn on the set now, bitch, I'm like poltergiest
You the type talk about everything you got now
I interrupt you like, "Not now, you hot owl"
My rings like a dog, all rock wild
When I flash it, everybody shocked, "Wow!"
I see y'all concerned about me
You ain't got to go to school to learn about me
Yo, the one with mad guns, that's me
The one with the yay for twenty-three, that's me
The one with the ice, sliced, coke half price
Yoke that's nice, that's me
The one that's scared of a scuffle, you

The one that say, "Baby girl, I love you" you
The one that talk about hustling, never seen a oven
You all about nothing, you biatch
Told you I got us this time around niggas
Feeling me some, huh
Harlem, I got us nigga
Santana, Freaky Zeeky, Jim Jones, Salty
Feshon, run with us or run from us or get run the fuck over
It's fuck us, so fuck y'all
Killa biatch
Killa bitch
Killa bitch
Killa bitch
Killa bitch
Killa bitch

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