

Down And Out(Ft. Kanye West &

Cam'ron

Killa! Baby!
Kanye this that 1970s Heron flow huh?
Yeah let's speed it up Ayo street mergers I legislated
The nerve I never hated
On murders pre-meditated
Absurd! I hesitated
Observe: cock and spray
Hit you from a block away
Drinking sake on a Suzuki we in Osaka Bay
Playing soccer, stupid, stay in a sucker's place
Pluck ya ace, take ya girl, fuck her face
She dealing with Killa so you love her taste
She swallowing Killa cause she love the taste
I got brought up with crooking
Kitchen orders that I'm cooking
But got caught up with the jooks you woulda thought I was from Brooklyn
It gets boring just looking
Did like Bill Cosby, pouring in the pudding
Now the dashboard is wooden from a hard-tangled grammar
Interior, inferior, star-spangled banner
Car game bananas
My man Santana
Guns everywhere, like the car came with hammers They trying to say he (down, down)
I hear niggas saying he (down, but not out)
But our flow is the truest
The games in the nooses
Our girls is the models
They coochies the juiciest Yeah, they say he (down, down)
Yeah, they say he (down, but not out)
Cause I'm back on my grind
Money back on my mind
Ye' and Killa Cam', the world is mine I treat bitches straight up, like Simon Says
Open vagina: put ya legs behind ya head
Cop me Air Ones, hon, lime and red
You got pets? Me too: mine are dead
Fox, minks, gators that's necessary
Accessories, my closet's a "Pet Sematary"
I get approached by animal activists
I live in a zoo

I run scandals with savages
 All my niggas get together to gather loot
 Bodyguard for what? Dog, I'd rather shoot
 I go to war, old Timbs, battered boots
 Hand grenade, goggles and a parachute
 Ya'll don't even know the name of my flip
 It was "Touch Me, Tease Me" when Case was the shit
 You don't know bout the cases I get:
 Court case, briefcase, suitcase, cases of Cris
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 Ye' and Killa Cam', the world is mine
 Ayo you dealing with some sure shit
 My bitches pure thick
 Play razor tag, slice ya face, you're it!
 It's I who come by drive-thru
 Gator-toed Mauri, three quarters, sky blue
 Look at mami: eyes blue, 5'2"
 I approached her "Hi boo, how you?
 Pony skin Louis? Oh, you fly too
 You a stewardess? Good ma, I fly too"
 Now a nigga got baking to bake
 Harlem Shake? Nah, I'm in Harlem shaking awake
 Shaking to bake, shaking the Jakes
 Kill you, shoot the funeral up and Harlem Shake at your wake
 Just ya picture though, you still taped in a lake
 I'm laughing; you couldn't wait to escape
 For anyone who owed the dough, I had to load the fo
 I hoped a nigga heard when I said "I told you so"
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Songwriters

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