

Killa Cam / Roll That (Skit)

Cam'ron

Killa kam, killa kam kam, killa kam, killa kam, killa kam kam
Killa kam, killa kam kam, killa, killa, killa kam, killa kam kam, killa
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Killa kam, killa kam kam, killa, killa, killa kam, killa kam kam, killaWith the goons I spy, stay in tune with ma,
she like damn
This the realest since kumbaya, kumbyay killa kam my, Lord
Still the man with the pants, scrill a fam, oh boy
Damn bitches, they wanna neuter me, niggers they wanna do to me
The hooligan in hoolahands, maneuvering is nothin' new to meDoggy I'm from the land of crime , pan, pan,
gram or dime
Not toes or MC, when I say hammertime
Beef I hammer mine, when I get my hands on nines
If I had no bammerline,Cordourys kam will shine
Canary burgundy, I call it lemon redYellow diamonds in my ear, call 'em lemon heads
Lemon head end up dead, Ice like guinepeg
Gemstones, Flinstones, you could say I'm friends with Fred
You want happy scrappy, I got pataki at me
Bitches say I'm tacky daddy, range look like laffy taffyKilla kam, killa kam kam, killa kam, killa kam, killa
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Killa kam, killa kam kam, killa, killa, killa kam, killa kam kam, killaYo, I'm from where Nicky Barns got rich
as fuck
Rich and Nay hit the kitchen they were pitchin' up
Rob Base, Mase Doug E Fresh switched it up
I do both who am I to fuck tradition upSo I parked in a tow away zone, chrome
I don't care, that car throw away homes
Welcome to Harlem, where you welcome to problems
Off a furlo fella, fellas get parkingsThem niggas make you banks, stood out like puty tanks
Soon as the studie sings, thats when the tudy sing
Bang, bang, came from that movie rang
Snap, crack, jewelry bling, flat jack who he bringClack, 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 bestKilla kam, killa kam kam, killa kam, killa kam, killa kam kam

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Killa kam, killa kam kam, killa, killa, killa kam, killa kam kam, killaYo, how dope is this, teach you how to
rope a chick
Which you want, coke or piff, got it all smoke or sniff
And you know my drift, used to figures doe and shit
You a roasted nigger, just a roasted bitch
And I roast ya bitch, thats how I usually am
Tell her and her groupie friends, go get they Gucci cleanseWe the moody Gucci, Louie and Pucci men
A Skada, Prada, the chopper it got the Uzi lens
Bird's eye view, for the birds I knew
Flip birds, birds gang, it was birds I flew
And word I flew or herb I grew
I would serve on stoops, now it swerve in coupesKilla kam, killa kam kam, killa kam, killa kam, killa kam kam
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