He Tried To Play Me

Cam'ron

He tried to play me, **** got all crazy
And things just wasn't the same
So I ran up on him then pulled my *** out
And I blew out his brains
Y'all with the violence, we move in silence
Silence plus silence the guns
I was the wildest, that was childish
Now I stack my ones
Shinay was in love with her school, Rich wasn't liking his school
Shinay caught two in the ribs
He was a hustler, she's a customer
Now he's off doing a bid
Tee got shot with a shotgun on his block
I wish it was all pretend
Nana would get high, hard enough getting buy
When is it all gonna end
Me I'm still holding on, the team still rollin' strong
The ave is down the street
But I'm a street target, call me a meat market
I stay around some beef
The blocks still pumpin', isn't it somethin'?
Needles, knives and nines
There's no tomorrow, food getting borrowed
What kind of life is mine?
He tried to play me, **** got all crazy
And things just wasn't the same
So I ran up on him then pulled my *** out
And I blew out his brains
They call me 'Patty cake, Patty cake the bakers man', I bubble bread
Beef don't stop, who's this years knuckle head?
We done scrapped and scuffled until our knuckles bled
Shot out in front of police, yell **** a fed
I patrol on D-Lo, popo know my steelo
Who seen killa cop? *****'s rolling C-Lo
Pump the peddle bike, nice chain, light chain

Fiends sniffin' white Caine, needle, 40 and night train
Just a hype lame, you'll never like Dame
Three years ago I would of robbed his dice game

Life's changed my snipe game's the right mayne
Only difference is I'll push you to that right lane
Gotta laugh y'all that's just blue lightning
Or that white thing, you on the Internet pricing
I don't window shop, not me and Jim go cop
Hop through the window ock, god damn them Bimbo's hot
Dukes of Hazard, they wanna do the Limbo Lock
Never had a Pinto ock, first car a Benzo drop
Bens and Bops, put between my hot wallet
And my toaster, I really had a hot pocket
And I'm saying this real clear, y'all can't chill here
I know real thugs in wheelchairs
Yeah yeah, and you can't steal there
Party pop more bottles than a ***** on 2 feet and some real gear
It's real here, real near, you feel fear, a meals real
They don't cry, if they do cry homeboys a steel tear
Animals, lions, whales, seals, bears
Y'all fruits, cherries, grapes, stale pears
That's why ***** **** with me and them ladies loving me
They all put they trust in me 'cause I flip that killa man
That's why ***** **** with me and them ladies loving me
They all put they trust in me and my name is killa cam
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