Leave You Alone

Cam'ron

[Sample Voice] - I Gotta Leave...Leave You Alone

[Cam'Ron] - Wish I could.....
I gotta leave the hood alone eventually right? (I don't know)

[Cam'Ron: Verse 1]
Leave the hood, I would but it got Cam twisted (twisted)
When Mikey gon' get that butter or them damn biscuits?!
Mother still getting high, she so damn gifted
Like she got no legs though...she can't kick it (nope)
We can't kick it, my man dig it, I Van Wick it
Wicked wiggle, the man wicked, rap was Cam's ticket (that's what I thought)
But it backfired, air in the back tires
Get ready for crack buyers, rap liars and trap wires
Thinking I'm awry, we thinking I'm raunchy
Watch "Menace II Society"...think about Chauncey (shhh, think about that)
The snitch factor, now it's a big factor
Shit, life's a bitch watch ya shit for you pitch after
Get dadda, Michelle home from school, her man Rich slapped her
Kitch scratched her, shot in the air...yeah kids scattered
Cause she joined a fraternity...the bitch "Kappa"
He ain't like it, kidnapped her
In the hood, bitch cracker
Now Rich not....she could of met a rich cracker
She get high, worked at McDees, they big mac'ed her
They'll train the fighters, Titus gained Arthritis
Cops they train the buyers, we the cleanest can't indict us (nope)
He beat them cases up like Mike Tyson '86
That's why it's like I got a license for these 80 bricks
Crib, tried to raid the shit
Agents on some hater shit
60k to rob the kid, them cases never made 'em stick

[SINGING SAMPLE HOOK]

[Cam'Ron: Verse 2]
I can promise this, you dealing with a Communist
That'll pull the trigger on any nigga who bomb a bitch
My accomplices...they remain annonymous
And they gon stay there, I swear....I'm what honest is

Honestly you thought I quit like Tom Donnovich
Conglomerate, treat you like Ramadan...honor it (y'all wont eat!)
Y'all won't eat, I'm unloading a lobster & pasta
Y'all imposters, imposing my posture....I gotcha
Mobsters with choppers, enough "dado" (that's chips)
Chicks...duct tape em, turn 'em over....butt rape 'em
Grams...cut, shave em, Cam hair....cut, shave it
But bust on her ??, like a ??....Wes Craven
That's the hustle...I'm old school, you must page 'em
Whatever love hate em, won't do...touch, play em...
Degrade em? talk slick...fuck it your all sick
Lay you in dog shit, look over you...hork spit
Beef on Bobby block, right where his homeys walk
Homey we make bodies drop..then skate like Tony Hawk
Over short paper, play a O for very long
"Fourth of July"...M80's, cherry bombs (what's that?_
They'll disguise the slugs
Sent his friends for them ends, they had 'em like the Benz.....his eyes was bugged
Watch the don poke you
But for 4500, I will John Doe you....ya moms won't know you (KILLA!)

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