

# 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 anonymous  
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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