War

Cam'ron

[Intro: Hell Rell]Yea this sound like a movie right here
Well fuck it, here go the soundtrack!
Bullets & Gunsmoke! DIPSET!
[Hell Rell]Now...
If we was playing pro-ball, every game I'd be slamming on 'em
Step on my competition, yeah Duke I'm standing on them
I ran up on 'em, pussy ain't have his hammer on him
pulled the cannon on 'em, blammed it on 'em, 'til I jammed it on 'em
I got some A-rab's hitting me with coke
And when we on the phone we be speaking in some codes
A camel is an ounce, a kufi is a brick
Tell him I need 5 kufis, and meet me on the strip
Yeah I know "Stafalla", but I'm tryna cop some cars
Run up in the club that's popping and cop the bar
And everything I hear is garbage to me
You know where I be faggot, bring the drama to me
I'm Presidential nigga, Bush'll pay homage to me
I'm putting in alot of work man acknowledge a G....
Yes, yes, a G I am, holla if you need some grams
I'm poppin off by myself I don't need no Cam
I don't need you Jim, Juelz I got these niggaz
I don't care if they small or some stocky niggaz
I just grace 'em then erase 'em, I forgot these niggaz....
What they name again?....What they claim again?
Yeah these faggots hated, cause I'm they rappers favorite
You procrastinated so I got you assasinated
Shoot 'em up, bang bang, bullets in his Red Monkey's
Thought he was a gorilla? Nah, he a dead monkey
[Hook 2X: Cam'Ron]WE BLASTIN' BIG TECS (TECS!)

CASHIN' BIG CHECKS (CH-CHING!)
NIGGA'S TALKING RIGHT?....I AIN'T HEARD SHIT YET! (NOPE!)
WE'LL LEAVE THE DUDE FLOODED, AND HIS BITCH WET (WET)
AND THE KIDS GO....."LOOK DAD DIPSET!"
[Cam'Ron]DIIIIPSET!
If this was football, I'd be scoring touchdowns (TOUCHDOOOWN!)
It's the circus though, I see some tough clowns (clowns)
I don't need you Rell (nope), nor Duke Da God (no Duke)
No 40 or J.R, I go stupid hard (stupid hard!)

What you dealing pops? How you feeling 'ock? (how you feel?)
My floors come up, walls spin, ceiling drop (DROP!)
Not the crib that's the car when I wheel or not (not a house)
Plus a partition....bath, bar, kitchen
Yeah, pa' shittin (shitting), they say y'all didn't (YES WE DID!)
Every car driven....yeah from hard living (hard living)
Hang with Mariah, spent the night with Vivica
Every tabloid asking Cam "what you did with her"? (did with her?)
Just friends dog, "word to eveerything"?
YES, word to everything now focus on this heavy bling
Eat at Reyo's....Fettucini, Spaghetti things
Cheddy heavy so fuck being some petty king (fuck all that)
Can't be nice right? Can't be arrogant
I stab a bitch over ice, "Nancy Kerrigan"
Slash Tonya Harding, see the mobster's mobbing
You don't like us right? We got ya momma boppin' (true)
She look like Amy Fisher, "don't the Range be bigger"? (usually)
That's a baby mama car you can't game me nigga
My Royce a quarter mill, chain a half a mill
Earrings another 3 quarter mill, you ought to chill
[Hook]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/