Sports, Drugs & Entertainment

Cam'ron

Uh huh, yeah
This goes to all my hustlers, entertainers
Of course, athletes in the struggle [Incomprehensible]
Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo
Some get a little and some get none
Shit, I was part of the some get none
The ball, run for run, play the slums for crumbs
Wired, real tired, till my lungs are done
After all, I was nice in ball,
But I came to practice weed scented
Report card like the speed limit, 55-55 expellable
If your nice they make sure that you eligible
Pretty final, '92 played the city finals
Pretty swift, real MVP, and 55th, I can hoop, yo
All-American in my age group, yo
Raised bad settled for a Ju. Co.
Uh, but why they let a thug on campus
All I did was rob and mug on campus
Sliced, rolled dice, got shiest on campus
At the toast got bad, payed the price on campus
Forgot about ball, I was done dude
Now I'm in county in an orange jumpsuit, middle of Texas
Call moms, she don't want the phone act
She don't condone it, Cam don't come home, shit
'Cause the streets is a short stop
Either you slangin' crack-rock or you got a wicked jump shot
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Yo, yo, ayo, comin' back home, I thought it'd be cool
But everybody like, "Cam, yo I thought you're in school"
Nah, I'm about to go back, huh, they know that I'm lyin'
See me on Broadway, know when I'm buyin'
Niggas gettin' money, know what I'm eye'n
Shiesty again, no where without iron
Seems like my school life self destroyed

Fuck gettin' a job, B.I.G. self employed
Slugs pop, drug spot, runnin' the thing
Played ball on the weekend, 300 a game
Till one of the workers pulled a small case

Mouth runnin' like a dog race, tryin' to get us all laced
I was slangin, but wasn't a kingpin, a slow case n', verdict probation
Tried to fuck my P.O., she ignored that
Said, "Know what Cam your found with more crack"
See what happen', stopped the crackin', start rappin', quit the clappin'
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Yo, yo, as a young nigga, always into crime
But no matter what, yo, always used to rhyme
So in that I became more curious
Fuck bein' up north delirious, more serious
Uh, so Killa did mixtapes
CEO's heard, now here come big cake
But one cat said Cam you better recoup
Before you back on your block, baby, dead on the stoop
But un-hooked me up with all this cheddar and loot
The best rap deal of all time next to Snoop
Money more to clutch, money more to touch
I don't just rhyme I own liquor stores and such, but yeah
Yo, the rap game remind me of the crack game
Niggas wanna get they gun, then start the clap game
For dat fame Throwa Untertainment
Sport, drugs, entertainment, till the arraignment, Killa
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Either you slangin' crack-rock or you got a wicked jump shot
'Cause the streets is a short stop
Either you slangin' crack-rock or you got a wicked jump shot
That's how it go on my block, mad props, let off mad shots
All my peoples out there tryin' it
Dis a problem for they environment, killa

Sports, drugs, entertainment, till the arraignment
Uh huh, yeah

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