Intro

Cam'ron

How y'all doin' out there?
I wanna welcome y'all back
Welcome some of y'all for the first time, huh? Killa
We did it again, y'all fuck wit us
Suck a dick man, aiyyo Jones, what's good?
Santana, Freaky, they gonna be mad this time, huh?
Aiyyo I got my man Kay Slay up in the house
Harlem, you know what it is, what's good?
You know how we get down, East side, El Barrio
El barrio up in this bitch, aiyyo Kay
This bitch blowing up my motherfuckin' phone right now
Man, fuck' hold up, hol', yo man
Yo son
What's good?
I gotta tell you like my dog told me
When you meet a chick, you gotsta straight slap her
Slap her?
Yeah, when you first meet her, just slap her
Off the bat?
Off the bat, just backhand
Why's that, though?
'Cause later on down the line
You ain't never gotsta to worry about
That chick telling you
"Cam, you don't treat me the way you used to"
That's what I'm sayin' nigga
But see the thing is with me
I don't understand how a bitch could go out
Rain, sleet, snow, fuck, suck whoever
And then go give another nigga her fucking money
Knaw I mean?
Nah cam, you gotta understand
That's cause ya game is tight
Oh no, nah, not me Ka', I'm talking about another nigga
I know my game is tight, nigga, know I mean?
We getting ready set this shit the fuck off
Jones, where we at, huh? Harlem, harlem, harlem
Yo, yo, I advise you to step son
For I fuck ya moms, make you my step son

Y'all be calling me daddy, 'cause
The "Rag Muffin" y'all soon say
Y'all fuck around with brother Numsay
Y'all gonna see doomsday
I'm a savage but colder
Now I rock karrots that I'm older
See this parrot on my shoulder?
He do the talking, I ain't concerned with words
Act up and be returned to the birds
I return with them birds, any 28 grams
A bitch that I touch, pretty much turns to birds
I be in Miami, Bow Ca Baton, pokin' ya moms
Hauntin' ya aunt all over the dawn
Using a dope then I'm gone back
Cobacabana, no joke I'm bananas
Cops come for dope, it's a damper
I'm low in Atlanta, get hot, go to Savana
Rush the crib, go in the hampter
Don't follow me, Stana
If you do, I'm blowin' the hammer
That'll rip that vest apart, hit ya chest and heart
I ain't finished, that's just the start
You'll be calling for back up, praying for help
Fuck my life, I'm taking myself
All the achin' I felt
In my crib at night, praying for wealth
Bitches dissin', "What's the problem ma? I ain't ballin'"
Now every ten minutes, hos prank callin'
Yo cam, fuck all this rap shit, man
Let's get down to business, harlem
Okay, it's good, let's poppin' nigga

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/