357

Cam'ron

On my Harlem niggas my BK niggas
Back uptown baby Lennox ave
My oyas on broadway all day, come on
Aye yo, you love the way I rep black step the F back
'Fore I bring out the guns and chest check respect that
Any girl I met that hit that, love the way I spit that
I don't kit kat push your wig back, get you shit snatched
Get your ribs cracked, got a friend have me kick that
Get that sit back school shit skip that
Learn how to flip pack for the big stacks and the big act
Now I got the big gats click, clack, uh
Since day one been in a ditch came with a snitch
Now I'm in the pen in the mix
Friends sending me flicks girls sending me kicks
Been in some shit had to tap a chin with a fist
When the [Incomprehensible] Begin with a stich
End in a kiss so yo so I blend in the mix
Now a day don't go by I ain't been in a chick
Eight on the dope ask Dominican Rich
Winning and rich eating on cinnamon grits
Grinning and shit how a nigga spin in six
See they all see the twelve but you see me in it
TV's in it BB's kinted ask who it is
You see me tinted I did drive bys
Now I take you on top of a high rise see if you can sky dive
I'll bring it to you at your local gymnasium
How 'bout the palladium, fuck it yankees stadium uh
Play people jumped up and sprayed people
I got dudes that'll jiggle with the A's legal
You not a threat you want it you got it bet
I'll leave your momma and your poppa wet nigga wait now I'm set
I'll go another route
Kidnap your family make your brother eat your mother out
After I done dug her out needles to jug her out
Pillows to smother out, you don't give a fuck about I wouldn't talk about
I'm through wit' it your crew ain't even true wit' it
I see your man he's like umm nothing to do with it
I know you pack like that but Cam why you act like that
Shut up nigga clack, clack, clack, pat, pat, pat, rat, tat, tat

Put fear 'fore envy nigga I'm not in fear of any
I'll leave a nigga black and blue like a pair of pennys
While me and betha throw fiestas
By Alma Queta, Chicqueta, Monero Nieta
Don't ever fuck around with the don's cheddar
See Jimmy Jones fronting in the jon cletta
Or the black boots jumping out to act cool
Cars never lease 'em girls tease 'em
My man and his wife he want me down with the threesome
Niggas tease 'em bitches please 'em
When I'm out of town yo my pants got a crease in 'em
All calls valid never hard mallet
Dallas been up in you favorite star's stlyus
Coward bite on my hoes like Marv Albert
But you should thank un though coulda made you run though
Been at your front door gun hold for fun though
{Yo, yo, yo, yo what's up? What the fuck is wrong with you?
Fuck that it's not a game
Yo, you ain't gotta be rhythming for niggas like that
Man fuck them niggas B, yo, you know what you do
What? Tell these niggas the real deal, aight check it}
Aiyyo cook up the crack, cook up the crack
Every time you look up a gat got you shook up attack huh
Look in the back, nahthe guns I had put in the back
I want the hook up in check on this work of the rap
Now I'm not saying what I like or what I dislike
But get the fuck out my face 'til your shit's right
See baby boy I carry guns you know the big type
The kind that might give you a 10 year fear of life
And I was just like y'all flippin' hundred pack
But nowadays I'm the only you a running back
You got to understand baby I'm done with the crack
I get pure white coke from Columbian cats
Or the cocaine plan leave your whole brain dead
Light this herb don't mean to disturb
Never been to Sesame street but I flip a big bird
And I know stealers and they not from Pittsburgh
No kids rapping or ostriches
Just kidnapings and hostages
So, y'all better obey we shoot pro way
Mess with us no way now go 'head go play

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