

Get Down

Cam'ron

Remember I'm a man of respect
Remember, remember Santana was next
Now it's not techs, it's checks and fancy collects
I want his wrist, fist, whole had, jammed with baguettes Pose for the camera man, me and Santana man
Word to my grand ma, he one bad mamma jamma, dam
So I don't write for the stardom
I get, booted, zooted, write down my problems I've been through it headed right for the bottom
D.C. naw, would've been a sniper in Harlem
That's why I throw some doe to my cody from costovo
Help me get on overflow, no one suppose to know But she lay me up like the prime minister
Thousand grams of dope smellin' like Hine Vinegar
That was a lot to linger but to the top I bring her
When it came to dope, I always copped in fingers Money missin, oh shit, I almost chopped some fingers
Slit some wrist, that's when they said oh shit he's not a singer
Fuck the rap, fuck the movies, fuck Siskel and Ebert
This pistol I'll squeeze it, missiles if needed, Killa Remember I'm gonna spend my cake
Remember Jim, we getting out of five eights
Now chefs will fry us steaks, it's a higher stake
Swiss accounts, I'm goin' show you how to wire cake And we from BBO, now you a CEO
Direct a video, your own album, here we go
Thats my man anytime, I holla, holla with me
We shared chicken sandwiches, they was a dollar 1.50 But you seven dollars, nickel bag and white owl
I hope the chicken sandwich last us through the night child
We ain't care, we didn't sleep, we was night owls
Insomnia tics our life styles compatible Magical, pop's gone, shit tragical, mom's on mission
My house is where the attics chill
I'm like a teacher, I need me a sabbatical
It's not irrational, I grew up radical And you all are shook, I bought all my crooks
Fuck you R and B niggaz, Zeek sing all the hooks
Tito and Brick, yes, yes, come again
They came sun or rain when I had that stomach pain

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