You Gotta Love It

Cam'ron

[Intro: Cam'Ron]Ok First off, you a bitch nigga
Only reason I'm doin this
I'ma jus name 5 reasons real quick, got a hundred fifty
First - you stole Roc-A-Fella from Dame
Second - you stole Kanye from Dame
Third - you stole Roc-A-Wear from Dame
Forth - I seen the nigga throw that diamond up before them shots was fired
Fifth - hold on, turn the beat off
I had to turn the beat off for this
You talkin bout you a 80's baby
You 37 years old, you was born in 1968 and I open the daily news
How's the king of new york rocking sandals with jeans?
Open toe sandals with choncletas with jeans on
How's the king of New York rocking sandals with jeans and he 42 years old?
Back to business
[Verse 1: Cam'Ron]You ain't the only one with big wallets
Got it, my shits brollic, dot it
But your publishing should go to Mrs. Wallace
Honest. Stealing +BIG+ shit, he made 2 albums, you wildin
And he can't dress dog who styled 'em
It was Roc-a-Wear, when Dame had it
Now you got it, call it +Cock-a-wear+,(you got it on) huh not in here (nope)
Dead it pronto, you won't see a car. No
Dame and Biggs bitch for years, now you Juan hoe
(Go to Lennox & Broadway you dumb ass nigga)
He own the 40/40 got you in Atlantic City
Bitched your budget outta baseline, goddamn it's pretty
You love a Harlem nigga we get it cookin' it's true
But now I look we got more dudes in Brooklyn then you
Appar-ently right? Down in Jeezy video
I shoulda kissed you on the cheek, you a pretty ho (ask Weezy, Weezy was there)
At Jaz video you starred in it, Peter Pan (Hawaiian Sophie)
I was hopping off the greyhound, Peter Pan
(Call him Hawaiian Sophie from now on)
How could he be the man? (huh)
Only reason fam I don't suck dick or kiss ass and I'm consided, damn
But we hawk yo, right where you walk ho (right where you walk)
You can fool the rest of the world long as New York know
We put u underground clown aint gone check to sell-us (cellars)

I know he 40 years old, I don't respect my elders
I respect the hustlers, plus the grinders and the sellers
Yous a customer buster, here go jet propellers
[Chorus 2X: Max B]You gotta hate us the way we getting this paper

All my niggaz is coming strait from minimum wages
niggaz dick ridin the dips steady tryin to play us (Quit trying to spray us)
But for robbery we gotta new flavor (DipSet)
In 40th niggaz we tote them guns (DipSet)
This is 40th nigga we from the slums(DipSet)
Pushin 40 nigga you not the one
It's Killa Season holla at a nigga cause here it come
[Verse 2: Cam'Ron]Killa! Let's go
Who can fuck with me? No mammal, but we tote handles
Atcha open toe sandals, and you look like Joe Camel (go smoke some cigarettes)
Off of Rocafella right? no contact
But Busta fly joints, they put us out the contract
I left the label right, lot of cats wonder how
Everytime I diss that label I get fined a hundred thou'
Jus for tellin y'all I get fined a hundred thou' (This is crazy)
Huh them cats are ill, 5 times a half a mil
Wanna play like a bumper sticker smack a grill
Paul Wall cap a grill but them cats are daffy dills (put flowers on them niggaz)
East coast west coast slang yo cap ya peel
Down in Houston ask B I'ma mack forreal
Heck you tell me, respect, better dwell me
Beyonce fiance, check my 2nd LP (check my second album)
I might bring it back, that's your girl, that's your world
Had the thing, fucking singing bout slinging crack (word)
Mr. Rocafella stop, stop, stop it fellas (stop)
Still got our acapellas, but I will Akinel her
"Put it in ya mouth-Put it in ya mouth"
It ain't my fault I'm raw
I'm sorry B but I want a war
And he stabbed "Un" (Lance Rivera) over Charli Baltimore (fucking faggot)
Sucker for love, nuh-nuh sucker for love
Killa bitch go to trial handy stuff in the glove
I'ma hop in the bed, dog gon jus pop off her head (you know what is is)
Tell "Oh Jay-Z chill, Cochran is dead"
[Chorus][Ontro 1: Cam'Ron]Y'all niggaz don't want it with us man
This just round one, 15 rounds B
We ready you aint gone bluff us at no concert, sell out 25 thou'
Actin like you gon diss us
You got anthrax over there man, and we George Bush man
You aint gone Sadam Hussein it

Acting like you got something over there
You doing what Ma$e did, you making super songs man
Let it out man, we ready for 15 rounds man [fades out]

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