Bellissima (Emadj Remix)

DJ Quicksilver

CAM'RON
Miscellaneous
Intro"(feat. DJ Kay Slay
[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 don't 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?[Kay Slay]
You know how we get down, East side, El BARRIO[Cam'Ron]
El Barrio up in this bitch, aiyyo Kay
This bitch blowing up my motherfuckin phone right now
Man, fuck' hold up, hol', yo man[Kay Slay]
Yo son[Cam'Ron]
What's good?[Kay Slay]
I gotta tell you like my dog told me
When you meet a chick, you gotsta straight slap her[Cam'Ron]
Slap her?[Kay Slay]
Yeah, when you first meet her, just slap her[Cam'Ron]
Off the bat?[Kay Slay]
Off the bat, just backhand her[Cam'Ron]
Why's that, though?[Kay Slay]
'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"[Cam'Ron]
[Laughing] That's what I'm sayin' nigga
But see the thing is with me
I don't understand how a bitch can go out
Rain, sleet, snow, fuck, suck whoever
And then go give another nigga her fucking money
Knawmean?[Kay Slay]
Nah Cam, you gotta understand
That's cause ya game is tight[Cam'Ron]
Oh, nah, not me Ka', I'm talking about another nigga
I know my game is tight, nigga, knowhaImean?

We getting ready set this shit the fuck off
Jones, where we at, huh? Harlem, harlem, harlem...[Verse]
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 "Num-say"
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, "Stan-a"
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, hoes prank callin'[Kay Slay]
Yo Cam, fuck all this rap shit, man
Let's get down to business, Harlem

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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