

Sports, Drugs & Entertainment

Cam'ron

Uh huh, yeah

This goes to all my hustlers, entertainers

Of course, athletes in the struggle [Incomprehensible]

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo Some get a little and some get none

Shit, I was part of the some get none

The ball, run for run, play the slums for crumbs

Wired, real tired, till my lungs are done After all, I was nice in ball,

But I came to practice weed scented

Report card like the speed limit, 55-55 expellable

If your nice they make sure that you eligible Pretty final, '92 played the city finals

Pretty swift, real MVP, and 55th, I can hoop, yo

All-American in my age group, yo

Raised bad settled for a Ju. Co. Uh, but why they let a thug on campus

All I did was rob and mug on campus

Sliced, rolled dice, got shiest on campus

At the toast got bad, payed the price on campus Forgot about ball, I was done dude

Now I'm in county in an orange jumpsuit, middle of Texas

Call moms, she don't want the phone act

She don't condone it, Cam don't come home, shit 'Cause the streets is a short stop

Either you slangin' crack-rock or you got a wicked jump shot

'Cause the streets is a short stop

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Either you slangin' crack-rock or you got a wicked jump shot Yo, yo, ayo, comin' back home, I thought it'd be cool

But everybody like, "Cam, yo I thought you're in school"

Nah, I'm about to go back, huh, they know that I'm lyin'

See me on Broadway, know when I'm buyin' Niggas gettin' money, know what I'm eye'n

Shiesty again, no where without iron

Seems like my school life self destroyed

Fuck gettin' a job, B.I.G. self employed Slugs pop, drug spot, runnin' the thing

Played ball on the weekend, 300 a game

Till one of the workers pulled a small case

Mouth runnin' like a dog race, tryin' to get us all laced I was slangin, but wasn't a kingpin, a slow case n', verdict probation

Tried to fuck my P.O., she ignored that

Said, "Know what Cam your found with more crack"

See what happen', stopped the crackin', start rappin', quit the clappin' 'Cause the streets is a short stop

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Either you slangin' crack-rock or you got a wicked jump shot Yo, yo, as a young nigga, always into crime
But no matter what, yo, always used to rhyme
So in that I became more curious
Fuck bein' up north delirious, more serious Uh, so Killa did mixtapes
CEO's heard, now here come big cake
But one cat said Cam you better recoup
Before you back on your block, baby, dead on the stoop But un-hooked me up with all this cheddar and loot
The best rap deal of all time next to Snoop
Money more to clutch, money more to touch
I don't just rhyme I own liquor stores and such, but yeah Yo, the rap game remind me of the crack game
Niggas wanna get they gun, then start the clap game
For dat fame Throwa Untertainment
Sport, drugs, entertainment, till the arraignment, Killa 'Cause the streets is a short stop
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Either you slangin' crack-rock or you got a wicked jump shot
'Cause the streets is a short stop
Either you slangin' crack-rock or you got a wicked jump shot That's how it go on my block, mad props, let off
mad shots
All my peoples out there tryin' it
Dis a problem for they environment, killa
Sports, drugs, entertainment, till the arraignment
Uh huh, yeah

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