

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, yoSome 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 doneAfter 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 eligiblePretty 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 campusForgot 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 shotYo, 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 employedSlugs 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 lacedI 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 shotYo, 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 seriousUh, 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 stoopBut 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 yeahYo, 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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'Cause the streets is a short stop

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