

# Me, My Moms & Jimmy

## Cam'ron

Take your time young man  
Mama used to say don't you rush to get old  
Mama used to say take it in your stride  
Uh, uh Killa Cam, mama used to say live your life  
Federica, live your life  
Ey yo Cam, this rap shit how you know I love games  
It's like I got a habit gotta keep the drug game, why  
Until we blow up with that ol' platinum thug thing  
Ey yo what you think lame nigga I feel the same  
'Cause I be outside nigga, cocaine and me  
But if it ain't about money then it ain't about me  
Well, I ain't in poverty and no one's starving me  
'Cause when we first felt heat we sought robbery  
Now, ain't that the pot callin' the kettle black  
I know y'all ain't gonna come out and front like that  
When y'all got knocked, y'all was dying in jail  
The way you keep on calling, crying for bail  
Acting like criminals, y'all some fake generals  
What you know abut bail being more than ten thousand  
(Nah nah nah)  
Peep the old way, how I done sold cake  
Behind the closed drapes, on one of your old plates  
And the tubes of Colgate, two and four states, yeah I can verify  
Man a nigga never lie, go head wit your killer schemes  
Nah, we gotta iller dreams  
Land in the Philippines I got about four mil a piece  
Kiddies on the corner, they got a lil' team and they keep frontin'  
Are they gonna jump me too, I wish they would  
Jump me please jump me too that's what I'm sayin' with y'all  
Monkey see monkey do  
Now y'all niggas can see  
Why I want to plead insanity  
But what the fuck am I gonna do  
This just my family  
Mama used to say take your time young man  
Mama used to say don't you rush to get old  
Mama used to say take it in your stride  
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Now when it's time to chill out, I might pull the silks out

But I'll do your body good cause you know I'm illed out  
I took an ill route, I might pull some krills out  
'Cause that cash and the weed, you know I'm still about  
Well, what you want baby, a description of me  
I'm frontin' with the ladies having you picture me  
Well, I'm tattooed out with a scroll of my fam  
And the long sliky hair with the bow legged stands  
You in my V in the rear, on the low from your man  
Yo I do many things but I ain't holdin' your hand  
Do you know how to scuba, I got a house in Aruba  
But you keep it on low 'cause my spouse got a Ruger  
Yo you see I ain't dumber, on me some type of tutor  
'Cause I been had the info, on the whores wit' the hooters  
Get out my house 'cause I will shoota, Federica I will step to her  
Senorita know how I maneuver mamasita sip margarita  
Messin' with Cam you get punched in your mouth  
Only key you ever had was the one to your house  
F a spouse me single, I'm one of the ones  
You think Cam's nice he's a son of a gun  
'Cause I have heaters before them sneakers  
When Run had Adidas and reefer was cheeba  
Although I'm an entity  
All those crooked crooks down town remember me  
Second home one hundred tenth street  
Yo Cam you violent  
You remind me of your daddy  
Ey yo, don't you really mean my three dads  
Ooh mom stop why you hittin' me, stop  
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