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
Mama used to say live your life, live your life
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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