

Cam'ron, Family Ties

Man I spit that pimp talk you hang out where the pimps collide it's a pimp in my ride, no need
To pimp the ride this ain't the pimp camp, pimp limp, pimp stance pimp slap a slim tramp order
Steak shrimp scamp. ok-k-kay you g-g-gay I soufflet' ya toupet and bottles be a bouquet right
Where you stay or where you stayed at 45 trey duce spade sprayed you stayed unload the click
Clack to ya fit cap hold the shit back say goodbye and go commit that for 9 years Spain had the
Time share back to time square I got dimes here by the port authority but I got more authority ya
Girl she ordered more checks she forge em' for me reporters report me how she report to the
Whorkey but it's more to the story her daughter applaud me

[Chorus - Nicole Wray:]

We in the zone our soldiers like to stand by, never alone we 'bout to make the Jones' cry "dipset
Dipset dipset dipset dipset dipset" we hold our own I think you get move us or push us we ste
To the side that's why they call us "family ties" "dipset dipset dipset dipset dipset

From the back of the cop-ride to black on black black when we cop rides I will not hide hi mom
Hot dodge dick on her nose now she's cock-eyed from whippin' the bake-in-rolls to outside
Whippin' the bacon rolls sanai lathan nose I'm rakein' but makin' doe 80 holes in ya' shirt there
Ya' own jamaican clothes I ain't talkin' the poconos, I'm talkin' the aspens the slopes we go you
Get the "okey doke" play me baby I hope he know we break noses call him baby pinno
Lier I hold him wit' blue mittins two pigeons what the fuck are you pitchin' one house two
Kitchens whose bitchin I bring the diesel won't see the fooschnickens and I don't trust a hoe
That smothered the baby-mother mother-fucker you look like a lady-lover I'll tuck slap her, dap
Her, plus clap her tell her drink come get drunk it's nut cracker and it's well known that Rell
Home yup!! hit E.T up on the cell phone as ya' family dies and my family rise call the network
Dipset family ties

[Chorus]

They see me in that lavender tank you ravege ya' faint I was fort lauder you was saint ladder
Day saints whips get lavered in paint ride wit' the rappers, scrap wit' the actors, cap back abra
Cadabra and I'm apalled think that we hit all comfortable me and more these rappers all theodore
Huxdable they mother's a lawyer, they father's a doctor auction coke to the coppers glocks in the
Locker and who you supposed to be get hung from the roseries call me C.O.D that's coke and then
Oser "D" some ole'D B off them oser D I ain't give a fuck as long as they ain't close to n
Ya' drugs in the air give a toast to me pump that dip in ya' veins get dope like me fuck Kerry
And Bush you should vote for me for-real nigga on the real the last hope is me!

[Chorus]