

Cam'Ron ft. Juelz Santana, More Gangsta Music

[Intro]

Gangsta Music part 2. Dip Set

Killa, Heatmakerz, Juelz Santana

C'mon. Lets Do It

Can I get a jeah, jeah, jeah, jeah

Everywhere jeah, jeah

Up, down, left, right, jeah, jeah, jeah, jeah

Shorty's movin again jeah, shorty's loose wit the pen jeah

Shorty do wit the wind jeah, jeah, jeah, jeah

[Verse 1: Cam'Ron]

They say I walk around like I got a S on my chest

Tech on my left, gangstaz wit me ready to step. (Jeah)

I like a chick wit big breasts on her chest

Not flat lookin like somebody stepped on her chest. (Jeah)

What, (jeah) Shit, (jeah) Fuck, (jeah) Bitch, (Jeah)

You so crazy. (Jeah jeah jeah jeah!)

My niggaz spit the glock (oh so slow whoa)

Rude boi lick a shot (BO BO BO BO!)

Neva seen up in a pot (oh so much coke)

Cook it to a bigga rock (aye aye oh oh)

And I be wit dem gangstaz (jeah), I creep wit the gangstaz (jeah)

Crack a dutch or Philly and cheif cheif wit the gangstaz

I stay wit a lady (jeah), she stay wit a lady (jeah)

They makin me crazy. (Jeah jeah jeah jeah!)

I spray em wit babies (jeah), in they face till they hate me (jeah)

And I'm makin em crazy. (Jeah jeah jeah jeah!)

And they like when I do it (jeah), they like when I move it (jeah)

They like when I work it, they like when I hurt it

I stay icy on purpose, like icy perservers

More than likely I'm the nicest you hearda. Jeah!

[Hook]

I'm movin movin movin jeah! He's movin movin movin aye!

We movin movin movin jeah! Stop movin aye! Shot bruise em jeah!

Two more for Cam fa takin over the Roc. Jeah... Jeah! It's my year so

Jeah! It's like the whole Bird Gang's in here, like Kurt Cobain's was here

Jeah jeah jeah jeah!

[Verse 2: Juelz Santana]

Still listen to gangsta music (aye) how dem gangstaz do it (aye)

Shorty came to do it (aye aye aye aye)

I bang wit the five (aye) I see hate in ya eyes (aye)

You waitin to die (aye aye aye aye)

I pray for you guys, hate to keep waistin ya lives

Love to keep bakin new pies, strapin the scrapes off the side

You can love it (jeah aye) you can hate it (jeah aye)

You can want it (jeah aye aye aye aye)

I'm Babe Ruth in this game, beige coupe in the lane

State Troopers they came, damn he's movin again (aye)

I'm a better child, yous a pedophile (aye aye aye aye)

I go dough let around, my hoe slow head around

They DTP's deep throat professionals

My D.I.P.'s we so professional

Got weed, coke, and ecstasy, lean, dope, and wet to sale

We blow jars of the dank, like Bob Marley was wake

Real shocked ya, fuck ya foreigners stay

I'm movin movin movin (jeah)

Y'all losin losin losin (aye)

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Cam'Ron]

I'm on the southside of Chicago lookin for a real hoe

I dont see a touchdown, arms up feild goal

Got some ill gold, diamonds thats still low

Lil dick you a dickhead, nah dildo

I chill though, pippin in the Range

All this icin I'm ashamed, look like lightnin' in the chain

Who was first that moved wit they fam (who)
Ask you, tattoos on they hand (who)
Slang all the white (who) cruise wit the tan (who)
Pink on they back (who) blue in they van (who)
Yellow on his ear (who) steam on the rock (who)
Puple in the air (who) green in his pocket
I aint dissin you dog, I'm dismissin you
Get the R. Kelly tape and see how we piss on you
Thats Kool-Aid, Moutain Dew, and Cris on you
Ya family will be missin you, theres a kiss for you
[Hook]