

Cam'Ron ft. Max B, You Gotta Love It

[Intro: Cam'Ron]

Ok First off, you a bitch nigga

Only reason I'm doin this

I'ma jus name 5 reasons real quick, got a hundred fifty

First - you stole Roc-A-Fella from Dame

Second - you stole Kanye from Dame

Third - you stole Roc-A-Wear from Dame

Forth - I seen the nigga throw that diamond up before them shots was fired

Fifth - hold on, turn the beat off

I had to turn the beat off for this

You talkin bout you a 80's baby

You 37 years old, you was born in 1968 and I open the daily news

How's the king of new york rocking sandals with jeans?

Open toe sandals with choncletas with jeans on

How's the king of New York rocking sandals with jeans and he 42 years old?

Back to business

[Verse 1: Cam'Ron]

You ain't the only one with big wallets

Got it, my shits broilic, dot it

But your publishing should go to Mrs. Wallace

Honest. Stealing +BIG+ shit, he made 2 albums, you wildin

And he can't dress dog who styled 'em

It was Roc-a-Wear, when Dame had it

Now you got it, call it +Cock-a-wear+, (you got it on) huh not in here (nope)

Dead it pronto, you won't see a car. No

Dame and Biggs bitch for years, now you Juan hoe

(Go to Lennox & Broadway you dumb ass nigga)

He own the 40/40 got you in Atlantic City

Bitched your budget outta baseline, goddamn it's pretty

You love a Harlem nigga we get it cookin' it's true

But now I look we got more dudes in Brooklyn then you

Appar-ently right? Down in Jeezy video

I shoulda kissed you on the cheek, you a pretty ho (ask Weezy, Weezy was there)

At Jaz video you starred in it, Peter Pan (Hawaiian Sophie)

I was hopping off the greyhound, Peter Pan

(Call him Hawaiian Sophie from now on)

How could he be the man? (huh)

Only reason fam I don't suck dick or kiss ass and I'm consided, damn

But we hawk yo, right where you walk ho (right where you walk)

You can fool the rest of the world long as New York know

We put u underground clown aint gone check to sell-us (cellars)

I know he 40 years old, I don't respect my elders

I respect the hustlers, plus the grinders and the sellers

Yous a customer buster, here go jet propellers

[Chorus 2X: Max B]

You gotta hate us the way we getting this paper

All my niggaz is coming strait from minimum wages

niggaz dick ridin the dips steady tryin to play us (Quit trying to spray us)

But for robbery we gotta new flavor (DipSet)

In 40th niggaz we tote them guns (DipSet)

This is 40th nigga we from the slums(DipSet)

Pushin 40 nigga you not the one

It's Killa Season holla at a nigga cause here it come

[Verse 2: Cam'Ron]

Killa! Let's go

Who can fuck with me? No mammal, but we tote handles

Atcha open toe sandals, and you look like Joe Camel (go smoke some cigarettes)

Off of Rocafella right? no contact

But Busta fly joints, they put us out the contract

I left the label right, lot of cats wonder how

Everytime I diss that label I get fined a hundred thou'

Jus for tellin y'all I get fined a hundred thou' (This is crazy)

Huh them cats are ill, 5 times a half a mil

Wanna play like a bumper sticker smack a grill

Paul Wall cap a grill but them cats are daffy dills (put flowers on them niggaz)
East coast west coast slang yo cap ya peel
Down in Houston ask B I'ma mack forreal
Heck you tell me, respect, better dwell me
Beyonce fiance, check my 2nd LP (check my second album)
I might bring it back, that's your girl, that's your world
Had the thing, fucking singing bout slinging crack (word)
Mr. Rocafella stop, stop, stop it fellas (stop)
Still got our acapellas, but I will Akinel her
"Put it in ya mouth-Put it in ya mouth"
It ain't my fault I'm raw
I'm sorry B but I want a war
And he stabbed "Un" (Lance Rivera) over Charli Baltimore (fucking faggot)
Sucker for love, nuh-nuh sucker for love
Killa bitch go to trial handy stuff in the glove
I'ma hop in the bed, dog gon jus pop off her head (you know what is is)
Tell "Oh Jay-Z chill, Cochran is dead"
[Chorus]
[Ontro 1: Cam'Ron]
Y'all niggaz don't want it with us man
This just round one, 15 rounds B
We ready you aint gone bluff us at no concert, sell out 25 thou'
Actin like you gon diss us
You got anthrax over there man, and we George Bush man
You aint gone Sadam Hussein it
Acting like you got something over there
You doing what Ma\$e did, you making super songs man
Let it out man, we ready for 15 rounds man [fades out]