

Cam'Ron ft. Prodigy, Losin' Weight

[Cam'ron:]

[Chorus]

Why I feel like I'm losin' weight

Why I ain't got no money, less I'm movin' weight

Why my life depend on what I'mma do today

Why I can't move away

It's just you and me, without the scrutiny,

bitches screwin' me, 2 and 3 truenies

4 shots, 1 toolie G, 1 ulioggy

Make sure my mother and girl is smothered in pearls

Before a nigga under the world

When I was 10 got the truly dict, My uncle pulled me to the side

And he schooled me quick, told me son gooey- spit

You can't get paid in a earth this big, you worthless kid

Niggas don't deserve to live, go and get a motherfucker

if he murder kids, bottle up carbohydrates and preservatives

He got hit up that same night

Ever since my flow, my dough, and my hoe game been tight

Puns of pearls, yo tounge will twirl, listen here

Booger bear, I'll have you up in hooker gear, I swear

I was doin', Lex persuin', niggas wired like Western Union

Short like next to Ewing, head for truent, his set was ruined

Phony checks was fluent, listen hear me out

I'm from a cocaine block, with some plain clothes cops

Where the sun don't rise, but the rain don't stop

The pain don't stop, but my reign don't stop

Ain't no lockouts, the game don't stop

Every month you change yo locks, change yo spots

Get a little smart, want to change yo rocks

Rearrange yo tops you got a gang of friends, money

You got Ben's arraign money, yeah Ben ?? money

But if I get knocked, I ain't got no bail

But I come on the weekend, from Pablo's jail

See I came a long way that's livin' the wrong way

That's sniffin' the po-na, that's sippin' the cog-na, hey

You wanna be a star, you have ya own day

>From where they play ball, drink and get buzzed

Reminiscin' on what a good kid he was

I don't know what happened, all he did is what he loved

That's when you opposin' me, killa get the rosary

Fuck this rap shit, I'll die for mine, motherfucker

[Chorus: Prodigy]

[Prodigy:]

I'm around yall, it's goin' down yall

murder rap, clown niggas back down yall

Straight like that, yall niggas fuck around yo

Bandana P, blow thirds, the four take you on all fours

Thug shit, I keep a beamed out fifth

Is you fiend out bitch, catch a gleamed bullet

I live the street life ya heard, guns money and birds

Get dead armed and dead on ya jewels and pearls

Where I was placed, put between the wrong style thun

Capital P, you know whats the outcome

Bout some, but never put out the stout guns

Don't let ya mouth get you in some shit ya legs run from

For all the killa's and the 100 dollar hoes

Who real ??? check me out though

The most ill, more drama than Denzel

More liver than the park fights at Sunny Carson

Me and Killa Cam, live at the carbon

it's crazy, niggas throwin' they shit

and niggaz flashin' crazy

[Chorus: Cam'ron]