

Cam'ron, Get Down

Remember I'm a man of Respect (remember)
Remember Santana was next
Now its not techs, its checks
And fancy collects
I want his wrist, fist, whole had, jammed with baguettes
Pose for the camera man
Me and Santana man
Word to my grand ma
He one bad mamma jamma, dam
So I don't write for the stardom
I get, booted, zooted, write down my problems
I've been through it headed right for the bottom
D.C. naw, would've been a sniper in Harlem (so what)
Thats why I throw some doe
To my cody from costovo
Help me get on overflow (Ssshhh...)
No one suppose to know
But she lay me up like the prime minister
Thousand grams of dope smellin' like Hine Vinegar
That was a lot to linger
But to the top I bring her
But when it came to dope, I always copped in fingers
Money missin, oh shit I almost chopped some fingers
Slit some wrist, thats when they said oh shit he's not a singer
Fuck the rap, fuck the movies, fuck Siskel and Ebert
This pistol I'll squeeze it, missles if needed (KILLA)
Remember I'm gonna spend my cake
Remember Jim we getting out of five eights (projects)
Now chefs will fry us steaks (thats true)
Its a higher stake
Swiss accounts I'm goin show you how to wire cake
And we from BBO
Now you a CEO
Direct a Vio [video]
Your own album here we go
Thats my man anytime I holla, holla with me
We shared chicken sandwiches they was a \$1.50
But you seven dollars, nickel bag and white owl
I hope the chicken sandwich last us through the night child
We ain't care we didn't sleep we was night owls
Insomniatics our life styles compatible
Magical
Pops gone, shit tragical
Moms on mission
My house is where the attics chill
I'm like a teacher, I need me a sabbatical
Its not irrational
I grew up radical
And you all are shook
I bought all my crooks
Fuck you R&B niggaz Zeek sing all the hooks
Tito and Brick yes yes come again
They came sun or rain when I had that stomach pain (What else)