

Cam'ron, Got To Love It (Jay Z Diss)

[Cam'Ron]

Uh Dipset! Fore I set it off

O.K. 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 Rocafella from Dame

Second - you stole Kanye from Dame

Third - you stole Rocawear 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 chancletas with jeans on

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

[Cam'Ron]

Backup, this one ain't the only one with big wallets

Got it, my shits brolic, dot it

But your publishing should go to Ms. Wallace

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

And he came dressed dog, ooh stylin

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

Now you got it, call it +Cock-a-wear+, heh not in here

Deaded pronto, you won't see a car. No

Dame and Big bitch for years, now you on hoe

He on the 40/40 got you in Atlantic City

Bitch your budget outta baseline, goddamn it's pretty

You love a harlem nigga we get it cooking it's true

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

A parity right? Down in Jeezy video

I shoulda kissed you on the cheek, you a pretty ho

And Jaz video you starred in it, Peter Pan

I was hopping off the grey hound, Peter Pan

How could he be the man? Ha only reason fam

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

But we hawk yo, right where you walk bro

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

We put you under ground clown, they gon check the cellars

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

I respect the hustlers, plus the grinders and the sellers

Youse a customer buster, here go jet propellers

[Chorus: x2]

You got to hate us the way we gettin this paper

All my niggaz are coming straight from minimum wage

Niggaz dick riding the Dip steady trying to play us

But you get sprayed, bust a round we got in his face

Dipset - hittin 40 and niggaz we totin guns

Dipset - this is forty an nigga we from the slum

Dipset - pushin 40 nigga you not the one

It's killin season, holla at a nigga cause here it come

[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 Gamble

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

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

Wars to play, like a bumper sticker smack a grill

Paul Wall cap a grill but them cats are daffy dills

East coast west coast slang yo cap ya bill

Down in Houston ask B I'ma mack forreal

Hackie tell me, respect, better dwell me
Beyonce fiance, check my 2nd LP
I might bring it back, that's your girl, that's your world
Had the thing, fucking singing bout slinging crack
Mr. Rocafella stop, stop, stop it fella
Still got our acapellas, but I will ock-ya-bella
[Hook]
put it in ya mouth uh put it in ya mouth
put it in ya mouth uh put it in ya mouth
[Cam'Ron]
It ain't my fault I'm raw
I'm sorry B but I want a war
And he stabbed UN over Charlie Baltimore
Sucker for love, hmm-hmm sucker for love
Killa bitch go to trial hand be stuffed in the glove
I'ma hop in the bed, dog gon jus pop off her head
Tell "Oh Jay-Z chill, Cochran is dead"
[Chorus]
[Cam'Ron]
Y'all niggaz don't want it with us man
This just round one, 15 rounds B
We ready, brake off bluff, professional concert, sell out 25 thousand
Actin like you gon diss us
You got anthrax over there man, and we George Bush man
You on some Saddam Hussenin
Acting like you got something over there
You doing what ma\$e did, you making super songs man
Let it out man, get ready for 15 rounds man
And all I did was battle once
Everybody getting ready to step to the plate
And I'ma step up again and slam, grand-slam yo ass pardon me
Dipset! I know you, I know you like that
I remember Dame sold you his old pathfinder
Chipped in for the GS, you Jaz old son
Where's source money at? Where's the like, where they at?
I'ma get back to all that, Dipset dawg
Round one, let the games begin doggy
Haha ain't laughing at ya ugly ass no more
YOU UGLY DAWG! YOU UGLY! You ugly man, you ugly
My man UN said you look like Fraggie Rock and all that
You on outfast nigga? Get back to you nigga
Nigga OH!
[Chorus]
Oh shit, yo dude make sure you got them old vocals
Bring 'em up real quick (Beyonce vocals)
Yup, yup that's her, yup we got 'em