

Cam'ron, Hate Me Now Freestyle (Nas Diss)

[Jim Jones Yelling]

[Cam'Ron]

aye yo, this lil' nigga Nas think he live like me,
drove 5's, shot 5, flipped pies like me?
nah, Cam gonna blast,
I done ran through his past,
and I ran for the mag,
Taliban on your ass!
you're terry cloth,
that means very soft,
thanks Jay, Carm's the bomb,
broke her cherry off!
severely massacred,
we really gonna laugh at ya,
the mac milli blast at ya,
you really run to Africa,
stupid, sucker for love,
home plenty,
Nelson Mandela?
we all boned Winnie!
shit, I come over and fight,
you a lame, you forgot over the night,
yo, your career's over like Mike,
any one,
Tyson,
Jordan,
Jackson,
ask dunn about my mean kids,
frizzle steam,
tripple beam,
cripple teams,
when you seen money in Queenbridge?
never,
I used to catch the Tunnel,
Lil E, Vernon side,
I gave him packs and bundles,
how many grams in an ounce?
how many ounces in an eighth,
how many eighths in a key,
shorty, stay in your place,
before the AK's in your face,
take your daughter, R Kelly,
have my way with her face!
whoa,
and your Mom's a whip wop head,
and you claim to be a hip-hop head?
ooh wop, two shots in his hip-hop head,
this way the whole world know that hip-hop's dead!
Rocafella, hip-hop bread,
Fifty though a night, holla back, hit my spread,
you wack, you twisted,
your girls a hoe,
you're broke, the kid ain't yours,
and everybody know,
your mans even tell you..
you be like "so?
I love my baby mother, I never let her go"
stupid...