

Cam'ron, He Tried To Play Me

(feat. Hell Rell)

[Hell Rell: Hook]

HE TRIED TO PLAY MEEEE
SHIT GOT ALL CRAAAZY
BUT THINGS JUST WASN'T THE SAME
SO I RAN UP ON HIIIIIM
THEN PULLED MY MAC OUTTT
AND I BLEW OUT HIS BRAINSSSS

[Cam'Ron: Verse 1]

Y'ALL WITH THE VIOLENCEEEEE
WE MOVE IN SILENCEEE
SILENCE PLUS SILENCE THE GUNSSSS
I WAS THE WIILDEST...
THAT WAS CHILDISH...
NOW I STACK MY ONESSSS
SHINAY WAS IN LOVE WITH HER SCHOOL
RICH WASN'T LIKING HIS SCHOOL
SHINAY CAUGHT TWO IN THE RIBSSSS
HE WAS A HUSTLER
SHE'S A CUSTOMER
NOW HE'S OFF DOING A BIIIIID
TEE GOT SHOT WITH A SHOTGUN ON HIS BLOCK
I WISH IT WAS ALL PRETEEEEND
NANA WOULD GET HIIIGH
HARD ENOUGH GETTING BUY
WHEN IS IT ALL GONNA ENNNND
ME I'M STILL HOLDING ON
THE TEAM STILL ROLLIN STRONG
THE AVE IS DOWN THE STREEEEET
BUT IM A STREET TARGET
CALL ME A MEAT MARKET
I STAY AROUND SOME BEEEEEEEF
THE BLOCKS STILL PUMPIN
ISN'T IT SOMETHIIIN?
NEEDLES, KNIVES & NINEEEES
THERE'S NO TOMORROOOOW
FOOD GETTING BORROWEEEEED
WHAT KIND OF LIFE IS MINE??

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[Cam'Ron: Verse 2]

They call me "Patty Cake Patty Cake The Bakers Man", I bubble bread (bread)
Beef don't stop, who's this years knuckle head? (knuckle head)
We done scrapped and scuffled until our knuckles bled (bled)
Shot out in front of police, yell FUCK A FED! (fuck a fed)
I patrol on d-lo, popo know my steelo
Who seen Killa cop? Nigga's rolling C-Lo
Pump the peddle bike, nice chain, light chain
Fiends sniffin' white caine, needle, 40 and night train (that's Harlem)
Just a hype lame, you'll never like Dame (why?)
Three years ago I would of robbed his dice game (true)
Life's changed my snipe game's the right mayne (what's the difference?)
Only difference is I'll push you to that right lane (whip in traffic)
Gotta laugh yall that's just blue lightning (the Lambo)
Or that white thing, you on the Internet pricing (pricing?)

I don't window shop, not me and Jim go cop
Hop through the window ock, god damn them Bimbo's hot (hot)
Dukes of Hazard, they wanna do the Limbo Lock
Never had a Pinto ock, first car a Benzo drop (Mercedes)
"Bens & Bops", put between my hot wallet
And my toaster, I really had a hot pocket
And I'm saying this real clear
y'all can't chill here
I know real thugs in wheelchairs
Yeah yeah, and you can't steal there
Party pop more bottles than a nigga on 2 feet and some real gear
It's real here, real near, you feel fear, a meals real
They don't cry, if they do cry homeboys a steel tear
Animals....Lions, Whales, Seals, Bears
Y'all fruits.....cherries, grapes, stale pears

[Cam'Ron: Bridge]
THAT'S WHY NIGGAS FUCK WITH ME
AND THEM LADIES LOVING ME
THEY ALL PUT THEY TRUST IN ME
CAUSE.....I FLIP THAT KILLA MAN
THAT'S WHY NIGGAS FUCK WITH ME
AND THEM LADIES LOVING ME
THEY ALL PUT THEY TRUST IN ME
AND.....MY NAME IS KILLA CAM

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