

# Cam'ron, Let Me Know

All my harlem niggas my bk niggas  
back uptown baby, lennox ave

We bout to spit hospitable  
Physical, but shit is gettin critical  
The way cats bitin is dispicable  
Pitiful, unoriginal, this shit is miserable  
I'm a businessman, I ain't tryin to be lyrical  
Damn it's a miracle, thought y'all was veterans  
Wish your flow was ill huh?  
Mine was your medicine  
Now you're in the game  
Lame sound the best you've ever been  
Play right I'll catch you late night nigga like Letterman  
Get thirty thou now your actions begun  
Actin and fun nigga after taxes you're done  
Cars impounded, New York must stop bitin and start writin  
And start malice(?)  
When the fuck we start bouncin?  
We stash ounces, make a nigga start clownin  
We spark round and nigga that's your heart poundin'

[CHORUS]

Yo you fly? Let me know  
Yo you high? Let me know  
You wanna cry? Let me know  
You wanna die? Let me know  
You want raw? Let me know  
You sound raw Let me know  
You want a war? Let me know  
You on tour? Let me know  
You sell crack? Let me know  
You bust yo gat? Let me know  
You sell weed? Let me know  
Well where the trees? Let me know  
You a fed? Let me know  
She give head? Let me know  
It's aight? Let me know  
You wanna fight? Let me know

Yo I get dough any way  
I can flow any way  
Yo you rap about money, man, who are you anyway?  
C'mon, all my jewels ice and gray  
And nigga might I say  
I'm Mister Rogers status, change twice a day  
Any beef you let me know, I'll be there right away  
And when I'm rhyming, I've always got the right of way  
I got some cats that'll come down here right away  
To take your ass right away  
Believe me you could die today  
We explode and bullets we reload and killers speak in code  
So please let me know  
You get fly? Let me know  
He get high? Let me know  
Take his jewels and his rolls(?)  
Eat his food to let him know(???)  
You can't come to the hood, we got glocks to squeeze  
With rocks and G's and that shit looks hot on me  
So gimme that, little man, I'm bout to pocket it right  
I make this look good, you wasn't rockin it right

[CHORUS]

You the type of cat, wanna marry your lover  
And to the end of earth 4(???), huh, like mario brother  
Better carry your rubber  
Now you done this street, Me I gun this V(???)  
Somethin to see, and man, ain't nothin to me  
Not my man, not my style  
Not my fam, not my pal  
Not my click, not my type  
Hell no we not alike  
You get knocked, you sit in a cell  
Get raped, bitch, and you yell  
Turn homo, kiss and you tell  
Bitch nigga, walk with a switch nigga  
Why you switch nigga?, talk high pitched nigga?  
You know how we get niggas?  
Bla! bla! bla! bla!  
That's how we get niggas  
Big drinkers, me and 6 figures  
Bout to be some real, real real real real real real  
Rich niggas  
Big niggas, talk slick nigga  
Got shit to spit nigga

[CHORUS x2]