

Cam'ron, Why They

See you lucky man... you lucky to be around me nigga
U better take on the oxygen you suckin all the h2o nigga
My new name is mother fuckin velcro the way niggaz stick to me no homo

Harlem 100 million dollars lovely dame and big
Shots to like wayne and big
No need explain yah dig
Somone come claim this kid
He a fraud, the city morg, gone claim his wig
Wanna be famous? well the game is rigged this is harlem
Were we scramble crack, beef come handle that
Melt them down to candle wax, pump water we camel backs
Not camel toes, sandal cat can't do jack
Place a order well cancel that jaffe set it
Any problems baby, come to harlem baby
We drive several coupes, gray orange cherry coupes
Girls ball like cheryl swoopes, dudes hustle on every stoop
Your jewelry truley, beef and brocs mah are very cute
I'm like a can of cambells bitch yeah I'm very soup
Look the kid done rose, to sleepin with roaches
In my nostril pick my nose, damn mice bit my toes
We slingin get yah ratchet bang it don't forget yah clothes
Lived in 56 and 46 live my crows
My grandmaother faught they grandmother mrs rose
Uncle came down gat explode, that case disclose
Cause we'll damage yah ameatuer don't play with pros
They compose, nice girls thay get turned to naked hoes
They wanna get the boy, hand cuff wrist the boy
Cause I'm the cookie monster yep chips ahoy!
Ahoy from over seas they ship the toys

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Why they fuckin with me why they fuckin with me huh
Why they fuckin with me why they fuckin with me man
Why they fuckin with me why they fuckin with me huh

See my mind designa dump, pump when I find the pump
I'm a lift him ten feet she said he ain't tryna duck
Do like my hair cut, line em up I lay em down
Sign em up, I swear to god garbage bags in line and drunk
I keep loaded guns, for every five bricks
My connect throw me one, you don't know me son
Like I love rhymin, I'm just a thug shinin
And leave the club blinded, by the damn blood diamond

I hug the block, it hug me back
Yeah it trust I'm grindin, I told my watch
Now look at my watch love my timin
Name stop, drop it, dog you not poppin
When I'm a stop frontin, when yah mom stop coppin
Shit you not rockin, stop watchin, glock cocked
Dots shots in, call em re-run he pop lockin
When I stop his heart with some head shots
Better yet he barney rubble, he in bed rock
Yeah you know we dead, when the grass is green
And the suits is black, and the roses red
That's the kiss of death baby boy go to bed
And I don't kiss mah I kno yah head so go ahead
I start wildin on you, I tell you it won't be polite,
You mad I'm stylin on you, duck down, weave the right

Pull the gat out two shots, peace goodnight

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