

Cam'ron, You Gotta Love It (Jay Z Diss)

Dipset!

Before I set it off, ok, first off, you a bitch nigga.

Only reason I'm doin this, I'ma just name 5 reasons real quick.

Got a hundred fifty, got a hundred fifty.

First, you stole Roc-a-fella from Dame.

Second, you stole Kanye from Dame.

Third, you stole Rocawear from Dame.

Fourth, I seen a 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 80s baby, you 37 years old.

You was born in 1968, and I open the daily news,
how's the king of New York rockin' sandals with jeans?

Open-toed sandals with chancletas with jeans on.

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

Back to business

You ain't the only one with big wallets

Got it, my shit's brolic

Got it, but ya publishing should go to Ms Wallace

Honest, stealin BIG's shit, he made 2 albums

You wildin'

And he can't dress dog, who styled him?

It was Rocawear when Dame had it, now you got it, call it Cockawear

(You got it on?) Huh, not in here

Debt it pronto, you don't see a car, no

Dame and Biggs bitched for years, now you on, ho

He own the 40/40, got you in Atlantic City

Get your budget out of base line, God damn it's pretty

You love a Harlem nigga, we get it cookin', it's true

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

(Yup) A parody, right down to Jeezy video

I shoulda kissed you on the cheek, you a pretty ho (ask Weezy)

And Jaz video you starred in it, Peter Pan

I was hoppin off the Greyhound, be the man

How could he be the man, huh, only reason fam

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

But we hork yo, right where you walk Hov

You could fool the rest of the world, long as New York know

We put you underground, 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

You's a customer buster, here go jet propellers

[Chorus:]

You gotta hear this, the way we gettin' this paper

All my niggas is comin straight from minimum wage

Niggas dick-ridin' the Dips, steady tryin' to play us

But you ?

(Dipset) Nearly 40 and niggas totin' a gun

(Dipset) This is 40 and nigga we from the slums

(Dipset) Pushin' 40, nigga you not the one

It's Killa Season, holla at 'em nigga, cuz here it come

[repeat]

Killa, let's go

Who could fuck with me, no mammal

But we tote handles, at ya open-toe sandals

And you look like Joe Camel

Off of Rocafella, right? No contact

We bust the flyest joint, they put us out the contract

I left the label, right? Lotta cats wonder how

Every time I dis that label, I get fined a hundred thou

Just for tellin y'all I get fined a hundred thou

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

Want to complain like a bumper sticker, smack a grill

Paul Wall cap a grill, but them cats in daffodils

East coast, west coast, slay, or cap ya peel

Down in Houston, ask B, I'm a mack for real
Heck he tell me, respect better dwell me
Beyonce, fiancé, check my second LP
I might bring it back
That's ya girl, that's ya world
Had the thing fuckin singin about slingin crack
Mr Rocafella, stop stop stop it fella
Still got a acapella, but I will ak in yella
(Put it in ya mouth)
(Put it in ya mouth)
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? Mm-mm, sucker for love
Kill a bitch, go to trial, handgun stuffed in a glove
I'ma hop in her bed, dog or just pop off her head
Tell O-Jay-z chill, cockin is dead
[Chorus]
Y'all niggas don't want it with us man, this round 1 of 15 rounds, B.
We ready. You ain't gon' bluff us with no concert,
sell out 25 000 actin like you gon' dis us.
You got anthrax over there man, and we George Bush man.
You ain't gonna Sadam Hussein it, actin like you got something over there,
you doin what Mase did, you making stupid songs man.
Let it out, man. We ready for 15 rounds man,
and all I did was battle once,
everybody gettin ready to step up to the plate and I'm gon step up again,
and slam - grand slam your 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's old son.
Where's Sauce Money at? Where's the, like... where they at?
I'ma get back to all that. Dipset y'all. Round 1. Let the games begin dog.
Haha, I'm laughin at your ugly ass, no homo.
You ugly dog, you ugly. You ugly man. You ugly.
Oh man I'm sayin you look like Fraggie Rock and all that.
You old out-fast nigga. I'll get back to you, nigga.
[Chorus]