

# Cam'ron, Can't Hurt My Style

Hook:

Y'all little dudes couldn't hurt my style  
And you got birds, it'll make it worth my while  
And I mean-mug cuz you don't deserve my smile so  
Been into plenty drama  
Flame it like Benihana's  
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Verse 1:

I got the stainless, the stainless know how to work the fire  
I'll leave you brainless then famous, more murder murder guys  
My chain, my ring, my chain, my watch, it might hurt ya eyes  
Pop pop pop pop pop pop pop pop, baby come work them thighs  
I know that coke the iaina, ya know, birds or pies  
Bad work, a bloodbath, niggaz deserve to die  
Look dude, I'm the Dean, don't mean to hurt ya pride  
You the wanksta, I'm gangsta, certified  
Get with me, physically I'll take you out your misery  
My bracelet is Time Square, necklace a Christmas tree  
The piece you see across the entire state children  
The night version of the Empire State Building  
Let's dead the convo, pronto, go condo for condo  
Better yet shot for shot, John Doe for John Doe  
Y mano y mano, I'm Don Juan Demarco  
With the magic wand, beyond, tell 'em get and begone you

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Verse 2:

We pimps and mobsters, with a different posture  
Dipped in Prada, pasta on the shrimp and lobster  
A side of oysters, plus the scamp we fried  
I don't understand it 5, the way he move he can't be live  
We still family ties, get ya family tied  
Uh, duct-tape, wrong move, ya family dies  
Couple hit the kid, couple shots graze the trunk  
Middle finger, pay the punk, know who I was raised amongst  
The neck tennis yellow, the wrist tennis blue  
I'm at the tennis match, L.V. on the tennis shoes  
Soon as the tension fuse, we begin to feud  
I'm 80 percent of the reason the tenants move  
So tell your employer, better yet, tell your lawyer  
You wanna see the boy, a 100 million, Dela Hoya  
Dude brought your girl to the crib and said "Enjoy her"  
I got it cookin' on the stove, you can smell the Goya

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