Cam'ron, D Rugs 2

I'm back on the street wit' heat, oh glorious hood Only two months in, Damn my lawyers good Ten bricks and a body that's lickin rich Tell the DA, fly f**kin' witnesses Sittin' in the cell, I could just vomit That's word to Elaja Mohammed, became wiser the prophet Gods not I, I time my guy, I don't hate to see the boys (Why)'cause the tapes can be destroyed They on the beat walkin, in my socks searchin me It's not hurtin me, most cops work for me Yo where Qweed, what up ma huh what where D at, damn yo we need that Yo yo, my earnin' in question, I'm burnin' and sweatin' You knowin' jail turn me depressant, I ain't learnin my lesson You just a dumb spouse, I ain't gone run him out I know where to find D rugs over Un's house

(talking)

Get the F**k off me, I'm goin to Un house Get the f**k off me

Verse 2:

Yo, I knocked on the door, yo yo how it's lookin Un You seen d rugs, yeah I was cookin him I ran to the kitchen, Oh my God damn look at him What's the problem with him Un, yo he lookin slim What you ain't feed him right, what's wrong he ain't eatin right You f**kin wit' him that's why you sneezin' right What you mean duke, wit' d rugs ya ass will get a mean tooth You lookin like a fiend to But he made me cheddar, I'll take him to the death wit' me He felt the same, so the nigga left wit me Now we back, and dealin' in hoods Reunited and it feel so good Fiends comin thru in fleeces and sweaters,

Increasin my cheddar Happy just to see us together Now we round up new click, competition too sick D rugs left blue six, woooo shit

Verse 3:

It's like I'm born to rock on the block, still clockin Me and D rugs hug but they still watchin, Lil hot chick She said man keep them mills poppin, The only way to keep you in they got to kill Cochran But he mixed business and pleasure he get to me And I'm a Geto Boy my mind playin tricks on me Optional, ay yo he still f**k wit ya moms Naw man that's impossible, Yo I heard she left the hospital So I stepped to 'em both, needless to lie My mother told me naw Cam chill he was prescribed She got to take him twice a day to keep her alive And I'm sittin' here shocked yo, rain don't stop yo What's that the lots yo, who that the cops yo Female Tahoe, connect wit the Brosco F**k a hard case, I'm from a mob race Why does this f**kin' feel like the end of Scarface I'mma sucha sober, flip d rugs up to smell the odor Told him, he f**ked us over Then popped girl, to my mother, told her I love her Plugged her, now only God can judge her Now after this tragedy, d rugs laughed at me He was here way before, and he'll be here after me

Now here come the cops and the whole f**kin' calvary Snorted d rugs and had them niggaz blast at me

(Gunshots) You can't kill me, I'm a f**kin killa you can't kill me