

# Cam'ron, Dead The Funeral

Killa

'For leaf big blowgun, fag nigga's bitch, doj' an'  
Peach chrome, sick Rover, Zeke home so bend over  
He looked at me and said "Killa I'll be your kitchen pitcher, the bid was rough"  
I said nigga I did the bid with' ya  
Capiche, not Mona Lisa it's the big picture  
Six scriptures, six blickers, grip triggers, strip niggaz  
The Big Dipper, swig liquor, big liver  
Now that you home watch the shit differ, I dig nigga  
Soon as a nigga whisper, believe we jiggin' Jigga  
He Elton Brand in a barber chair, he'll get the Clippers  
I don't care who you are, the point, don't be stupid pa  
We celebrities with guns, shooting stars  
Yeah remove ya bras, a few of ours in through-in cars  
Spray 21, Blackjack, I knew ya cards  
Kid roll, Peter Rowe like Kennedy  
Friends with me at the graveyard, visits from old enemies  
Some bitched, some snitched, some owed us dough  
Piss on the tombstone, write on it, "Told you so"  
Check my portfolio, I was poor then rose to dough  
KNow what I'm about in a drought I score, overflow  
I'm the waterboy, wet work for water call  
The price is nice, TLC, some waterfalls  
Fiends snort it all, this fact I report to y'all  
Go inside, extort them all, from short to tall you oughta ball  
And where the ballas live and all my friends all to win  
This the second time around, that shit you call again  
Damn yo' lady fine, you been on yo' baby grind  
Me I'm 86, highest temp, P-89s  
Everyday we shine, fine, don't pay me mind  
My watches are retarded, you can call 'em crazy times  
Mines are more than brothers  
We gon' rock til the Range, Benz, and Porsches clutter  
Garage, assorted colors  
Yeah Crayola box, for that, payola doc  
I'll lay you over a stroller with the strangest odor ock  
Is it over not, huh, we immune to you  
We shoot the wake up, straight up and dead the funeral  
Ay yo hold the fuck up  
I said we gon' shoot the wake up and dead the fu-  
You dead already we gon' dead the fu-  
Matter fact son, bring that shit back up, fuck it  
And you heard Rell, I do worst than foul  
They murdered Roberta, lawyer murdered murder trials  
We deserve to style, walk on Persian tile  
On the island with millions, Durst to Al  
I get cake in layers, not the Daily News  
But when I flip, I make the papers, hate the mayor  
I'm a gangsta, I fuck ma, go date a player  
Man these dudes are fish market, straight fillet ya  
Went to war with Kromo, then Pataki  
Then Guilliani, then I went to North Cackalacky  
What you gon' tell a mobster, cake was hella proper  
No Petey Pablo when I saw them helicopters  
That's the letter niggaz, trinckets from the ghetto bird  
Her word said I gave the whole ghetto birds  
Man your case go find it, need a new assignment  
That ain't giving out, first of all that's call for silent  
Contest to play  
You got no gunwounds, jail time, felonies, real shit on your resume  
I get you extra yay, not tomorrow, yesterday  
If they ask, never say, snitch and we never play, ay