Cam'ron, Dip Set Forever

Let's do it!
Santana, Jim Jones, Killa, Freekey
How long we gon' have this shit on lock, man?
Yes sir, you gave me the right track Kanye
Listen - I been coppin them pieces
Maybe that's part of the reason
I feel like a boxer: bobbin and weavin
But I'm gettin head
She's bobbin and weavin (yes sir)
I'm grabbin her neck to stop her from breathin
I'ma wild out until I part with my breathin
Until I'm sparked out and leakin
Part of the cement
I need something pure, like from the Garden of Eden (why?)
Wouldn't mind making her part of my achivements (what happened)
Cause when music discourage my pride (who was there?)
Zeke the only one with courage to ride
The ride's so dirty inside
Seems like we were playin in mud
Hazin' it up, grams gave us the snub (she was buggin)
Who ill?
A check for two mill
And a cheap case, defaced, blue still, true stills
I got stories that my soul can sing
Flip water like Poland Spring
And I'ma hold them things
Look - talk to 'em
Look - my fella said you been coppin' a lot
Latest caper? Propellers on top of the drop
But fuck it, who ever thought I would rock at the Roc? (Killa!)
Top a top on top of the top
But yo - nothing definite
I chop up the rocks
And I stop up the drop
+Blocka Blocka+ the block
Hello mate, yellow tape, helicopter your spot
What you wanted is not what you got
And I pop up them cops
Cause dogg, it ain't about Cam (It ain't about me)
I got a son homeboy, it's about Cam (For that?)
It's about being +Bout It+
If you're not, you're ass backwards
My mathematics cause cash matters (That's important)
Little niggaz need to sit up and read
If the town's too hot, get up and leave
Niggaz always got a trick up their sleeve (always)
Nigga like me - I always got a brick up my sleeve
And that's forever
Shit, I was two blocks from coppin dust
I used to hop the bus
Now look dogg, ain't nobody hot as us
Girls, they gotta rush
Shit, they gotta blush
Wanna go in the mall just to shop with us
To how they piss and bitch how they ran a mile
Fuck Killa Cam, they in love with Cameron Giles
Damn, I gotta smile
Hundred grand, I demand it
Cot damnit the boy the boy done done it child
And that's forever man
[Cam'ron speaking over fading beat]
You hear it, uh huh
We here, I love y'all man
It's nothing boy

Dash, Hoffa, Young Guru
What's really good?
Holla at your boy
I might have this shit on lock man
Kanye, Harlem, Chicago, Columbus, Holla
Chicago, you have your own Kanye West on the track
Harlem, you know who the fuck I am - Killa!
We just want you's to know Diplomats is here
We ain't going nowhere
Holla at the boy boy, let's ride out man