

Cam'ron, Down And Out

(feat. Kanye West, Syleena Johnson)

[Cam'Ron (Kanye West)]

Uh Killa

Baby

Kanye this that 1970s heroin flow huh

Yeah let's speed it up (Ya'll hear people talking bout who high who not)

Uh I'm back in (Man they don't know we fixing to kill the game this year)

(Killa, Ye, come on)

[Cam'Ron]

Uh uh ayyo street mergers I legislated

The nerve I never hated

On murders we meditated

Absurd I hesitated

Observe cock and spray

Hit you from a block away

Drinking Sake on a Suzuki, we in Osaka Bay

Playing soccer stupid stay in a sucker's place

Pluck ya ace take ya girl fuck her face

She dealing with Killa so you love her taste

She swallowing Killa cause she love the taste

I got brought up with crooking

Kitchen orders that I'm cooking

But got caught up with the chicks who really thought I wasn't from Brooklyn

It gets boring just looking

I feel like Bill Cosby pouring in the pudding

Now the dashboard is wooden from a hard tangled grammar

Interior inferior star-spangled banner

Car game bananas

Ma man and Tana

Guns everywhere like the car came with hammers

He's back

[Hook: Kanye West (Syleena Johnson)]

They trying to say he (down, down)

I hear niggaz saying he (down and out)

But our flow's the truest (oh)

The game's in a nuisance (no no)

Our girls is the models (oh)

They coochies the juiciest (ooooh)

Yeah they say he (down, down)

Yeah they say he (down and out)

Cause I'm back on my grind (oh)

Money back on my mind (no no)

Ye and Killa Cam (oh)

The world is mine (ooooh)

[Cam'Ron]

I keep bitches straight up like +Simon Says+

Open vagina put ya legs behind ya head

Cop me And 1s hon lime and red

You got pets me too mines are dead

Doggy on fire minks gators that's necessary

Accessories my closet's pet cemetery

I get approached by animal activists

I live in a zoo I run scandals with savages

All my niggaz get together to gather loot

Bodyguard for what dog I'd rather shoot

I go to war old timbs batted boots

Hand grenade goggles and a parachute

Ya'll don't even know the name of my fleet

It was +Touch Me, Tease Me+ when +Case+ was the shit

You don't know bout the cases I get

Court case, briefcase, suitcase, cases of Cris
Ow

[Hook]

[Cam'Ron]

Yo ayyo you dealing with some sure shit
My bitches pure thick
Play razor tag slice ya face bury
It's I who come by drive thru
Gator told Maury three quarters sky blue
Look at mami eyes blue five two
I approached her "hi boo, how you?"
Tony skin Louis oh you fly too
You a stewardess good ma I fly too
Now a nigga got baking to bey
Harlem shake naw I'm in Harlem shaking away
Shaking to bake, shaking to Jake's
Kill you shoot the funeral up and Harlem Shake at your wake
Kiss ya picture though you still taped in a lake
I'm laughing you couldn't wait to escape
For anyone who owed you dough I had to load the fo
I hoped a nigga heard when I said I told you so
Uh Killa

[Hook]

[Cam'Ron talking]

Mine
Killa you already know Harlem
Whole Midwest, Detroit, Nap town, St. Louis
Chicago of course
Westside holla at me
Southside wild honeys
You know what it is Ohio
Columbus holla at ya boy
You know what else I do
Dayton, Youngstown, Cleveland, Cincinnati