

# Cam'Ron ft. Juelz Santana, Facts Of Life

[Juelz Santana]

Lemme see you do this

C'mon, lemme tell you about the facts of life

[Chorus: Theme song from "Facts of Life"]

You take the good, you take the bad

You take em both and there you have

The facts of life, the facts of life

You take the good, you take the bad

You take em both and there you have

The facts of life, the facts of life

[Juelz Santana]

Aiyyo I tried to take the good, I tried to take the bad

I tried to take em both man, look what I have - nothin

Look what I'm stuck with, dirty streets corrupted

Nothin to do but sell drugs to the public - fuck it

I'm on these corners hustlin eighths of crack

From the day to the night, to the day come back

and these hoes'll try to get you for cribs and get you for loot

Stick you with kids you didn't produce

Sorry lady but I'm just spittin the truth

Yeah I know niggaz do creep shit too - fuck em

See it's a fact niggaz is dogs

Just like it's a fact that if I can't rap, I'm in the kitchen whippin the raw

Gettin it hard on the corners, dishin it off

Hopin the cops never catch me and ship me up north

The hustle's inside me, no one or nothin can guide me

Stuck in this lobby with crack, that's my life, that's the facts, c'mon

[Chorus]

[Cam'ron]

Killa, facts of life, facts of life, facts of life

I got a ROC habit, I copped karits, how could I not have it?

Ice drippin down my neck, even the lock lavish

But my most prized possession - cop badges

That I got from a scuffle with these cop bastards

I unlock handcuffs, my cockmatics

I don't wanna talk to y'all if ya not attics

I'm not average, my old school, stop passed it

Seen my principal, showed off my fox fabric

No hard feelings though sir, got passed it

See y'all failed me in math but I got passed it

Guns, credit cards dog - got plastic

When I floss in the street, man I stop traffic

You should stop carriage and pay homage

How I got cabbage I tell you I love you ma, it's not marriage

But hell wit the speech you spit

You'll have ya own beach and six and that's the fact of life

[Chorus x2]

[Juelz Santana]

Yo, now you could catch me holla'n at every bitch walkin my way like "Hey"  
Ma, you feel like talkin today?

My name is Juelz, I promise I will feed you the ice

If anything I'll teach you, I lead you though life

I'll tell you not to go down that 11th street pad

I'll keep you from the losers and deadbeat dads

I'm just tryna live the facts of my life

But I realized, yo it's just a few facts in my life

This rap, this mic, this pack I got strapped in my Nikes

Damn my ankle hurt, these straps is too tight

[Cam'ron]

I know just how it is dog, I'm still pitchin

Right around the corner from Bill Clinton

Beef and brocllii's on, you know the grill chickens

You need sixteen, Cam is down

How you want it - rhymes, O's, grams or pounds?

Come though ban-damn it down  
Putch a hammers down, from now on its Santana's town  
[Juelz Santana]  
You take the coke, you take the bake  
You shake and scrape and there you have  
The crack and right, the crack and right  
You hit the block with the rock, watch for cops and there you get  
The stacks in life, stacks in life  
Mommy always said "Will you ever grow up"  
I think I'll never grow up, I think I'd rather blow up  
Cuz I love to run the streets, chasin ladies, gettin money  
That's a matter of fact, life's a matter of fact  
Cuz when you liivviinn up to ya dreeaamms  
I'll show what my hood's about, I'll tell you what my hood's about  
When you liivviinn up to ya dreeaamms  
I'll show what my hood's about, I'll tell you what my hood's about