

# Cam'ron, Got To Love It

[Intro: Cam'ron]

Killa

Dipset

For I set it off

Okay

First off

You a bitch nigga (nigga)

Only reason im doing this

Ima just name five reasons real quick

Got a hundred fifty got a hundred fifty

First, you stole Rocafella from Dame

Second, you stole Kanye from Dame

Third, you stole Rocafella from Dame

Forth, I seen the nigga throw that diamond up before them shots was fired

Fifth, hold on turn the beat off

I had to turn the beat off for this

You talking bout you an eighties baby

You thirty seven years old

You was born in 1968

And I open the Daily News how is the king of New York rockin sandals with jeans

Open toe sandals with chancletas with jeans on

How is the king of New York rockin sandals with jeans when he 42 years old

Back to business!

[Verse 1: Cam'ron]

You ain't the only one with big wallets

got it, my shits brolic

dotted, but ya publishing should go to Miss Wallace

honest, stealing BIG shit, he made two albums

you wylin, and he can't dress dawg who styled em'

it was Rocawear, when Dame had it now u got it

call it cockawear, (got it on?) not in here

dead it pronto, you don't see a car, no

Dame & amp; BIG's bitch for years, now you Juan's hoe

he own the Forty Forty, he got you in Atlantic City

put ya' budget outta baseline, goddamn it's pretty

you love a Harlem nigga, we get it cookin it's true

but now I look, we got more dudes in Brooklyn than you

apparently right, down in Jeezy video

I shoulda kissed you on the cheek, you a pretty hoe

in Jaz video u starred in it, Peter Pan

I was hopping off the Greyhound, Peter Pan

how could he be the man huh, only reason fam

I don't suck dick or kiss ass and i'm conceited damn

but we hawk yo, right where you walk bro

you could fool the rest of the world as long as New York know

we put you underground clown they gon' check the cellars

I know he 40 years old, I don't respect my elders

I respect the hustlers plus the grinders and the sellers

you's a customer buster, here go jet propellers

[Chorus: Max B]x2

You gotta hate us the way we getting this paper

All my niggas is coming strait from minimum wages

niggas dick ridin the dips steady tryin to play us

They tryna spray us, But Ferraris we got them in flavors

DIPSET! - We in 40th niggas we toat them guns

DIPSET! - This is 40th nigga we from the slums

DIPSET! - Pushin 40 nigga you not the one

Its killa season holla at em' nigga cause here it come

[Verse 2: Cam'ron]

Who could f\*\*k with me, no mammal

but we tote handles

at ya' open toe sandals, and you look like Joe Camel  
off of Rocafella right, no contact  
but bust a fly joint they put us out the contract  
I left the label right, alot of cats wonder how  
everytime I diss that label I get fined a hundred thou  
just for tellin ya'll I get fined a hundred thou  
them cats are ill, 5 times a half of mill  
wan't to play like a bumper sticker, smack a grill  
Paul Wall cap a grill, but them cats are daffodil's  
east coast, west coast slang, yo cap get peeled  
down in Houston ask B, i'm a mack fo'real  
heck he tell me, respect better dwell me  
Beyonce fiance? check my second LP  
I might bring her back  
thats your girl, thats your world, had the thing f\*\*kin singing bout slinging crack  
mister Rocafella, stop stop stop it fella  
still got her acapellas, but I will Akinyele her  
\*\*put it in ya' mouthhhhh - put it in ya' mouthhhhhh\*\*  
it ain't my fault i'm raw, i'm sorry B but I wanna war  
and he stabbed Un over Charlie Baltimore (f\*\*kin fagget)  
sucker for love.. uh uh.. sucker for love  
kill a bitch, go to trial, hand be stuffed in a glove  
i'mma hop in the bed, dawg just gon' pop off her head  
tell ole Jay-Z chill, Cochran is dead

[Chorus: Max B]x2

[Outro: Cam'Ron]

Yall niggas don't want it with us man  
This just round one on fifteen rounds B  
We ready you aint gone bluff us at no concert  
Sell out 25,000 acting like you gon' diss us  
You got anthrax over there man  
And we George Bush man  
You aint gone Sadam Hussein it  
Acting like you got something over there  
You doing what Ma\$e did  
You making secret songs man  
Let it out man  
We ready for fifteen rounds man  
And All I did was battle once  
Everybody getting ready to step to the plate  
And im gonna step up again  
And slam and grand slam your ass  
Pardon me, Dipset  
I know you  
I know you like that  
I remember Dame sold you his old pathfinder  
Chipped in for the gs  
You Jaz-o's son  
Where is Sauce Money at  
Where is like where are they  
Im get back to all that  
Dipset dog  
round 1  
let the games begin doggie  
Im laughing at you ugly ass no homo  
You ugly dog you ugly  
You ugly man you ugly  
My man Un said you look like fraggle rock and all that  
You old alf ass nigga  
Ima get back to you nigga  
You look like alf

[Chorus: Max B]x2

