

Cam'ron, I.B.S.

Lemme tell y'all a lil story about myself
This right here is a true story, check it out though

[Verse 1]

Ulcers hurt my salary, alter my personality
Give it to you real, I can't feed my culture no fallacy
You know my attitude, arrogant, cocky rude
Eatin off papi food, used to be a stocky dude
Weighed two-twenty, wit two honies, I move monie
It's true dummy, dunny need a new tummy
I become berserk, it was no fun to work
Everyday my stomach hurt, rippin off my undershirt
The pain was no comparison, stomach started cherishin
Throwin up in public, yo fuck it, it was embarrassin
Regurgitatin, green, yellow, burgundy, Boom
But came my urgency soon, (what) the emergency room (oh)
In there, no salvage, treated like a cold savage
They said pimpin symptoms, huh, a dope addicts
There you have it, but they ain't find no heroin
Coke, crack, dope, just weed, but that's my medicine

[Chorus]

My baby mama, mama, and my grandma
Say that I'm too gordy (too gordy), word to my blue maurys
This is a true story
I got stomach pain, don't matter sun or rain
Thought that it went away, uh oh, here it come again

[Verse 2]

Never mind stuntin, dime puffin, doc spent his time frontin
He like a bad detective, he ain't find nuttin
Besides that though, I can't enjoy a movie, dinner (why is that?)
My son growin up, I'm lookin like the movie thinner
I'm thinkin suicide, do or die, sit and cry (oh)
What hurt my baby moms askin if I'm gettin high (what the fuck you talkin about?)
She gonna play me a thug, I told the lady I love
If it ain't hustlin ma, please don't relate me to drugs (at all)
I'm loosin weight though, everyday pounds and muscles
Gotta get off my ass, hit some towns and hustle
Bein sick, huh, it get sickenin you know
I was too sick to do shows, but still equipped to move O's
You know my attitude, get it how I get it
If I can shoot, I turn around (then) I'm off my pivot
And oops, I thought I had it mapped
Weight started to gain again, it was just a game my friend
Dame mane I paind again

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Ay yo, god body, I'm hard bodied, word mommy, vanishin
Hadda go low, the male clinic, Minnesota
I couldn't get cake, a rock in a hard place
For me, that's a odd place, I'm only here by God's grace
Like a lab rat, them tests dishonor Cam
Ultrasound, MIR, CAT scan, sonogram
Laparoscopy, inoscopy, I be stressed (I be stressed)
The prognosis, diagnosed, IBS
And that's irritable bowel child, I hadda spit it y'all
Kick to y'all, so it ain't my fault if I shit on y'all
Get it, get it, get it, get it?

[Chorus x2]