

Cam'ron, I'm Dame Dash

In 87' dog my man Dame was a cake coppa',
8th choppa',
Now he got a grey choppa',
Harlem, Brooklyn, Philly the whole states proper,
42nd strip they ate lobster,
He used to stack up his chips,
crashed up his whip lookin' back at a b*tch,
F it,
left it,
we bout to get twelve jeeps,
91 barber shop up on 12th street,
yeah we turned dope into dollars,
front hair cuts, back dro in the bottle,
any beef Cam was in place,
we got bricks off of Hamilton Place,
Papi came down with the product in the bag,
put the crackhead in the taxi, and we followed the cab,
Downtown Novi took him,
called Duke he drove him over to Brooklyn,
His baby 'momma' she once had the drop on us,
copped a bird, and the b*tch called the cops on us,
Dame took me off the block,
from hand to hand, to handlin' the coffe pot.

Lyrical O-Jam

Yo man, O-Jam had them cakes,
Now I got cake, layin up in estates,
all thanks to Dash,
he swooped me off the block quick,
now your boy makin cash,
I got the stash-Boy
Got O's in bags-Boy
The Rovers Black-Boy
Got hoes in back, Oh Boy
No boys wanna see me,
we live on tv,
got beef, wanna get live come see me.