

# Cam'ron, I'm Ready

(Juelz Santana)

I feel like dropping something man  
Yo they tried to box me in the corner for the longest  
No key, locked me in this corner for the longest but  
Common man they can't fuck with me, Juelz Santana  
Uh, some how I managed to creep from under the rock  
Linking up with Cam and linking up with the Roc now  
Shit I told you, I won't fail you niggas man  
Yo this is powerful music I bring to this table  
The sequels are able the way I sling cane 'cause  
Let the music talk to them  
Yo, y'all know I'm fast in focus in case you haven't noticed  
Squeeze and blast them open as soon as the magnum open  
Yeah I told you man  
Uh, Cam gone make me a star, I'ma make him a million  
Jones is here I'm invading the building and  
Yeah Diplomat  
For the last time we got this man  
But I'm still on the corner grinding for them big stacks  
Big coat, big gat, don't ever forget that

(Jim Jones)

Yes I'm, yes uh, oh yeah nigga  
Yo, eyo my gold link can be number one on your charts  
If it happens so be it we come with the art  
Everyone in my part, they still moving  
All them chums in the front of the  
Yo I do this shit sick, stuffed and congested  
They don't give a fuck if you're sick you still get cuffed and arrested  
My justice is wretched  
You get knocked down please grab your crutches keep stepping  
Cause the game we done held back too long  
The pain we done felt that too long  
Cocaine we done dealt that too long  
And my pops it don't help that you gone, myself to move on  
Its scary and I'm gonna need help  
Streets flaunting me, dogs and marijuana don't help  
Fiends, junkies in the corner don't help  
Knee deep in my grave on these blocks I'm a goner myself but

(Cam'Ron)

Huh, killa, I'm here y'all  
Huh, I'm ready, I'm ready, huh, hey  
Hey, Yo what up buzzing buzzing, bird flip a dozen dozen  
Holla at your boy boy, you thought your cousin wasn't  
I'm ready, yes sir here we go  
Jim Jones (??)bones Santana many feet  
You niggas know Holla at me if there's any beef  
Yes sir, huh  
I know in vise versa we like murder we convict in the truck  
But yo if you got bitches to fuck hit me up dog  
Yeah I'm ready, huh  
Far as lyrics go they rocking recitals  
It won't stop until I'm on top with the title  
Hustling no stopping the cycle, I'm shopping for rifles  
I'm not for the idols  
Fuck the twin towers dog, we on top of the Eiffel  
Like live Pisa Pisa, eating a piece of pizza  
You cant be were I be dog, you need a visa  
Common chief of reefer  
Please believe it, I will squeeze and ya  
All bullets they will heat and seek ya  
Harlem world I'ma swell my town  
You a clown you can tell by now

That I'm, I'm ready, I'm ready we coming for the title