

Cam'ron, Intro (Purple Haze)

[Voiceover]

Welcome to Purple Haze, previously written 2001

2, 0-4, 76, they wired my mom
Couple weeks prior to Ja
Must've been the year of
Murderous killas
Murderers that murder and kill for scrilla
O.G.'s wit herb that guerilla, then turn
Mathemicians, subtraction, addition
Division - to the packs and the cracks in the kitchen
Multiplication, rocks that I slash - precision
I gave a little more, few addicts were bitchin'
But in Harlem you get smacked up for livin'
That was a given, Rock the hood
Pop the hood - Gats in the engine
Clap up your women, accurate vision
Black, I'm just livin'
I'm the bomb but bombs get wrapped up in ribbons (Shiiiiit)
This the fact from the fiction, packs that I'm pitchin'
Cats in Maximum Prisons rattin and snitchin
Cuz when Feds come, Niggaz mouths run
But the outcome, gon' be 'bout guns
Cuz I don't bitch, and I don't snitch
I work hands on, fuck wit Cam'Ron
Cause I kept the -
Grams in the boot, Damn, I would shoot
But fam I would soup, thought Cam was too cute
To stand on the stoop (What I look like?)
My Spanish recruit, outlandish wit loot
We got obsessed wit Miami, cannons, and coupes
Baskin & Robbin', I'm laughin & poppin
It's all for Bloodshed tho, I haven't forgotten
From the - night to the days, my triflin ways
I'ma bring that platinum plaque right to your grave (Dog)
You chill in the lobby, you feelin this probably
You know me well, tear in your eye, chill in your body
Take it in stride, let's bake up these pies
Harlem, no homo, hop on and take this ride
To the top of the mountain
Bout to get this shit poppin' and bouncin'
Now that I'm down, the Roc is surroundin (Feel me?)
Afford all the best, ??
Down wit the Roc, but I'm Lord of my set (Dipset)
I know you niggaz hate it
How I got Jimmy out of 5H, and my dog, Zeke situated
Santana is next..
[echo out]