

# Cam'ron, Just Us

Verse 1:

Uh, yo

Her shoes straight was hooker

Don't play, I cook it, what's shakin' sugar

I'm gettin' cake, fetti, cheddy, makin' mucke

She said she hate a pusher, I said I hate a booger

A snotty attitude, she laughed, I purple haze and kushed her

My charm captured her, she havin' man trouble

I'm havin' woman problems, it all began in Harlem

Wife with the Lou' Vuitton said I'm livin' wrong and I did her wrong

Forget the song, I swear I love her to death but we can't get along

Her problem big as hell, her dad died man, beat her friend crossed up ma

Breast cancer got laid off and plus her son got sickle cell

Damn mami, hit the L, Misses Bell got shit to tell

Sound horrific, gain a doctor, but your I wish him well

Under this damn pressure

She looked at me, I looked at her and then Cam measured

Started to Sanchez her

Hook:

Tell you some dudes might fight some

Gunplay, day time and the night come

But I'm from Harlem, want a problem yeah you're dealin' wit' the right one

The right one, a female, I like one, a straight girl

A dike one, either way, come on girl, it's just us (it's just us)

It's just us (it's just us)

I'm so tough, out the cuffs

Diamonds crushed, we so plush

It's just us (it's just us)

It's just us (it's just us)

It's just us (it's just us)

It's just us (it's just us)

It's just us

Verse 2:

Tell you the boy's amazing, I show some poise and patience

Lack of communication, well that right there destroys a nation

I'm God's child right, my dudes employed by Satan

And once the grape get dry, hope y'all enjoy the raisin

Tanya never checked the check, Kim gettin' high, no self-respect

What you expect, MTV, naaa, crack got Direct Effect

Plus all the side-effects, they coming fully-loaded

And then divide ya death, fuck protect, better hide yo' neck

So I play homebase, and I keep a chrome case

And a lawyer just incase I catch a case, it's a very long race

Moving at the wrong pace, hope you got strong brakes

My crew ain't nuttin' but candles, yep we sittin' on cake

And all these birds we pitchin', well they're absurd and sickenin'

But I seen Brando 143rd and Lenox, dirty kitchens

Back of the Burban hun, you heard me hun, she 31

Gave her a Sanchez, yes a dirty one

Hook