

# Cam'ron, Leave Me Alone, Part 2

[Intro]

BITCH! Uh!

Killa! Uh!

Dipset Bitch!

The Union(Uh huh!)

Harlem! Killa!

(Leave me alone.. I just like to live my life)

Part 2!

[Verse 1]

I be like Move.. get out the way

Cuz I move bricks, get out the yay

And it's 2 clips, I get out the play (man!)

Fo a few chips, I get out n' spray (bla-kow!)

It's more then shrimps, it's whores and pimps (pimps)

The difference in our crimes, yours attempts

Attempt burglary, attempt theft you just begun

I'm Grand Theft Auto, rackets here, larceny, conspiracy

Murder one, electric chair I don't deserve the fun

But I get the dough, shit I might splurger one

Now I know a lotta styles, some see

But listen, stop it child it's a done D

I come to ya block, stop and style it's that one V

Gators straight from +Crocodile Dundee+

No rubber sold, hardwood bastard

Fitted, legitted, hardwood classic

Killa! Uh!

(Leave me alone.. I just like to live my life)

[Verse 2]

Uh, that shit you talk don't move me nada

The dudes with the Q's be proper

Uzi pop, you news and choppers

It's true we lava, who knew we'd prosper

The game's a bitch, ooh we got her

Shoes, Louie product groupies blah blah

Santana, Zeke the kufi poppa

We the movie SHOTTAS

But it's really rude bois and rastas

With a +Trailer Load of Girls+, excuse me Shabba

I wish my homie could watch me

Live +Happy Days+ like Tony and Chachi

I stay lonely and cocky

(DICE!!!)

Rollin' and rollin' 'em

Cars, the repo are towin' 'em

Acts black, we totally total 'em

Even blood, he totally totaled it

Plus his life, he totally totaled it

But any girl I get I totally open 'em

Brain in they legs, coke and the dope in 'em

[Bridge]

Killa!

Talkin' tough? (Yo!), smokin' dust (Whoa!)

Fuck with us? (No! No! No!)

Get ya head bust

Get ya head bust

Fuck around dawg, get ya head bust

He talkin' fly (Yo!), I wonder why (Whoa!)

Fuck with us? (No! No! No!)

Get ya head bust

Get ya head bust

Fuck around dawg, get ya head bust

[Verse 3]

Killa! Yo uh..

(Leave me alone.. I just like to live my life)

I spend days on kawasakis

Nights with Lewinskies

But I'm the like the Ice Man, Richard Kuklinsky

I style on New York, pile up my fork

The Dips, consulted by the son of Malachi York, doggy

Cause I push weight, plus I push tapes

God damn I'm starvin' and I just ate

I wouldn't say I'm meano with +Tha Carter+

I'm more like the plant in +Little Shop Of Horrors+

But I don't say "Feed me Seymour";

I say, "Feed me Dame, feed me Lyor"; (billions!)

Epic, they used to feed me detours (pfft!)

Roc-A-Fella, they feed me C-4

The way I blow up, the VS just soars

You GS-3, I'm GS-4

You in a lexus, I'm Gulf Stream 4

up in the sky, on a gulf stream tour

You want beef? We'll start a Gulf Stream war

Lay ya ass down on God's Green Floor

We playin' Golf in the Gulf Of New Mexico

Tha Cost to be the boss, you gotta respect it, ho

My gas game you gotta respect it tho

I swear to god you think I'm workin' for +Texaco+

And ya section know when any day Techs could blow

Hit 'em from neck to toe when I come deck ya hoe

Killa! DipSet Bitch!

[Bridge]