Cam'ron, Lord You Know

[Cam'ron] Okay, Dipset, Lets do it y'all

[Hook: Jahiem]
Now lord you know... just how hard i try,
to live my life, and get it rights
trying to see some light, or even better..
way over way a new day, someday
yesterday was filled with sorrow but tomorrow
it gets better I know, Tell you, I know

[Cam'ron]

With my muscle you'll be dazzled, but hustlin's a hassle Percuset, Demorel, capsules of paxil cops wanna cuff you, niggas wanna clap you bitches might burn you, they runnin' with that clap too but the monster made it, do it for those incarcerated who had it confiscated, hate it when they take powder, up-state he take showers baby mom on greyhound for eight hours see her man face to face through a glass on the phone, ten years he got chasin' that cash and he had the game in a smash fell like the towers when the planes went on crash it wasn't 9/11, but it was 9-1-1 gave him 9 plus 1, dropped a dime on dun i told him get his nine and run turned himself in i had to find that dumb, that's too long.

[Hook: Jaheim]

[Cam'ron]

Aye yo them niggas from the 3-2, said I can't breeze through The fourty if I cop bottles, we can't believe you Me who? please boo, landin' in that G2 Same color as beef stew, favorite letters: GQ That's me, true. peach blue, hebrew Lawyer on my side keep me out of jail the fee stoop, steep whoo But it might lead to, that R2-D2, the mobsters creep through We da new PE, shittin PU To da hood y'all don't need me, I need you Cause my mission's insane, you couldn't vision the pain Always a snitch in the game, what you want, prison or fame? Neither one dun, long as my digits are sane He lookin' frigid, dig it make sure them digits get changed (why?) Cause I can't be in hell's cell, shout out to Mell' Mel Cash and hell rell, Zeke doin' three, he even fell, hell He comin home a '07 and 12 cells (I got em') Cause you musta known, i can't trust the phones For the dough you'll be like d'oh, stuck at home

(Hook: Jaheim)

[Cam'ron]

Nowadays dog they raid up in the ballparks
Blaze 'em when they cross sharks
We raiders of da lost ark
I'm like a ballplayer, shake up and cross narcs
They get mad when I lay up in the Porsche Box
More props, R.I.P. my poor pops
Can't see his son shine like the Four Tops
My antennas will block the scanners (what else?)

I got blammaz you'll drop ya hammers Lawyers to watch lawyers, Cameras to watch cameras Niggas to watch bitches, Nana to watch grandma In pajamas I snuck out to watch santa Now look at killa, you gon' watch santana

[Hook til ending]