

Cam'ron, The Cycle's Sick

G.O.D!

I'm scared of ya'll I'm scared of ya'll I'm scared of ya'll... (quiet)

[Verse 1:]

Yo, ya'll little girls singin a song hoes sing
Ya'll need lower back tattos, toe rings
Eye brows arched, belly pierced the whole thing
Who, oh-no, low blows, to the coke king
I sold blow some thug things, I'm a slinger
I run a drug ring can't put it on yah finger
I wasn't born a singer, but let the storm just linger
I'm the muslim from new york, I'm mortis stringer
Off ice, but on ice, the money chill
Dummi pay attention, fiends still got the funny pills
I'm vest glocked up, yah chest I red dot up
You can taste it, test it, stretch it I got the best product baby
I'm a hustler used skills god done gave me
Know them cop cars you can un mark-em baby
Bills they mark-em crazy, keep yah gaurd up lazy
Had run ins with the atf, marks, and navy

[Chorus:]

Man I might just quit you know the cycles sick?
When they go to court to snitch, on michael vick?
I'm scared of ya'll, I'm scared of ya'll, I'm scared of ya'll

[Verse 2:]

Ay yo! some lean, when I land the lar
A 100 grand handed here
Crystal pets dogs, cats, panda bears
Liquor, came up here reflection off the chandaler
But baby while we're standin here
Let's go another rant a year
Said cam thts the ocean and the sand right there?
I looked at her and nodded like, you damn right there
Mah you drunk too much, yah drink here and here
I love the public but I don't need the fan fare
I read the fan mail it help me hustle when I'm tryna make this damn mail
Or even pay my man bail
I'm jack and jill kept the water in the tan pail
Fuck school told my teacher that I can't fail
Cops in the club sippin on champell, can't tell
Wire on tapein on the hand held
Before you cross the street you need your hand held
Before you get hit, I spit sick, whip dip

[Chorus:]

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[Veres 3:]

Don't get your rifles, my rivals, don't want no rivalry
Hand on the bible baby boy, I ain't yah idol b?
You don't idol me? shit why you listenin?
No rims o.t I'm ridin on the michelin
I'm tryna get them dividends, a 100, 000 kid a spend
If the edition is new? Michael Biv and them
I might get rid of them the site I might revist in
Pets as my neighbors, I'm a lower body citizen
Shit, I wish the lord could fin my prison friends
To fly to comply, we was on a mission then
Vision girls use to call us the kitchen men
Cause we was cookin more then them whip it whip it in
Let the shit begin, we get it how we ship it in,
The shipment, that they shippin, sittin, right there on the ship, my friend
Baby boy that's when you coppin coke, alot to rope
I'm a city slicker, that can knock a boat

[Chorus:]

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[x2]