

Cam'ron, What My Niggas Want

[Cam'ron]

You the type to say I rap, I rhyme, look I freestyle
Rap is played out ain't shit here for free child
Me and Chris Lighty checks is what we see child
Ice won't get you sea sick bitch, it get you c now
Diplomat treat you like a beer bottle twist your cap
Hustler shit, you never sold a bit of crack
Chain you might get it snatched, down to the latch
Since I went to get it back yo what type of shit is that
Picture that, wrist is rapped 37 blunted
How many diamonds you got on? Shit 37 hundred
I'm stunting pissy popping by the bottle
Got nothing under the trench and I'm not from Colorado
Your acting a little like your rapping to riddles
Got Harlem looking like we a pack of skittles
I'm a tyko fanatic, phsyco sematic,
type blow ?gamatic?, life go dramatic
Hydro's a habit bitch

[Busta Rhymes](chorus)

All my niggas who's ready to ride niggas, what what
All my soldiers and my living foul niggas, what what
money niggas, what what, thug niggas, what what,
grimy niggas, whatwhat,
Big gun niggas, what what
All my bitches that's ready to wild with me, what what
And fuck a hole away in the ground with me, what what
Money bitches, what what, thug bitches, what what,
corporate bitches, what what
All the above bitches

[Cam'ron]

Imagine a ho kissing me, a ho dissing me
No I can't have that, not from rottisearre
Roglissere, Gators so slippery
Best affiliated with the movie misery
I make you kids learn, when your car gone,
crib burned, Jim Jones shit permed like big Ern
And you speak that gang gang slang,
gun like pop from BoomerangBang Bang Bang
That girl looking, you packing a whore,
slapping a whore, foot sweppers slacking the door
Laughing for sure, yeah that shit happend before
Bitch flurting with me, her man tapping the jaw
What I'm drunk about, what I smoke skunk about
Hope you make it to that year Prince sung about
All these years dripping and ducking
Stay with birds the ones I was flipping and fucking
Ya heard
(chorus)