The Prodigy, Movin' Weight

(Cam'ron:)
(Chorus)
Why I feel like I'm losin' weight
Why I ain't got no money, less I'm movin' weight
Why my life depend on what I'mma do today
Why I can't move away
It's just you and me, without the scrutiny,
bitches screwin' me, 2 and 3 truencies
4 shots, 1 toolie G, 1 uliogy
Make sure my mother and girl is smothered in pearls
Before a nigga under the world

When I was 10 got the truly dict, My uncle pulled me to the side
And he schooled me quick, told me son gooey- spit
You can't get paid in a earth this big, you worthless kid
Niggas don't deserve to live, go and get a motherfucker
if he murder kids, bottle up carbohydrates and preservatives
He got hit up that same night
Ever since my flow, my dough, and my hoe game been tight
Puns of pearls, yo tounge will twirl, listen here
Booger bear, I'll have you up in hooker gear,I swear
I was doin', Lex persuin', niggas wired like Western Union
Short like next to Ewing, head for truent, his set was ruined
Phony checks was fluent, listen hear me out
I'm from a cocaine block, with some plain clothes cops
Where the sun don't rise, but the rain don't stop
The pain don't stop, but my reign don't stop
Ain't no lockouts, the game don't stop
Every month you change yo locks, change yo spots
Get a little smart, want to change yo rocks
Rearrange yo tops you got a gang of friends, money
You got Ben's arraign money, yeah Ben ?? money
But if I get knocked, I ain't got no bail
But I come on the weekend, from Pablo's jail
See I came a long way that's livin' the wrong way
That's sniffin' the po-na, that's sippin' the cog-na, hey
You wanna be a star, you have ya own day
From where they play ball, drink and get buzzed
Reminiscin' on what a good kid he was
I don't know what happened, all he did is what he loved
That's when you opposin' me, killa get the rosary
Fuck this rap shit, I'll die for mine, motherfucker

(Chorus(Prodigy):)

(Prodigy:)
I'm around yall, it's goin' down yall
murder rap, clown niggas back down yall
Straight like that, yall niggas fuck around yo
Bandana P, blow thirds, the four take you on all fours
Thug shit, I keep a beamed out fifth
Is you fiend out bitch, catch a gleamed bullet
I live the street life ya heard, guns money and birds
Get dead armed and dead on ya jewels and pearls
Where I was placed, put between the wrong style thun
Capital P, you know whats the outcome
Bout some, but never put out the stout guns
Don't let ya mouth get you in some shit ya legs run from
For all the killa's and the 100 dollar hoes
Who real ??? check me out though
The most ill, more drama than Denzel
More liver than the park fights at Sunny Carson
Me and Killa Cam, live at the carbon
it's crazy, niggas throwin' they shit

and niggaz flashin' crazy

(Chorus(Cam'ron)