

# Intro (feat. DJ Kay Slay)

## Cam'ron

How y'all doin' out there?  
I wanna welcome y'all back  
Welcome some of y'all for the first time, huh? Killa  
We did it again, y'all fuck wit us  
Suck a dick man, aiyyo Jones, what's good?  
Santana, Freaky, they gonna be mad this time, huh?  
Aiyyo I got my man Kay Slay up in the house  
Harlem, you know what it is, what's good? You know how we get down, East side, El Barrio  
El barrio up in this bitch, aiyyo Kay  
This bitch blowing up my motherfuckin' phone right now  
Man, fuck' hold up, hol', yo man  
Yo son  
What's good?  
I gotta tell you like my dog told me  
When you meet a chick, you gotsta straight slap her  
Slap her?  
Yeah, when you first meet her, just slap her  
Off the bat?  
Off the bat, just backhand  
Why's that, though?  
'Cause later on down the line  
You ain't never gotsta to worry about  
That chick telling you  
"Cam, you don't treat me the way you used to" That's what I'm sayin' nigga  
But see the thing is with me  
I don't understand how a bitch could go out  
Rain, sleet, snow, fuck, suck whoever  
And then go give another nigga her fucking money  
Knew I mean?  
Nah cam, you gotta understand  
That's cause ya game is tight  
Oh no, nah, not me Ka', I'm talking about another nigga  
I know my game is tight, nigga, know I mean?  
We getting ready set this shit the fuck off  
Jones, where we at, huh? Harlem, harlem, harlem Yo, yo, I advise you to step son  
For I fuck ya moms, make you my step son  
Y'all be calling me daddy, 'cause  
The "Rag Muffin" y'all soon say  
Y'all fuck around with brother Numsay  
Y'all gonna see doomsday  
I'm a savage but colder  
Now I rock karrots that I'm older See this parrot on my shoulder?

He do the talking, I ain't concerned with words  
Act up and be returned to the birds  
I return with them birds, any 28 grams  
A bitch that I touch, pretty much turns to birds  
I be in Miami, Bow Ca Baton, pokin' ya moms  
Hauntin' ya aunt all over the dawn  
Using a dope then I'm gone backCobacabana, no joke I'm bananas  
Cops come for dope, it's a damper  
I'm low in Atlanta, get hot, go to Savana  
Rush the crib, go in the hampter  
Don't follow me, Stana  
If you do, I'm blowin' the hammer  
That'll rip that vest apart, hit ya chest and heart  
I ain't finished, that's just the startYou'll be calling for back up, praying for help  
Fuck my life, I'm taking myself  
All the achin' I felt  
In my crib at night, praying for wealth  
Bitches dissin', "What's the problem ma? I ain't ballin'"  
Now every ten minutes, hos prank callin'  
Yo cam, fuck all this rap shit, man  
Let's get down to business, harlem  
Okay, it's good, let's poppin' nigga

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