

Children of the Corn

"Biscuits and Bangers"

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[Cam'Ron]

Harlem, more than average
Niggaz selling tablets for cabbage
The habbits more lavage the savage
Inside the Land rental, y'all know what y'all ran into
Cam's mental, broke this man's dental
Up in Grand Central, we sell cracks for cash makes no
difference
Moving coke by the shipments, cause Digga need this
equiptment
I stole grams from a foes land, make sure my doughs
ran
Bitch I never hold hands, time waits for no man
5-0 not fond of me, cause I'm onerary, they honor me
What the wanna see, racketeering, and laundering
Now I got the E from jake, me and Blood deceased the
fake
Man you should've seen some bake, drive out the 318
It was no hypnosis, just a few witnesses
But they'll mind their businesses cause they know who
shit this is
Ands went ? with kis, but don't even mind the Ds
Smoke to keep my mind at ease, but know when it's
time to squeeze
Never hurry, bullets flurry, got my own mother worried
Coming up to me with her vision blurry
She said "Cam, I know you stole for the bread
But I'm scared you'll wear a sheet with a hole in your
head"
Just hold the dough cause when I perish
You'll be passed Mount Everest, sippin Mo on your
terrace
Cause that's how it go when you dealing with a
strangler
Girls, the misters, and haters, fellons biscuits and
bangers

[Chorus]

They got luccis, they got doozies
They got fluzzis shooting uzis
They got lawyers, and they doctors

Plus the coppers chasing robbers
For the cheese grab your heat
cause there's trouble in the street
for the girls they all hate, for the fellas, biscuits and
bangers

[Bloodshed]

I used to sell rocks, avoided cellblocks
Wearing shell tops, shell shocked, sells for 12 blocks
Cause niggaz bell hops yo, cause I reside inside a
rough place
Not even a thug safe, fuck around y'all wind up with
your mug laced
I wind up in a gun chase, victim of the drug lace
I had to plug a guy in cause he said I sold his little son
base
I got the cash, ask the fiends, can't pass up
I'm past bad luck, they mad stuck
Quick fast to blast they ass, what?
You best to come deep homes, cause Blood got the
streets sown
Front and get the heat chrome, pressed up on your
cheekbone
And get your beef blown, yo, you better get the troops
and power
Homocide and dentists, using 12 guages for root
canals and
Your wife called cops and said yo "Blood harassed me"
I caught her in the bed with Blassie and beat her
fucking ass G
Then I beat they brains in with two chains
Fuck around get you, your mom duke and your crew
slain
You're PUTANG, my right hooks leaving swollen jaws
I be toten fours, smoking raws, with no license in stolen
cars
When your walk through Harlem, best be prepared for
strangers
cause most of them is stranglers, cause it's bullets,
biscuits and bangers
nigga

[Chorus]

They got luccis, they got doozies
They got fluzzis shooting uzis
They got lawyers, and they doctors
Plus the coppers chasing robbers
For the cheese grab your heat
cause there's trouble in the street
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[Cam'Ron]

Now I was in the boogie down getting some ass
I got a beep from my block, had to split so I dashed
And the Killah ain't been around the way for two days
I called my man 4-0 the green Grand from the ways
When I got to my block, if I wasn't in shock
Then I was cause I found out my cousin got shot
They said yo "It was concerning, the germans, they
came through
blazing, and burning, left Blood squirming
A line blast out, but he got his ass out
Then Capone came in the Grand and drove him to the
stash house"
Now I run into the house with the tool in my hand
Tried to do in my man, fucking ruined our plan
When I get in the first, tears start to burst
Cause I see a trail of blood thinking the worst
Flowers, casket, hearse, but nah, all I seen was his left
leg split
Dude Capone working on him with the First Aid kit
And they told me the scoop on this wild ass please
It was just a graze, in and out his leg
But they came through dead nasty, it was Fred Blassie
Crew shot shit up quick and then fled fastly
Now I'm thinking - over dough or dice?
Come to find out this is all about his hoeing ass wife
And niggaz always pulling guns quick over some chick
Motherfucker that's that some dumb shit, but yo this
ain't done with
Cause lifestyle, quite foul, lord ? to my sight now
Turn them germans into ashes Harlem Night style
And that's how it goes when you dealing with
stranglers
Girls, the misters and haters, felons biscuits and
bangers

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