

## B2K

### "Shitty Baby"

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Strictly for da streets (sniff sniff) take one

(Camoflauge)

Camoflauge tha don...Suncut productions Pure Pain  
Nigga

I puts it down

[Chorus]

I puts it down like a shitty baby  
droppin bars like broads drop draws  
fo niggas drivin my sadies  
I puts it down like a shitty baby  
droppin bars like broads drop draws  
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(Camoflauge)

I drop more shit than yo ass  
good, quick, fast  
I used to skip class to get grass  
Puff Puff Pass  
But now I sit back wit my pen and my pad  
Den writes these verses  
Killin MC's Softly  
Look at all these hearses  
The dope it take to surface the face of the earth is  
Crack  
Rocks hit yo block and put smokers all on they back  
Soft for just a second as I continue to act  
Us don't give a fuck cuz them otha niggas they wack  
But they got a deal plus it's major so now they play  
them  
Songs in heavy rotation even though we make them  
Hits from the streets, Projects, Ghettos and gutters  
And them thong wearin broads in the club shakin they

buttux

Me, I'm slingin tapes like them hookers slingin they  
cut up

And just like the freak bitches i'm makin these niggas  
nut up

So What up (What up, What up)

And just like Trick Daddy say Uh Huh, Okay, Bitch Shut  
UP!

[Chorus]

From the Jail House to the Crack House niggas Steal my  
shit

Put an alarm on my lyrics just in case my niggas try to  
steal my shit

I Spit like text, Good like sex, Pop my Tape in yo deck  
and u'll be high

like your on EX

Floatin' and shit, cuz I be spittin that potent shit

Got em' coughin and chokin and shit watch how u talkin  
and shit

Grill gold teeted out

Eyes all reded out

Head all dreaded out

Kick shit like Jet-Li and Jackie Chan

I fuck over MC's Like they pussy and im dingalang

When I spit these flows i'm out of control

Like a kindergardener diggin in his nose

And wipin the bugers off on yo close

I'm camoflage man these niggas can't see me

Unless i'm at the mall walkin round drop the top down  
doin a show on TV

All he talks about is drugs, sex, and violence the black  
Slim Shady

Don't hate me cuz I put it down like a shitty baby

Ya Smell Dat?

[Chorus]

Look I took my pen and pad

Rolled up every sheet I had

Bust up every gaurd in the car

Rolled up all the weed I had

Lit it, hit it, rolled it remembered it spit it

They mixed it mastered it manufactured Shifted

Promoted, the stores sold it, niggas robbed it and stole  
it

Hurry up dog pull it off yo tape deck it's too hot to hold  
it

They got drunk and weeded, ridin' round town in they  
trunks they beat it

They woofers WHAM WHAM, and they tweeters , Leada  
Leada  
The way a fuck over the track it's like i miss treat it  
Help writin a hit's like help fuckin a bitch I Don't Need it.  
I'm cool, no ice, das all gravy, No rice  
Mr. Rogers wanted me to move in his neighborhood cuz  
my flows is so nice  
Humptey dumptey sat on a wall Peter Piper picked a  
pepper  
Yeah I sat on the curb wit a bag of herb and picked up a  
bad habit of gettin cheddar  
Black beretta Tucked up under my Coogi Sweater  
Man I ain't met a nigga yet dat flow betta  
Nigga I puts it down

[Chorus]

(Camoflauge)  
Ya smell dat  
I puts it down like a shitty baby  
Ya'l smell dat  
Dat real shit  
Camoflauge the dog  
Stictly for da streets  
Nigga i puts it down like a shitty baby  
Dat funky shit  
Dat muthafuckin real shit, uncut shit, dat 912 shit  
Nigga ya smell dat  
Savannah Georgia nigga

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