

Cam'Ron "Cuurtis"

Visit "[Cuurtis](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Verse 1:

The truck or the Lamby
Cam be stuffed in some candy
This ain't a label Curtis, I'm freaking with family
See my squad done waited right behind them bars
that's gated
Hopped out the casket bastard, reincarnated
Yep, so have a seat, this gon' be a masterpiece
I have to beef, he look like a gorilla, with rabbit teeth
Bugs Monkey, act hard wit' a crack god that mack
broads
That video ain't Queens, it's your backyard
Cuurtis, what's messing wit' ya head bad
Ya dead mad, but dag that, security with red flags
You bangin' 5, shootin' rocks and signs my way
Fine play, I keep it nuetral, but my family's 9-Trey
Soo-Woo, my A.R. lights that stay to fight from day to
night
When I smack the Lightey brothers, Dave and Mike
Huh, believe me hoe, you can't G me though
Jimmy ain't the president, he the CEO
Zeke is the president, it's evident, he'll cock and spray
Santana underboss, I sign off like Dr. Dre
I fuck with Zo Pound too, waddup, Sa Pa Se
Grab the cocoa macok, tessozo, rock away
I extended the clip, never be friends with you pricks
Shout to a real Queens dude, ya know, Kenneth McGriff
He ran from police, you run with police
You ain't from Southside
You 'bout to get your mouth wide

Hook:

Cuurtis, uh, rewind it DJ
Cuurtis, you ain't 50, 50 Cent's from BK
Cuurtis, yep, he deserve to be nervous
Cuurtis, damn, show some courtesy Curtis
(Repeat)

Verse 2:

Ay yo, check the tale, girls break they neck and nails
Just for me to sex they tail, but let's talk record sales
Juelz, 800, Jim, 400

I cop more cribs, more cars, got more blunted
Yeah I rocked the Roc so stop it doc, you copper top

My niggaz, watch 'em ball, your dudes, I watch 'em flop
Yep, so beware, dog I'm tryna be clear
Banks bricked, Mobb bricked, Buck ain't been out for
three years
Lemme be fair, I hop up off a sweet Lear
Right to Lennox, ain't no sand, but I'm on my beach
chair
Visa knottail, and dog we not frail
You don't club in New York, you party out in Scottdale
I can't be clowned, beef dog, how dare we now
And how you livin', you live in Tyson's hand-me-down
Plus you can't be found, I'll have you taped, gagged,
and bound
Ask around, I never liked the circus, so I clap a clown

Hook

Ay yo man, thanks for all the shout-outs
For my dudes who keep shoutin', I love it baby
They're my brothers
I ain't hear you say Banks name in a minute
Talkin' 'bout Koch a graveyard, you just signed off for
Prodigy to go there
Ay yo P, he a sucker, get away from that dude B
You ain't got no swag with buck teeth
You know how ya ain't got no swag
Whoever let you sign off on them G-Unit tanktops
Is stupid just like yo' dumb ass
Them is brazier tops
Whoever wore that outside was a homo, gay ass nigga
Ay yo stop calling my probation officer too
Why you talkin' 'bout my probation
You tryna get me locked up Curtis
Ay yo Curtis you really tryna get me locked up
You said something about my probation on your song
Next thing you know my probation officer called me
today, said they need to see me
Ay yo if I go to jail, Curtis put me in jail
It's crazy, how I gotta report to probation next Thursday
I ain't supposed to report for three weeks
I gotta go Thursday and he mentioned my probation
Ay yo, lemme get off this mic now cuz I know how you
get down
Rat ass nigga, that's true story, that's not even a joke,
I'm dead serious

