

Cam'Ron "Dead The Funeral"

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Killa

'For leaf big blowgun, fag nigga's bitch, doj' an'
Peach chrome, sick Rover, Zeke home so bend over
He looked at me and said "Killa I'll be your kitchen
pitcher, the bing was rough"
I said nigga I did the bid wit' ya
Capiche, not Mona Lisa it's the big picture
Six scriptures, six blickers, grip triggers, strip niggaz
The Big Dipper, swig liquor, big liver
Now that you home watch the shit differ, I dig nigga
Soon as a nigga whisper, believe we jiggin' Jigga
He Elton Brand in a barber chair, he'll get the Clippers
I don't care who you are, the point, don't be stupid pa
We celebrities with guns, shooting stars
Yeah remove ya bras, a few of ours in through-in cars
Spray 21, Blackjack, I knew ya cards
Kid roll, Peter Rowe like Kennedy
Friends with me at the graveyard, visits from old
enemies
Some bitched, some snitched, some owed us dough
Piss on the tombstone, write on it, "Told you so"
Check my portfolio, I was poor then rose to dough
KNOW what I'm about in a drought I score, overflow
I'm the waterboy, wet work for water call
The price is nice, TLC, some waterfalls
Fiends snort it all, this fact I report to y'all
Go inside, extort them all, from short to tall you oughta
ball
And where the ballas live and all my friends all to win
This the second time around, that shit you call again
Damn yo' lady fine, you been on yo' baby grind
Me I'm 86, highest temp, P-89s
Everyday we shine, fine, don't pay me mind
My watches are retarded, you can call 'em crazy times
Mines are more than brothers
We gon' rock til the Range, Benz, and Porsches clutter
Garage, assorted colors

Yeah Crayola box, for that, payola doc
I'll lay you over a stroller with the strangest odor ock
Is it over not, huh, we immune to you
We shoot the wake up, striaght up and dead the

funeral

Ay yo hold the fuck up
I said we gon' shoot the wake up and dead the fu--
You dead already we gon' dead the fu--
Matter fact son, bring that shit back up, fuck it

And you heard Rell, I do worst than foul
They murdered Roberta, lawyer murdered murder
trials
We deserve to style, walk on Persian tile
On the island with millions, Durst to Al
I get cake in layers, not the Daily News
But when I flip, I make the papers, hate the mayor
I'm a gangsta, I fuck ma, go date a player
Man these dudes are fish market, straight fillet ya
Went to war with Kromo, then Pataki
Then Guilliani, then I went to North Cackalacky
What you gon' tell a mobster, cake was hella proper
No Petey Pablo when I saw them helicopters
That's the letter niggaz, trinckets from the ghetto bird
Her word said I gave the whole ghetto birds
Man your case go find it, need a new assignment
That ain't giving out, first of all that's call for silent
Contest to play
You got no gunwounds, jail time, felonies, real shit on
your resume
I get you extra yay, not tomorrow, yesterday
If they ask, never say, snitch and we never play, ay

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